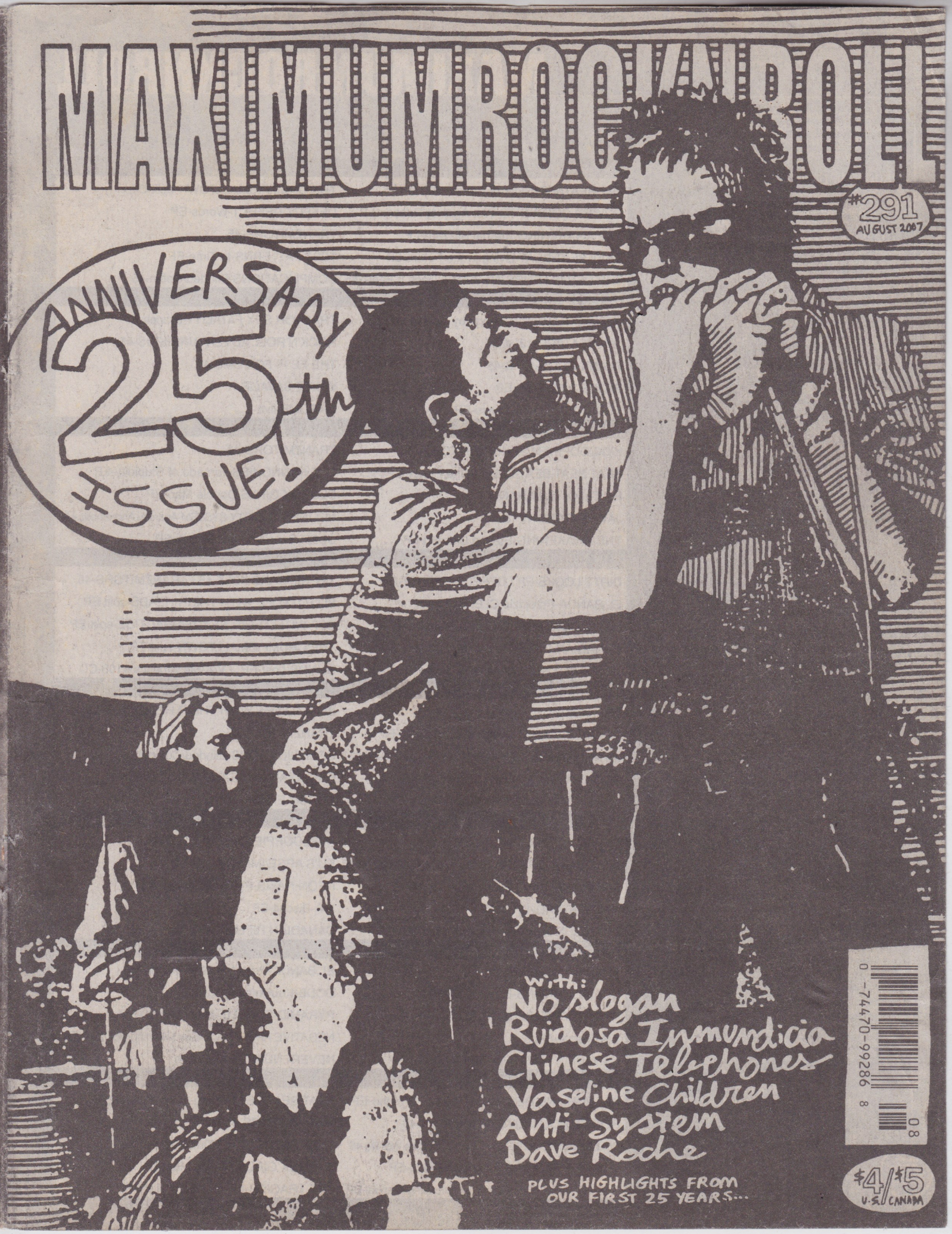
MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

#291
AUGUST 2007



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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
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See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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See pg. 5 for foreign distro info.

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For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

TIM BROOKS

- JAY REATARD-Night of Broken Glass-12"
- POWER CORRUPTS-War Against Reason-LP
- THE AWAKENING-Eternal Blizzard-LP
- BEAT BEAT BEAT-Living in the Future-LP
- THE DERAILLEURS-Alone/How Does It Feel?-45
- THE CRUMP/SMALLTOWN-split EP
- DEFECT DEFECT-Words-EP
- TRANZMITORS-45
- TEST PATTERNS-In Time-EP
- COMPLICATIONS-Blinded/Coffin-45

MITCH CARDWELL

- FINAL SOLUTIONS-Songs by Solutions-CD
- JAY REATARD-12" & 45
- BLANK DOGS-12" & 45
- SICK-E'S-Mankind-EP
- TOUCHED-Funeral Dress-EP
- TRACTOR SEX FATALITY-Braces-EP
- ROCK'N'ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS-45
- THE FE FI FO FUMS-45
- WHITE SAVAGE-7"
- CHROME-live

ROB COONS

- KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO-LP
- BEAT BEAT BEAT-Living in the Future-LP
- HOT LIXX HULAHAN-45
- JAY REATARD-12" & 45
- THE AWAKENING-Eternal Blizzard-LP
- TRANZMITORS-45
- THE KRUNCHIES-Tornado of Stupidity-EP
- CLOROX GIRLS-Double Mao-EP
- NETJAJEV SOCIETY SYSTEM-Anarchy Andromeda-LP
- ÜBER-Sencill de 6 Cancons-EP

PAUL CURRAN

- DIRTY LOOKS-EP / DEFECT DEFECT-EP
- EL BANDA-Przejdzie Ci El Banda-LP
- DAVID COPPERFUCK-Chalet Chalet-EP
- CANADIAN RIFLE-Follow the Leader-EP
- DOG FACED HERMANS-Mental Blocks for All Ages-LP
- JAY REATARD-12" & 45 / TRANZMITORS-45
- BLOTTO/OFF WITH THEIR HEADS-split EP
- OFF WITH THEIR HEADS/PRACTICE-split EP
- THE CRUMP/SMALLTOWN-split EP
- BLINDS-Lost-EP / V/A-Messthetics #103-CD

JONATHAN FLOYD

- THE ONES-CD
- GRAVE BLANKETS-Your Injured Ways-EP
- JAY REATARD-I Know a Place/Don't Let Him Come Back-45
- ROCK'N'ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS-45
- DAVID COPPERFUCK-Chalet Chalet-EP
- BLOTTO/OFF WITH THEIR HEADS-split EP
- TRANZMITORS-45
- COMPLICATIONS-Blinded/Coffin-45
- CANADIAN RIFLE-Follow the Leader-EP
- ERGS!/LEMURIA-live

LAYLA GIBBON

- DEFECT DEFECT-Words-EP
- CONTAMINATORS-Non Existent Love/Black & Blue-45
- COMPLICATIONS-Blinded/Coffin-45
- JAY REATARD-12" & 45
- THE KRUNCHIES-Tornado of Stupidity-EP
- KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO-LP
- EU'S ARSE/IMPACT-split EP
- NEON NAZIS-Problems/Fangs-45
- V/A-Biscuit-EP
- CANADIAN RIFLE-Follow the Leader-EP

CHRIS HUBBARD

- TRANZMITORS-45
- COMPLICATIONS-Blinded/Coffin-45
- KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO-LP
- V/A-Biscuit-EP
- CANADIAN RIFLE-Follow the Leader-EP
- EL BANDA-Przejdzie Ci El Banda-LP
- CODE-Kuukinokansyoku-EP
- PYRAMID SCHEME-House Arrest-EP
- NEGATIVE APPROACH-Fair Warning Vol. 2-DVD
- NEVERENDING PARTY-live

KENNY KAOS

- SEARCH AND DESTROY-Room to Breathe-EP
- ROCK'N'ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS-45
- COLUMBIAN NECKTIES-Get It For You/But She Was Big-45
- THE PNEUMONIAS-Automatic Pistol-EP
- THE HATEPINKS-French Cops Dressing Manual-EP
- BEAT BEAT BEAT-Living in the Future-LP
- TRANZMITORS-45
- TEST PATTERNS-In Time-EP
- CLOROX GIRLS-Double Mao-EP
- THE TRAGICS-Mommi I'm a Misfit-EP

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ALL PROCEEDS ARE EITHER INVESTED IN TECHNOLOGICAL IMPROVEMENTS OR GO TO OTHER SIMILARLY NOT-FOR-PROFIT PROJECTS. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl or CD-only releases to the address on the previous page. See Demos section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

CAROLYN KEDDY

JAY REATARD-12" & 45	DIGGER & THE PUSSYCATS-All Time Low-EP
CONTAMINATORS-45	BEAT BEAT BEAT-Living in the Future-LP
NEON NAZIS-Problems/Fangs-45	HARD SKIN/FUCKED UP-split EP
THE FE FI FO FUMS-45	M.O.T.O.-Turn Your Head and Cough-LP
SNUFFED BY THE YAKUZA-EP	*Waitress*-film

WILL KINSER

THE AWAKENING-Eternal Blizzard-LP	REALITY-Singles and More 1982-1984-LP
JAY REATARD-Night of Broken Glass-12"	BEAT BEAT BEAT-Living in the Future-LP
ÜBER-Sencill de 6 Cancons-EP	KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO-LP
DEFECT DEFECT-Words-EP	THE KIDS-live
WORLD BURNS TO DEATH-Cease to Exist-DVD	LA FRACTION-live / LOS MONJO-live

RAY LUJAN

THE HAWAIIANS-CD / MEASURE (S.A.)-CD	THE SPOOKSHOW-CD / BLOTTO/OWTH-split
SMALLTOWN/THE CRUMP-split 45	HUDSON FALCONS/VIRUS NINE-split 45
TRANZMITORS-We Are All Alone-45	BREAKING STRAIN-Satellites CD
THE ONES-CD / BROTHER BRICK-CD	COLUMBIAN NECKTIES - Get It For You 45
CANADIAN RIFLE-Follow the Leader-EP	NO ALTERNATIVE w/ CHIP DIL / MUTANTS-live

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

DOG FACED HERMANS-LP	TRANZMITORS-45 / CONTAMINATORS-45
HARD SKIN/FUCKED UP-split EP	DIGITAL LEATHER-She Had a Cameltoe/Abrasion-45
JAY REATARD-Night of Broken Glass-12"	NEON NAZIS-Problems/Fangs-45
DEFECT DEFECT-Words-EP	THE DROGUES-No Facts That Don't Fit-CD
V/A-Biscuit-EP	COMPLICATIONS-Blinded/Coffin-45

JUSTIN BRIGGS

EL BANDA-Przejdzie Ci El Banda-LP	COMPLICATIONS-Blinded/Coffin-45
KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO-LP	JAY REATARD-I Know a Place/Don't Let Him Come Back-45
PISSED JEANS-Hope for Men-LP	BLINDS-Lost-EP
Get Revenge Demo 7" Boxed Set	PYRAMID SCHEME-House Arrest-EP
EU'S ARSE / IMPACT-split EP	CHROME-live

BRUCE ROEHRS

JURY-Can't Fight the Feeling-EP	CHAOTIC MESS-EP / VILE NATION-EP
SOCIALCIDE-Sick of the Pressure-EP	CROSS LAWS-EP / RABIES-EP
WARVICTIMS-Krigsoffer-EP	HUDSON FALCONS/VIRUS NINE-split EP
DROWNING NATION/HEARTBURNS-split EP	HEADWOUND-Ginmill-12"
RUINER-The Lives We Fear-EP	DISCLOSE/FRAMTID-split EP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

CROSS LAWS-Can't Sleep-EP	VICIOUS CYCLE-EP / THE TRAGICS-EP
ÜBER-Sencill de 6 Cancons-EP	ZERO DEFEX-EP / EU'S ARSE/IMPACT-split EP
VILE NATION-Terribly Fucked Up-EP	BESTHÖVEN/VIOLATION-split EP
SOCIALCIDE-Sick of the Pressure-EP	SEARCH AND DESTROY-Room to Breathe-EP
KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO-LP	OFF WITH THEIR HEADS/PRACTICE-split EP

ZINE TOP TEN

8 Letters	*Funeral Music #2*
Artcore #24	*Ploppy Pants #6*
Dömd #3	*Razorcake #38*
Doris #24	*Some Hope and Despair #10*
Former Fetus	*Thrillhouse #6*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity. "Education" theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Part One, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (*Avow* zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Part Two, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, *We're Gonna Fight* zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

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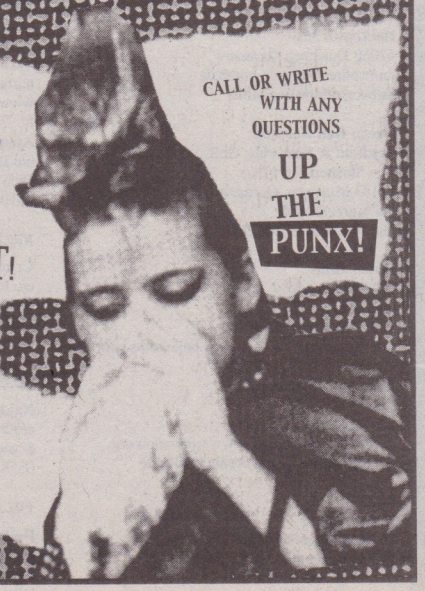

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear Maximumrocknrollers—
I'm writing primarily in response to the rebuttals to my friend Joe Lachut's letter which said MySpace should be boycotted, following the April Fool's column by Chris Hubbard which said the same, albeit jokingly. First off, how many letters have rolled in since Chris' column and Joe's letter attacking MySpace as not being punk? Half the letters section of each issue! And why? Because punk has become weak, and the only thing that enrages us these days is when someone threatens our convenient little bullshit on the internet. We're horrified at the idea of having to give up our little clone page of everyone else's with our own little punk spin, and free mp3s—god forbid someone has to buy a record. The first letter, cowardly attacking Joe's stance on MySpace with moronic sarcasm, along the way childishly taking sideswipes at veganism and caring about issues in general like capitalist imperialism and the environment, is very biting and personal in nature. Why? Because this is the punk of today; horrified and vicious in response to convenience and laziness being compromised. Mike, I will not speak to you sarcastically, but like a decent human being; maybe you're right in saying that Rupert Murdoch wouldn't notice if all the punks boycotted MySpace…but you would. You wouldn't be whoring yourself out to Newscorp, the folks who bring you torture apologists like Bill O'Reilly and Sean Hannity. Do you care about integrity? Probably not if you're in a band called the Cat Burglars, writing songs talking shit on girls that hurt your feelings once. You clearly have entirely pointless, pathetic issues on your mind. Don't worry though, those facts almost positively guarantee that you will be on the cover of this magazine in the future, much to my head-shaking amazement every time *MRR* puts up some irrelevant garage rock band. Not that it matters, because kids like you who don't give a shit about any issues don't hang around very long. Hopefully, you'll make some new friends on MySpace and soon stop wasting our time. The second letter from Ryan, claims attacking MySpace is elitist, because punks in small towns can't find punk *anywhere else but MySpace*. Well, clearly you have access to *MRR*, not to mention, THE WHOLE REST OF THE INTERNET, which does not put coins in international corporate business like MySpace does. This letters section years ago used to be filled with kids in Kansas talking about the only way they found punk was through *MRR* being in big stores like Tower. Things in America have gotten a fuck of a lot easier since then, how about abroad? How many scene reports have we seen from the far east where every band in the report sounds like either A) The Misfits or B) Metallica or C) both because the whole country only has two beat up cassette copies of records by each band, but they roll with it and create their own shit. Punk is hard there, not here. Get some real problems. Oh, and I do live in a small town and grew up in a small town. Still, no problem.

Punk is weak and complacent. The last few months, *MRR* has been an enraging read when columnists would take a stand against something and then totally back down when confronted about it. No example is as perfect as the notorious Bill Florio climb-down on the Against Me! issue. Against Me! made their name in Naples and Gainesville, Florida, pretending to be an anarchist folk-punk band. When money turned up, they went after it. *No sellout has ever been so devastatingly clear*. Folk music and punk music are the most anti-establishment, anti-war, and anti-corporate in nature, and the band that famously combined both now works for straight-up bomb manufacturers at Warner Brothers. And Paddy from D4 wants to clean Florio's clock for throwing meager stink bombs at them? And Florio apologizes? FUCK THAT. How fucking pathetic have we become?

Against Me! rip-off and fellow Florida natives Fake Problems first start as a whiny quiet/loud/quiet/loud emo band while that trend is huge, and then sees Against Me! cash in and promptly realizes that the new huge gimmick in the mainstream is fake-anarcho-bike-cowboy-punk! So the band changes style to theirs, rub bellies with No Idea and Plan-It-X bands while courting the attention of Spin.com, always using DIY shows until big money turns up. And we tolerate it, we keep letting them play our shows. Fuck that, tolerance and complacence are fucking done with on my end.

Now, whether it's selling out to big record companies or even bands using corporate venues like MySpace, the same "punk" argument always comes up: "Let's use the system and destroy it from the inside." Can we please stop using this argument? How many credit card companies' buildings have been bombed since the movie or book *Fight Club* came out? That was revolutionary, right?? I think Rancid and Epitaph said that they were "tearing it up from the inside" when they were getting huge. Did they bring down the corporate infrastructure with the Offspring albums?

Despite continually using words like weak, pathetic, irrelevant, etc. again and again in this letter, I have hope, probably more than ever. Every time I travel with my friends I see a DIY scene that is relentlessly positive and strong, and worth every minute of our time. When I tour with the band I'm in we experience real friendship with the kids we've met on the way. We also get to see what our peers in the punk community are doing in their area, and are always stoked about it. There are countless DIY punk institutions that continue to thrive after years of giving to our counter-culture, like *Slug & Lettuce*, Sound Idea, Armageddon, Ebullition/*HeartattaCk*/*Give Me Back*, Havoc, 625, etc. etc. I started reading *MRR* eleven years ago (Mykel Board will be shocked), and punks have been putting it in my hands consistently since then, because some kids will always care, which means a lot, even if the kids doing it like abysmal bands like Electric Frankenstein and The Candy Snatchers.

When I used to read the letters section of this zine, letters would occasionally pop up that claimed punk was in danger and kids needed to get more involved to keep it from becoming watered down. I never thought much of it because to me, the letters themselves showed that some kids always do and always will care. I realize now that those kids were right, and I do need to worry and I do need to get more involved because this shit is what we make it. A while back, between whatever gross shit Mykel Board was talking about, he said something like, "Are you a punk? What's your core?" These are questions worth asking ourselves, whether this is something that will become another mild subculture in time or whether we care enough to keep this place the way we want it so that kids who don't fit in and are disgusted by mainstream society always have it to come to.
"Yo, seriously, up the punks."
—John Fahy

MRR—
I genuinely love the irony that I now happily work in a cubicle and bought the Gilman book from Amazon.com and that it has a barcode on its rear-end. It is a good and very necessary book.

To distance myself further from your pigeonholed idea of what a successful offspring of your sincere yet small-scale ideal is, I (who once wrote a genuinely incensed protest to your April-Fools

Christian column, like the gullible rube that I am) have since gotten said cubicle job, had kids who I genuinely wouldn't ever wish my "punk" experience upon, and (of all things, against both my family's and friends' influence) converted to Catholic a little over a year ago. And to be brutally honest, I don't feel nearly as hypocritical as I would have dozen years ago. I work for a *for profit* company who is as green as any company of its caliber in the US.

Uh, point being, I guess, is that we all grow up, or down, or out. And I'm OK with my development from supra-hyper-independant to grown up *USA Today*-reading worker-bee. And when I come across reminisces about the glory days of Hollywood when the Germs and X reigned supreme, or Klaus Nomi at that vaudevillian nuvo thing he did, or Gilman and others, I don't feel loss or regret but inspiration. Iggy Scam and Thomas Merton can both inspire like nobody's business. Iggy is a miracle worker and when he dies, I will nominate him for canonization.

So, anyhow, the 924 Gilman book that I bought from Amazon.com with a barcode on its ass, which is only $15 at Gilman and $18 elsewhere, is printed on a nice thick stock that whatever silly-putty binding glue they used can never hold. If you're going to sell out to big distro and big prices, why not hire a publisher that can bind its way out of a slightly thicker stock? Fuck!

Great book though (the parts that I didn't lost when I was reading outside on a smoke break and a gust of wind hit and I lost a third of the pages).
Lotsolove,
—Dallas Henry O'Brien

Dear MRR—
This letter is in response to Bill Florio's idiotic dismissal of the "house show scene" which currently reigns in cities such as Minneapolis, Oakland, Pittsburgh, and other cities worth being a punk in.

The idea of a punk show as "good music," and further as a commodity which can be paid for, is infantile and mostly died out fifteen years ago. The only "punk" bands capable of making money realize this and aim themselves at a preteen audience (Sum 41, Green Day, etc.).

The death of punk as popular commodity has given birth to punk as accessible conspiracy. No longer is it enough to spike your hair and pay ten bucks to see a show and circle pit, you must actually risk your life to be a part of it.

This means throwing shows that risk police intervention (or depend on it), risking eviction by having bands play in your home, paying thousands of dollars to start your own band and tour a house show circuit that will pay you nothing and will result in stolen or broken equipment, injuries to band members, and asking for a couch to sleep on between shows.

When we refuse to pay, it becomes apparent that we must also play, else we are seen as the leeches of dead experiences that "record collectors" and "music fans" really are. To keep these people out, punk is no longer advertised on billboards, flyers, and radio ads, but is communicated only through networks of friends. The smaller numbers in attendance are examples of this qualitative change. After all, how many people can you talk to between sets?

The revolutionary nature of this diversion turned detournement is evidence by the terrorist leanings of people listening to shitty punk bands through the '90s, while you were listening to Nirvana and crying about Cobain's reenactment of Christian Myth (ascending into heaven) the hundred or so people listening to Earth Crisis were planting incendiary devices and making enormous use of the only anti-corporate retail weapon of the time, the return scam. However repugnant their ideology, their methods are more interesting than any lyric sheet.

Punk is now something that happens on our terms; Bay Area examples are not the detoothed Gilman or the rip-off Balazo, but the clandestine East Bay bus show or the Thrillhouse "record store" show.

We have taken the city for our own and have no need of record swaps or music reviewers. Sadly, the pages of *MRR* no longer reflect this. What used to take up the most pages was the Scene Reports and Letters section, has been replaced with inane columns and reviews for any product imaginable, including not just zines and records but *gag* movies and books.
In closing,
PUNK IS DEAD! LONG LIVE PUNK!
—Ben G.
836 57th Street
Oakland, CA 94608
or,
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Dear Ben,
Thanks fer writing. While I'm not sure I'd agree with you that either a Thrillhouse show or an East Bay bus show is risking one's life to be a part of the punk scene, I admire the plucky spirit of your letter. We are now accepting scene reports for publication, and if you don't like the content you read in MRR, *you're encouraged to send us some of your own...*
—Chris

To Maximum Rocknroll—
George Matiasz, still hiding behind a pseudonym as easy to see through as he is, has just never gotten over his resentment that Tim Yohannan published me in Volume 1, No. 1 of *Maximum Rocknroll*, long before the hack Old Leftist "Lefty Hooligan" pretended to be a punk for political reasons. Or his resentment that in the 20-plus years since his fellow left Marxist pals at *Processed World* ran me out of Dodge City, by a combination of violent assaults and police snitching, his and their council communism have only sunk deeper into oblivion, whereas the post-left anarchism to which I have contributed is the only internationally credible revolutionary tendency.

Currently, Matiasz is fronting for AK Press, a wholly-owned subsidiary of British businessman Ramsay Kanaan, which operates the annual San Francisco Anarchist Bookfair through its franchise Bound Together Bookstore. (Is this a conspiracy theory? Why will BT not identify the members of the committee to which, as it told representatives of the BASTARD conference, it has delegated all authority over the Bookfair?) Matiasz vigorously defends the proprietary rights of these businesses to go out into the marketplace and do as they please, the public be damned. From Marx to Matiasz, nobody has defended capitalism better than Marxists. But since these businesses purport to be anarchist, surely anarchists also have a right to criticize their arrogant indifference to the impact of their business decisions on other, non-commercial anarchist projects, such as the BASTARD Conference.

Instead of addressing these criticisms honestly and directly—that is expecting too much of a compromised Marxist crust—Matiasz changes the subject entirely, irrelevantly, to bash poor old Bob Black, who spoke at the BASTARD conference over two years ago! He might have mentioned I also spoke at the Long Haul Bookshop. Over 20 years after the lefty hooligans of *Processed World* drove me away, I returned to a hero's welcome. Not to mention I am a major figure among anarchists all over the world (translated, for instance, into twelve different languages). This has nothing to do with this year's controversies over the way the Bookfair laughs off anarchist solidarity in the sense of even considering the effects of its business decisions on the other anarchist projects.

I am accused of being a "police snitch," without explanation. If you care to say what this means, I will discuss it—I know you won't (meanwhile, you might google "My Date With Jim Hogshire"). But let's talk about this police snitch thing.

At the time I was in town two years ago for the Long Haul Presentation and the BASTARD Conference, across the Bay, Chris Carlsson, former *Processed World* honcho, was a keynoter speaker. It is undisputed that Carlsson got me arrested in 1985. (He also beat me up, spit in my face, and stole my ID and $120 from my wallet before turning me over to the SFPD.) He was a police snitch. He publicly announced that despite his supposed distaste for the state, blah blah, he would press charges. I went into exile. An old crock like George Matiasz is well aware of all this history, but for him there are good police snitches (Marxist) and bad police snitches (anarchist).
—Bob Black
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"Lefty" Hooligan replies:
Jeez, you mention Bob Black once in a column and he thinks the whole column is about him. The only thing greater than Bob Black's ego is his daily alcohol consumption, which is making him see pink elephants and spew red herrings.

Any halfwit who googles the title of my book, End Time, *which I advertise at the end of every column, will find out my real name. But Bob Black*

doesn't do the internet, so he thinks he's ferreted out some deep dark secret by discovering my name, something that's in plain sight to the rest of us. Excuse me, Sherlock, if I'm not impressed.

What got me into punk was visiting San Francisco in 1979 and picking up a half dozen issues of Search and Destroy. *That, and the Ramones. I was already an anarchist, and from that moment on I was a punk anarchist. That's long before* MRR, *with which I didn't get involved until I moved from San Diego to San Francisco in 1991. To stick a tiny needle into Bob Black's colossal ego, I wasn't aware that Tim Yo published him in the first issue of* MRR *until Bob boasted about it in his letter. I simply wasn't around the Bay Area at the time.*

Nor was I around for the whole Processed World *fiasco in 1984-'85, a prominent pink elephant in Bob Black's recurring DTs. I was pretty much a Bakunin-fearing anarchist at the time, not having made the transition to left communism until later. But it's clear that I'm to be tarred with what Bob Black hallucinates* PW *did to him simply because I once agreed with aspects of* PW*'s council communist politics. Guilt, not by association, but merely for having some of the same politics.*

I have often bemoaned the fact in these pages that the ultraleft is hopelessly insignificant and ineffectual. That's why I no longer call myself a left communist. But to claim, as Bob Black does, that his post-left anarchism "is the only internationally credible revolutionary tendency" reveals the extent of his alcohol-induced delusions of grandeur, if not his inebriated vanguardism. It's also incredible comic relief. What are we talking about here? Anarchy Magazine*?* Green Anarchy*? Bob Black's whole tendency couldn't fight its way out of a brown paper bag.*

Bound Together is about as much a franchise of AK Press as Bob Black is a paid agent provocateur of the government. In Playing Ducks and Drakes, *Bob writes "Right from the start I've acknowledged that I was a police snitch" about calling the police on Jim Hogshire. I don't believe Bob would cop to being a paid agent of the state. Far from coming to AK Press's defense, I listed many of the criticisms that anarchists have of their business practices. And, as for who was on the BT committee that organized the book fair, had the BASTARD rep gone to the right meeting, he would have met them. During the rather tepid internet debate on the Infoshop board over the BASTARD open letter, several members of the BT book fair committee spoke out openly about their side of things. There is no secret as to who was on the committee, and the only conspiracy is in Bob Black's sodden brains.*

Black has given me a splendid opportunity to restate my argument, however. There is no pie-in-the sky anarchist community in the Bay Area. Both Bound Together and BASTARD assert their proprietary rights as anarchist assholes to go out into the marketplace, and the greater society, to do as they please, other anarchists be damned. Bound Together did so by extending the book fair to two days, and BASTARD by inviting police snitch Bob Black to speak despite opposition from other anarchists. Certainly BASTARD has a right to criticize Bound Together for their actions, but those criticisms amount to whining for lack of an anarchist community as the context for anarchist solidarity. And certainly, I have the right to call BASTARD on their whining, as well as their Keystone Kop antics throughout.

Oh, and also to reveal that the head BASTARD has started his own little anarchist business, Little Black Cart, to distribute all sorts of cool anarchist and anti-authoritarian "product."

Bob Black once again trots out his personal, gin-soaked obsessions by claiming that I support good police snitches (Marxists) but not bad police snitches (anarchists) by rambling on about his Chris Carlsson fantasies. Please note that not once in my column to which Bob Black objects do I mention Processed World *or Chris Carlsson or good and bad police snitches, exposing Bob's bizarre tangent as more alcoholic dementia committed to print. But since he brought it up, let me quote a more objective description of the same incident.*

"On April 19, [1985] Black was arrested for physically assaulting a *Processed World* staff member hawking copies of the magazine on the sidewalks of the financial district. His arrest came about in a curious way. After the incident occurred, Black went running to the cops in an attempt to get the *PW* staffer arrested for assault. But fortunately, several passersby had witnessed the incident and identified Black as the assailant. So Black was arrested, hauled off, and booked. In May he failed to show up for his arraignment on the battery charge and a warrant was issued for his arrest." —*Chaz Bufe,* Listen Anarchist!

Why doesn't it surprise me that Bob Black would assault somebody, then run to the police claiming to be assaulted by that person contrary to witnesses, and finally call that person a police snitch when the person presses charges and has Bob arrested?

"From Marx to Matiasz," Black writes, "Nobody has defended capitalism better than Marxists." Except perhaps for lawyers, and contract lawyers at that. For that's what Bob Black is, a contract lawyer, who, when he's not snitching out people to the police, is suing and litigating other anarchists and anti-authoritarians. Aside from writing some books about anarchism, Bob's daily practice is as a contract lawyer. Talk about greasing the wheels of capitalism.

As for his return "to a hero's welcome" in the Bay Area just because he spoke at two modestly attended engagements, the rest of us missed that parade. That Bob Black brags that he is "a major figure among anarchists all over the world" speaks more to the bankruptcy of anarchism than to his imagined importance. But then, as the cliché goes, Bob Black is a legend in his own mind.

—"Lefty" Hooligan
aka George Impulse
aka G.A. Matiasz

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COLUMNS

June 2, Saturday
Fuck the G8, Rostock

The march is massive, with about 80,000 people taking part.

The entire left is represented, from Greenpeace students in matching blue t-shirts to hundreds of Communists waving red flags and chanting "Revolution!" There are eight-foot tall puppets of the G8 leaders, a long green anti-corporate dragon, and an anti-biotechnology carrot dancing down the street, an army of clowns in paint and costume, Koreans playing traditional drums and dancing, and radical queers dressed in pink and silver waving pom-poms and skipping through the crowd. There are pirate flags and punks and people with kids. There are trucks playing music to the crowd, and speakers talking from a stage with lights and a disco ball built onto a flatbed semi truck with bubbles and smoke coming from the back, everything slowly making its way through the sleepy small German town of Rostock.

The march stretches farther than I can see down the street, even standing on top of a fence, trying to catch it all through my camera lens. There is also an enormous black bloc with anarchists from all over the world, a sea of perhaps a thousand black-clad people, black and red and anti-fascist flags waving in the air.

At the G8 Summit, which convenes every year, the leaders of the eight most powerful countries make decisions which continue to profit corporations and the elite at the expense of people and the environment. The G8 formalizes trade agreements and highlights the member states' power while putting a smiley face on the exploits of globalization.

On the flipside, the G8, like the WTO, has become a rallying point against global capitalism, an international convergence and protest of immense proportions where we can meet each other, share information and build a stronger network of resistance.

On this day we marched though the small town of Rostock, passing quaint-looking German houses while curious citizens looked out of their windows at the parade going by. The march ended at the harbor, with a concert stage with the usual boring liberal speakers and bands between.

Then there was a loud noise and people yelling, and people around us talking about a police attack. Stivie, Mirja and I decided on a place to meet later on, and I headed towards the conflict with camera in hand, trying to stay calm and keep my head. My goal was to record the action, and especially the police. Fuck the police!

At the front lines people were hurling stones at the cops. It was the first time I can remember a whole gang of cops wearing helmets, padded gear and protective clothing and *running away*. It was a beautiful sight I'll never forget.

But then, as these things go, the police regrouped, and on command charged randomly at the crowd. People were trying to get out of the way, running from the attack, and I saw the cops swinging their metal batons, smashing people, kicking whoever couldn't get out of the way fast enough. I stayed were I was as people ran away on either side of me, holding up my camera in one hand, trying to look everywhere at once to see who was coming at me, protecting my face and body with my other arm upraised (not much different than videotaping in front of the stage!) and was nearly clobbered myself. Fuck the police! My video is now on the web: check out www.channelzerosf.wordpress.com to see German pigs in action. One more time now, all together: Fuck the police!

The next day we heard how the mainstream press had demonized the anarchists as violent and dangerous, inciting a riot, and even compared them to Nazis. What I saw on Saturday was much different. The cops had protective gear, metal batons, tear gas and water canons, helicopters, motorcycles, even tanks. The anarchists were on foot, unprotected, wore simple cloth masks on their faces and threw stones with their hands that they found on the street. The most dramatic thing was that a car was set on fire.

How can this uneven power balance even compare? Stones versus tanks? Who is the real threat?

The state is institutionalized violence that we endure everyday through so many aspects of our lives. Self-defense is our right, and rebellion a necessity. Society, the state, media and the status quo accepts violence only when it happens in its proper place. Those higher up on the hierarchy regularly commit acts of violence to those below. Every day in the "civilized world" women are beaten, raped and abused, people are maimed or killed by cops, prisoners tortured and executed, ecosystems destroyed and polluted, and the majority of people suffer from poverty, racism and lack of opportunity, health care and basic human rights.

Yet of course, this is not news.

This is just the usual course of action. When women and men step out of line, and violence goes up the hierarchy instead of down, there is a loud commotion! A stone thrown at a cop? My god, what has the world come to?

June 4, 2007 Monday
Reddelich Camp, Northern Germany

It is starting to rain again and the sky is a dull flat grey. More people arrive at the camp every hour, more activists wearing backpacks with tents under their arms, checking into the Information Point, finding out where to set up camp, reading the latest news from the actions during the day, pieces of paper forming a timeline on a large wooden bulletin board, handwritten notes from Indy Media such as, "Monday. 11 a.m. 200 people on the train from Reddelich stopped and searched by police on the way to the immigration rights demonstration."

The camp opened last Friday, and now estimates and rumors say between two and five thousand people are here, all gathered to protest the G8 Summit which will convene June 6 through June 8 about seven kilometers to the north of here, in the tiny seaside town of Heilingendamm. The largest organized group here is "Block the G8" which plans to stop the G8 meeting from taking place by closing the roads to Heilingendamm. In the larger scheme, the anarchists see the protest as a scream of our displeasure at the capitalist beast, a small stone in the eye of a system that destroys our lives. Blocking the G8 leaders from meeting will not stop capitalism, but it's worth coming to their party and making a stink.

Today is a resting day, when most people are organizing in meetings, discussing strategy, attending workshops, arriving and building up the camp. At night, when the last meeting is done, there is socializing in the bar, sitting around camp small fires, listening to music, talking and relaxing a bit before the stress of the next day begins again.

The camp itself is massive.

The largest kitchen, a combination effort between the Anarchist Teapot from Brighton, UK and Le Sepot in Denmark, served 1,500 peo-

ple a dinner of salad, seitan and potatoes tonight. There are fields full of tents divided into different "barrios" whereby affinity groups can work together, and then send delegates to a large daily Plenary held in a circus tent that can hold a few hundred people. The large open bar is constructed out of wood with a loud sound system and a bonfire and a kitchen outside. There is a tool shed where people can borrow hammers, saws and other construction implements, and get help from a carpenter collective. There is a children's playground and a family barrio, and several smaller kitchens serving meals and providing bread and peanut butter and spreads to take to the demos which will last all day. There is also an Indy Media tent where people can check their email, and an Activist Media tent where people can plug in their laptops, where I worked on my video and put it on the web. The atmosphere is like being at a festival, except half the people I see are dressed all in black, anarchists out camping, waiting for the action days.

There are also two other camps, one in Rostock to the east with an estimated 5,000 people, and Camp Wichmannsdorf to the west, smaller in size and closer to the coast. The three camps are just outside the area where the German government has declared, "protest is forbidden."

Repression leading up to the G8 has been severe in the German context, and seems to be following the American way of handling dissent. A few weeks ago the police searched forty places on the same day–including people's homes and social centers such as the Rote Flora in Hamburg, one of the G8 Convergence Centres (and a home to good punk shows)—with the excuse of looking for terrorists. This tactic was meant to scare people, and to gather information about organizers and networks.

Another law aimed at those who express their dissent to the state is that protestors are not allowed to wear masks, or any protection from police attack. Meaning, anarchists must show their faces so they can be photographed, and people must not wear a helmet or padding so they can club you with better ease!

Perhaps the most distressing development in response to the German "state of emergency" around the Summit is that police are now allowed to "pre-arrest" people to *prevent* them from disturbing the peace. This is stolen right from the pages of *1984*. Don't even *think* about doing something illegal! You can be searched for looking suspicious (such as wearing black) and then if you have a previous arrest, or they make some excuse, you can be put in jail for two weeks, or until the event is over.

But despite the atmosphere of fear that the German government has tried to create, more people arrive every hour to the camp, and despite the cold and the rain, the energy is high.

June 6, Wednesday

Three a.m. and the camp alarm is screaming from the top of the watchtower. I jumped out of our tent, shaking, my heart racing, and in another moment my camera is in my hands.

I'm already dressed as the night had been so cold, and the atmosphere so tense, suspecting a police raid, that I had simply laid down under my sleeping bag fully dressed, my camera bag and jacket ready.

It is still dark and figures are running through the fog with headlamps yelling, "Wake up! The police are here!" in English and German.

Within a few minutes there are crowds gathered at the designated meeting points, at both entrances to the camp, and next to the watchtower, ready to defend the camp. I'm cold but adrenaline is pumping through me, getting prepared for what will happen next.

Then, the news that the police cars were leaving. Thirty or so cars had driven to the entrance of the camp and then left.

Stivie and Mirja arrived during all of this, somehow able to drive Mirja's black huge van through the police checkpoints without hassle during the night from Bremen. It was so good to see them! We sat around a cold campfire for another hour, catching up and talking about what is going on, then went to sleep, attempting to get a few hours rest before the actions the next morning.

Four hours later the camp is awake again, this time preparing for the blockades. The aim was to make it through the no-protest zone, and take control of the roads leading to Heilingendamm, to block the fucking G8!

By 10 a.m. there were thousands of people leaving the camp, headed for the blockades. We were literally an army of protesters, marching through the German countryside, crossing through waist high fields of beans and over grassy hills. It was a sight I will never forget, a line of people as far as I could see.

We were lucky and the sun was out and it was warmer than it has been all week. People were in high spirits and the cops stayed in their helicopters overhead.

We marched onward!

The East Gate (Gate II)

As in a medieval battle, about 5,000 people gathered at the top of a large hill, and organizers shouted at the crowds, "Have courage, they want to stop us but we won't let them. We will make it through the police lines!"

And then people joined hands in a human chain that stretched the length of an enormous field and we walked quickly towards the road, everyone excited and gathering speed, the sound of thousands of people rushing through waist high grass, excitement and tension building.

And then, in a rush we all climbed up and over the railroad, through a line of trees, and unbelievably, just like that, we had taken the road!

We had expected so much more resistance, but in this case there were just too many people for the cops to stop us. People sat down on the road, locked arms, and we waited for the police attack.

The police marched by the blockade, pushed a few people, and then retreated to make a stand in front of the gate, one of the two main entrances through the protective fence built around Heilingendamm.

Soon, seven state police helicopters hovered overhead, large as buses, each able to carry over 30 people. In the distance, I saw about five of the helicopters landing in formation in a nearby field. Along with other media I followed them, running through waist high grass, trying to get a few shots of the surreal scene, the noise of the jet engines and helicopter blades loud and ominous.

The helicopters landed, and about a hundred state police in black military gear got out and marched in formation. It was surreal, all this happening in a lovely grassy field on a beautiful day, a battle of ideas, the power of people, and a show of force by the state to maintain control.

The riot cops were soon greeted by the press (ha!), we had lots of cameras on them, and then they continued marching towards the fence built around the Summit.

The blockade continued for hours. People slept, ate snacks, sang songs, talked and read the paper. At one point it was announced over a speaker, "The other roads have been blockaded as well. We have done it!" By 1:00 p.m. there were an estimated 10,000 people on the blockades. Hell fucking yeah!

The afternoon went on, and at Gate 2, there were so many of us the cops did not attack. After about seven hours at the blockade, after a discussion between the police and the legal team, and a meeting of delegates from the different affinity groups, most of the crowd left, leaving about 2,000 people still on the road, getting ready to spend the night.

The main organizers, the Block G8 group, had stated very strongly they "did not want any violence, especially from anarchists." And for myself, getting arrested without a fight, sitting on the road until "peacefully removed" by police batons wasn't on my personal agenda for the day. Things were calm, there wasn't a direct threat to the people who decided to stay, and so we also decided to leave.

I thought the action was successful, as all the roads leading to the G8 were blocked, even if for a short time.

And even more importantly, everyone there saw with their own eyes that people together can successfully take on the state, that despite the millions of Euros spent on security, the hundreds and perhaps thousands of police, the helicopters, water cannons, fences, harassment and threats, the G8 had been blocked.

Never forget, people are more powerful than governments!

Back at Camp

It is now 10 p.m. and I am back at camp, tired as hell, writing like a fiend in the Indy Media tent, pounding out a few words for you fucking punks. I wonder what will happen these next few hours, this night, what has happened at the other blockades during the day.

It is getting dark and cold again. It took me and my three friends a couple of hours to walk

back, as we got lost in the countryside, walking through fields of grass, poppies on the side of the road, walking through small villages, trying to find the camp again. It was a beautiful day, with the contrast of the constant whir of the police helicopters overhead, and the wonder of what is going on at the other blockades, what happened to the people who decided to stay. The entire countryside feels like a battleground, and the small roads are full of barricades made of piles of trees and wood taken from the nearby forest. Some people have bicycles and as they pass us going towards the front they give us the news of police checks behind them, and we tell them what was going on at the gate when we left.

Things in camp are tense again. Police have surrounded Camp Rostock, people are not allowed in or out of the camp, and we can perhaps expect a raid here as well tonight. Tomorrow will be another day of action, perhaps the largest yet.

End Notes

I have to finish this now, I need food and sleep and other people need to use this space. The best (and most accurate) site on the web to read about the protests around the G8 summit is http://de.indymedia.org/ticker/en/. Find out what really happened; fuck the corporate media!

Love and Solidarity, until next month, Erika

don't try

by dave

Summer is finally, fully upon us. The East Bay is a great place to be during the summer. It's sunny, and usually just hot enough without being too ridiculous—although there's plenty of 90-degree and hotter days in which I do my best to cling to my trusty, but short-range, 5000 BTU air conditioner.

Summer also means lots of great shows and tours happening around the Bay. Right about the time this column hits the mighty Mayhem from Norway are set to play at San Francisco's DNA Lounge along with Ludicra, Dekapitator and Amber Asylum. It'll be the first time Mayhem has played in the US with singer Atilla Csihar, the vocalist who recorded the legendary *De Mysteriis Dom Sathanas* LP, the best black metal album of all time. No doubt, they'll be playing many tunes from that great album, which they generally avoided before Atilla rejoined. This should be a show to behold.

A week after Mayhem, the Melvins will be doing two nights in San Francisco, the first performing the entire Houdini album and the second night doing the highly influential Lysol album, and Eggnog as well. For a long time Melvins fan like me, this will be a summer highlight. Fucking Lysol!

Gigs from Christ On Parade, El Dopa, Wormwood, Intronaut, Phobia, Book Of Black Earth and Slayer are all on tap for July and August as well.

Summer started early in Austin, Texas this year where a week after Chaos in Tejas, the Emissions from the Monolith festival went down. Austin was typically humid, in the mid 80-degree range, and overcast and rainy for most of the Memorial Day Weekend. I had originally bought a plane ticket to Austin for Emissions in order to meet up with two bands I've released records by, Coffins and Graves At Sea. Both were set to play at the time. However, the shady promoter of the event, after making multiple promises to buy plane tickets for Coffins (they are from Japan) decided to never give them the money, or even tell them. So Coffins had to back out. Later Graves At Sea backed out, for reasons I'm still not aware of.

So, knowing neither band was playing, but being locked into a plane ticket, my friend Jason and I went anyway. The good news was that I'd still have the opportunity to meet up with and see Samothrace from Lawrence, Kansas, as well as some others like Middian, Rwake, The Makai, etc.

I'll spare you, dear reader, all the details of the weekend, as it'd take too long to recall it all, but needless to say we were treated very well in Austin, met many great friends and become closer with the ones we already had. Special thanks to Maria Mabra for letting us stay at her house all weekend.

Highlights of the weekend included Samothrace's in-store set at Snake Eyes Vinyl to a small but floored crowd. Middian played a crushing set, both at Snake Eyes and at Emo's, both times ending their set with a raging, albeit slightly slowed, version of Black Flag's "My War." Rwake's blackened tar pit sludge destroyed all, and Weedeater played their stripped-down, stoned, late-period Buzzoven riffs with aplomb, after breaking down and nearly not making it.

What's nice about Emo's is it has two stages in the main building and you can pay for one show and apparently go between both. So, we ended up getting to watch Melt Banana who was playing in the main room. They played a terrific set of melodic hardcore meets total spazzed-out insanity.

I do hope if Emissions continues on next year that it'll be a more organized effort, and delivers on all the bands it advertises. I talked to many people who were disappointed at Coffins' notable absence. Hopefully we'll get them over for a tour in 2008.

As I go over the stack of new releases I received in the past month, there is unfortunately nothing that really blew me away. The one exception would be the demo from Samothrace. Three crushing tracks with over 25 minutes of ultra heavy, slow motion doom crust apocalypse. What sets them apart is the band's sense for adding great minor-key melodies and a dynamic ability to build a song up to a crashing mid-paced peak. The best demo I've received in ages. The band can be reached at samothrace-doom@yahoo.com.

The latest album from Ensepulchered is called *The Night Our Rituals Blackened The Stars*, and has actually been out for about six to eight months at this point. This is keyboard-heavy black metal, focused on more ambient, moody, moonlit-forest style haunting. Although Xasthur's name is dropped in comparison, Ensepulchered hardly manages to create the thick-hazed, suicidal fog of that one-man band, and instead reminds more of early Dimmu Borgir, or an inferior Emperor demo. The keyboards are so high in the mix that most of the time no discernable riffs can be made out, and the drum machine is too obviously a drum machine. On Autopsy Kitchen Records.

A far more grim and dark album comes from a project called Diagnose: Lebensgefahr and its debut album *Transformalin*. The "band" is basically one man, Nattramn, who did a band called Silencer some years ago that turned out to be very influential on the current crop of bedroom black metal superstars. As the story goes, Nattramn was institutionalized shortly after Silencer split, and this album, made with money from the Swedish psycho wards where he was held, were part of his therapy. A great story regardless of its truth, and indeed, Transformalin sounds like the work of a man on the brink. The album is not metal all, but actually darker and more disturbing. Tracks of black industrial noise, dark ambient textures, spoken passages of madness and torment and military style marches all bleed out through the razor-sliced veins of the album's 11 tracks. Reminds at times of the work of Nordvargr, the prolific Swedish noisebastard behind MZ.412 and countless other projects, and perhaps Boyd Rice. An album I will certainly listen to repeatedly. Also on Autopsy Kitchen.

The Communion is a New York band that smartly made their demo less than ten minutes long. It's rare I give a demo more than a ten-minute chance unless it totally hits me over the head, so it's great to see a band (however consciously) aware of that, making their demo short and sweet, and as a result, far more interesting and effective. The Communion mixes up some grind influences, but more often then not slows down to a rhythmic lurch. Nothing revolutionary here, but strong songs that probably come off killer when they play live. myspace.com/the-com-munion

A few blackened morsels from the Moribund label this month. First up, a raw CD version of the split LP of a few years back from two of Finland's ugliest cults, Horna and Behexen. Horna has released a lot of material over the years. Their four tracks on this split, all titled in Finnish, have a lo-fi but solid production aesthetic—they come from the filthy and evil school of black grime. It's raw and nasty, with a mix of faster and mid-paced tempos that naturally recalls Darkthrone (not as good, obviously) and manages to sound morbidly epic without long, drawn-out tunes. Behexen's three tracks are longer and given more space to build on. The production is not as raw as the Horna tracks but

not even approaching the polish of major label black metal. Epic grandeur without the use of pompous keyboard passages and noodly acoustic parts. I prefer their full-lengths *By The Blessing Of Satan* and *Rituale Satanum*, but these are solid tracks.

Returning this month is the mysterious Italian one-man project known as Fear Of Eternity. Moribund has released several albums from Fear of Eternity, all of which were recorded well prior to their release. This album, *Funeral Mass*, is apparently the first. This is ultra-keyboard heavy black metal that's most similar to the Italian horror soundtracks of the cult legends Goblin. The only thing that makes this black metal are the use of heavy rhythm guitars in the background that give a foundation to the tunes and the vocals, which are more silly then evil-sounding but nonetheless fit with the tunes. If the characters sitting in the closet from Jim Henson's *Labyrinth* attempted to make a black metal record, *Funeral Mass* would be it.

Apolstolum plays so-called atmospheric dark metal that the label compares to forefathers of the genre like My Dying Bride, Katatonia and Anathema. Apostlum aren't as good as any of those bands on their debut mini-CD *Anedonia*. Musically it is depressive, melancholy, and dark, but they lack the dynamic ebb and flow of the prior-mentioned bands, as well as the oppressive heaviness the early recordings by those bands recalls. While the vocals on *Anxiety Attack* are at times embarrassingly bad, the mix of heavy riffs and clean, catchy goth-style playing shows that the band does have the potential to do something more substantial. Full-on black metal is thrown in occasionally for good measure. Their cover of Katatonia's unfuckwithable "Brave" is musically completely faithful, and if it weren't for the more mediocre production, less impassioned though note-for-note guitar leads and the shittier vocals (though who can ever really equal Opeth's Mike Akerfeldt when it comes to vocals?) you'd never know the difference.

From Japan, S.M.D. Records brings a split CD between Japan's Ryokuchi and Australia's Fire Witch. Ryokuchi is a sort of experimental tribal doom duo consisting of just bass and drums. Songs build very slowly over several minutes and when the first track Homura finally explodes around the four-minute mark, it's much more of a slow, plodding Melvins/Thrones crawl then Om-style transcendence. Both musicians are masters of their weapons and wield them with skill and conviction. With the popularity of bass/drums duos lately the time could be right for Ryokuchi to invade the States. Fire Witch is a band with two bassists and a drummer, playing a messy, unstructured stoner doom with a bluesy faux-Ginn style solo here and there, and songs that veer off into meandering, experimental, totally wasted tomfoolery. As a stoner you'll probably love these tracks. As a drinker, like me, probably not so much. Like if Electric Wizard and Acid Mothers had combined in their embryonic states.

We finish this month with what one might facetiously call Finland's metallic answer to The Pogues, Korpiklanni, whose *Tervaskanto* album on the Napalm label is referred to as Finnish Humppa Folk Metal. Like a lot of metal, particularly classic metal, if you can look past the obviously embarrassing aspects of the album and just appreciate it for simple-minded, beer-drinking fun, then you might be able to enjoy Korpiklanni. In Finland where the pop and metal world's frequently collide with bands like Nightwish and Children of Scrotum, I have no doubt this band is probably playing to a few thousand drunk Finns on outdoor summer festival stages. They probably go down like the Dropkick Murphys at a Red Sox game. Anthemic, folk-melody-driven, huge chorus, traditional drinking songs, metalized for stadium consumption. Good fun for a party or to play a joke on your way-too-serious metal buddies or elitist punk rockers. Recommended for fans of Blind Guardian, Isengard, Flogging Molly, etc.

That's about all for this month folks. Reach me at the info below, until next time —DON'T SLOW PART!

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When the editor of some magazine out in Phoenix, Arizona asked me to check out the local and "infamous" Cowboy College—complete with senior instructor Rocco Wachman, local celebrity and host of the Country Music Channel's reality TV show, "Cowboy University"—my first thought was that I should board the next flight back to my home of New York City where I could feel safe among the muggers, crazy taxi drivers, and overly large sewage rats that could eat me for dinner.

The hell if I was going to go out into the desert, on horseback nonetheless, with some Donald Trump/Fear Factor freak, who, in his introduction to us, explained how easy it was to die on a horse. This, the day Superman died. I guess it was Kryptonite *and* horseback riding that could do the red-underwearing man of steel in. And I wasn't having any of it.

But of course, being the nice Jewish boy from New York who is still stuck on impressing his dead father that he really *is* a man, I took the assignment. Plus, it gave me an excuse not to go to the gym that day, therefore helping me try to break the firm grip my OCD has on me.

After checking the lock on my front door three times, and three times only, I was off to Arizona Cowboy College.

When I eventually found the place out on a dirt road, which finally made me understand why people drive big-wheeled trucks around those there parts, I was greeted by a huge pile of bullshit. Literally.

It was black and smelly, and lay between my car and the front gate of the Ivy League University.

*

After getting a nice woman from some Public Relations agency called The SCVB, or was it SCV, or maybe SVU—no, that's a *Law and Order* show—anyway, after getting her to open the steel gate to the place, I was on my way to becoming the duck-walking saddle-sore pathetic sad sack of shit I am today.

The day began with a two-hour lecture on horses. I was amazed at how much I learned about these beautiful creatures, and how split-brained they really are. And I thought my relatives back in New York were psycho. Punk Rock!

Then it was on to grooming the beasts, which is done, I learned, to check for sores and stuff so when you saddle up your four-legged ATV, he/she doesn't go crazy from the pain of that nasty bite from those mean little Shetland Ponies. Those little bastards just love stepping on your feet. (Note to self: Next time wear steel-toed boots instead of New Balance Sneakers).

The horse Rocco and company decided to give me was named Tank. When I asked why that was his name, they looked at me like I was a dumb Yankee. I then looked at Tank and quickly realized that while everyone else was going to drive around sedans, compacts, and even mid-size luxury vehicles, I was getting the SUV. Well, more like The Hummer.

Tank was huge. So large, in fact, there was no way I could climb onto the western-style saddle without climbing a ladder or having two girls throw me on. Which was more fun anyhow.

As I'm sitting on my Tank, looking for the controls to shoot depleted uranium shells at some of the other snotty journalists who were there for the day as well, and getting on my nerves, one of the cowgirls explained to me that Tank's nickname was "Kramer." When I asked why the odd name, she asked if I'd ever watched *Seinfeld*.

When I nodded me head she told me, "He crazy and unpredictable just Kozmo!" Smiling ear to ear, of course.

Just about then I suddenly missed Coney Island's Cyclone roller coaster, and New York's psycho car service drivers. Screw this horse nonsense.

*

A short while later, after being taught to "walk" Tank around a corral, it was time to jog. As my SUV trotted along, I instinctually posted. That's what us sissies from the east do whenever we ride horses "English" style. We stand up and down. For women, I think it's a pleasure thing, what with 1200 pounds of meat between their legs, and a nice, smooth and leathery saddle. For guys, it's to protect our, well, what they call out there "Los Huevos."

As Tank drove me around, trying his best to literally break my balls, the instructors kept yelling, "No posting." When I complained that if

I didn't I'd never be able to have kids, they just laughed. And not in that "that's so cute" sort of way.

Next we found ourselves in the middle of a couple of million acres of government parkland with signs that said "No Shooting or Target Practice" and used shotgun shells scattered about. As we rode over dusty ditches near creepy cactuses, Rocco warned us about the rattlesnakes and scorpions. The tail-rattlers I could understand about, but why would a German heavy metal band be hiding out in the freakin' desert?

Anyway, scared out of my mind, I continued on, trying hide the fact that this whole episode was giving me a bad case of colitis. As Tank would walk and then run, I felt my stubby legs stretching further and further apart. I felt like one of those little Russian girls on the balance beam. Only I was about to break in half.

After about an hour and a half of the hot desert sun, and Tank running me into cactuses, which I swear was on purpose, we finally found our way back to The Cowboy College.

As it came time to dismount, I suddenly realized my legs were frozen open, and my knees locked.

Of course, being the cool hip New Yorker that I am, I didn't worry. I full-on freaked out and went into panic mode.

"I'll never walk again," I cried out, "My knees, Oi Vey, my knees!" I screamed. "This is *not* punk rock!"

Tank turned around and for the first time that day, looked me in the eyes.

And that gaze told me everything I ever wanted to know about horses, and being a cowboy.

As I stared into my SUV's warm brown eyes, and he stared into my blue pools of swollen mucus, the message was loud and clear.

"If you ever, I mean, ever, try to ride me around and tell me what to do, I'll kick your head off!"

And for the first and last time that day, I finally understood what this whole cowboy thing was about.

A pissing contest.

And I'll tell you what, the horse will win every time.

They've got bigger dicks.

No wonder girls love them so much.

Take My Life, Please.

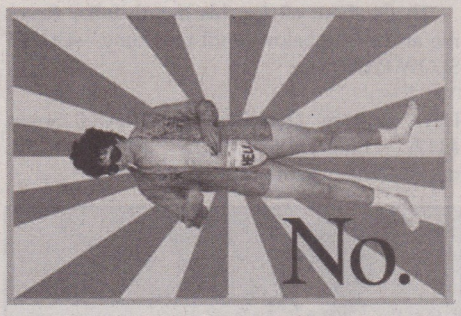
Endnotes:

www.georgetabb.com

The Unlovables new CD, *Heartsickle.* on Whoa Oh Records is pop-punk at its best. Hallie, the singer, is a newer, better version of Debbie Harry, and Frank, the guitar player, does the six-string razor right.

While I love video games a lot, and I mean, *a lot*, I really love FPS. First Person Shooters. And the kind I like most are the WWII ones. The last great war. Where we kicked those fucking Nazis' asses. I hate those guys. Anyway, EA just released a box set for the PlayStation 2 called Medal Of Honor Collection. It's got three games, all fucking sick fun, and it rocks. Of special note is the middle game, Rising Sun, where you blow away those pesky Japs. Let me tell you, it feels great. Hearing them whine about Bloomingdales, Long Island, Miami, and rich husbands, it's a pleasure. Also, like I've said before, the Medal Of Honor game for the PSP (PlayStation Portable) rocks, and you can find me on there as furygeo1. Bring it on, pussies!

Other cool games for the PSP I got recently include the Sega Genesis Collection. Imagine one disc with all three Ecco The Dolphins! OK, don't. But there are all three Golden Axes, two Shinobis, Phantasy Star 2, 3, and 4, and so much more. Including Sonic the sell-out, and Virtua Fighter 2. This fucking rocks. So does Metal Slug Anthology from SNK. 5 fucking games in one! I mean, 7! Holy machine guns! Also for the PSP is Pocket Pool from Crave. It sucks. Don't waste your money on this frat-boy wannabe piece of shit. If you are going to play pocket pool, use your own balls!



Stepping outside of punk rock for a minute, unless you have been living in a cave somewhere *not* grooving with a pict, you are probably aware that so-called "psychedelic" music has been experiencing a resurgence as of late. From shitty "Freak Folk" to clichéd vintage Acid Rock to Bay Area-based Hyphy music, a lot of noise currently welling up from the supposed underground reflects some serious influence from the ingestion of hallucinogenic substances, whether by the musicians, the audience, or both. While Hyphy music can be said to be breaking some new sonic ground (as is often the case with underground movements in hip hop), the stuff currently coming out of the guitar-based realms tends to be pretty devoted to the music of the 1960s and early 1970s as far as inspiration goes, with even "punk" garage bands shamelessly aping old Nuggets-era psych bands like Chocolate Watchband and The Sonics. Of course, rock has been endlessly repeating itself for decades now, including punk rock, and this is not always a bad thing. Yet there are a few complications that we (myself and Christian, co-conspirator in the band Triclops!) see with bringing ersatz reproductions of the music from these long-past times into the modern era:

1) The world is a very different place now than it was in the 60's and early 70's, and people simply aren't naive enough anymore to have such a "sense of wonder" about the world about them. Way back then, this was fueled by a long-vanished optimism for the upcoming revolution, not to mention the wide availability of clean, strong acid and magic mushrooms.

2) The mid- to late-70's altered the music scenes permanently with the deep cynicism of punk, metal, early rap, and noise/industrial music fueled by heroin, coke, amphetamines, and pills. The use of psychedelics had at that point become limited to pot, mainly to chill you out after speeding on reds for three days.

3) By the time the 1980s rolled around and acid made a comeback, *no* drugs were clean anymore. Any psychedelics you could get were cut with something horrible, or wonderful, depending on your point of view. This state of affairs has continued well into the present day, consistent with the common cultural understanding that we definitively left the 60's and 70's, but never really the 80's.

Modern "psychedelic" musicians, if they do not take these factors into account, are just indulging in nostalgia for their (grand)parents' record collections in an attempt to produce cheesy pop music that is not really challenging in our modern musical landscape. In this context, nostalgia for the still-unsettling acid music underground of the 80's and early 90's is far more relevant to people today than the 60's and early 70's are in general. Frankly, just being a hippie does not make one a freak. Yes, that means you, obsessive classic garage rock-collector.

These are just a few of the best freakout albums that we like from this era, made by real, honest-to-god wingnuts, and enjoyed primarily by other wingnuts. Please note you will have to get all old school and listen to these albums *as* albums—they ain't gonna make any sense as scattered singles yoinked off of limewire, sorry.

Johnny's list:

Butthole Surfers – *Psychic...Powerless...Another Man's Sac; Locust Abortion Technician; Hairway to Steven; Pioughd*. Yes, that is basically all their Touch And Go full-length output from the 80's and early 90's, but the fact that this is over three-and-a-half hours of music should be a big plus to the true psychedelic warrior of today. Just listen to these Austinites' albums back to back and you will have experienced the quintessential post-post-hippie, acid punk freakout music. These albums are the soundtrack to some really speedy acid you bought from that kid on Telegraph Ave wearing a Fugazi shirt, followed up with a chaser of the methadone you stole from your ex-hippie uncle, the one who became a junkie in the 70's but then voted for Reagan in 1980 and "cleaned up his act." Their output previous to these records (two EPs on Alternative Tentacles) was fine, at least in the snarky punk-noise assault sense, but it is not necessarily music you want to use as a full soundtrack for blowing your mind. The same caveat goes for Buttholes' major label output after these classic records, which is creatively uneven and displays an uncomfortable tendency to rip off newer bands that got their start by ripping off

the Buttholes (i.e. Beck). Even *Ploughd*, which the band supposedly hates, is a masterpiece that sounds like what the Grateful Dead wanted to do when they were *really* high at their shows, but were too chickenshit to actually do and so just played "Dark Star." Again.

Psychic TV – *Themes IV*. One of the legends about Genesis P. Orridge's old 70's band, Throbbing Gristle, concerns a time when they were asked to play a chi-chi art opening in London. The story I read went like this: They showed up with only one piece of equipment, a big, horn-shaped subwoofer with a built-in amp that they made themselves. When the well-dressed guests showed up and showtime rolled around, all they did was plug in the horn and make a hasty exit. The horn supposedly blared so loud and vibrated so heavily that it bounced all over the floor, having the electronic equivalent of a seizure, and before anyone could pull the plug it had managed to smash a bunch of bad, overpriced sculpture and knock paintings right off the walls.

Years later, in Psychic TV, P. Orridge adopted a more introspective methodology of musical terrorism, aiming his bombs towards the eager psyches of a new generation of young psychedelic degenerates. *Themes IV* is carefully engineered to confuse the troubled mind with dreamy ambience liberally jarred about by arrhythmic attacks of noise. At times it sounds like the doors of perception are slamming shut right in your face, with monkeys laughing at you from behind them…for a *really* long time. The LP comes with detailed instructions on how to set up a series of blinking red and blue lights to correspond with the music, just to make absolutely sure that you get some form of lasting brain damage from the record.

Melvins – *Ozma*. While a million one-dimensional stoner rock bands making sludgy comfort music for aging metalheads state that they are heavily influenced by the Melvins, none of them actually seem to understand what the Melvins were, and still are, actually doing. While I am not sure I really understand what they are doing myself, I can say with certainty that the Melvins are not comfort music in any sense, but will give the discerning psychonaut a serious run for his money. Just about all of the Melvins' output is top-notch, but the current CD available of 1989's *Ozma* combines the original record with a bunch of tracks from their 1987 LP *Gluey Porch Treatments*. The result is 33 tracks of Melvindom that cover a wide range of this singularly heavy band's crazed reinvention of loudness, which is difficult to describe and not replicable by anyone but the Melvins themselves. Despite the psychedelic qualities of their music, the Melvins are simply not hippies, while Black Sabbath and their stoner-rock grandchildren, for the most part, are.

Nina Hagen – *Nunsexmonkrock*. This record (and Nina's output in general) has been marginalized as gothy dance rock for decades now, mainly due to her black-frills-n-lace fashion sense. To my mind, however, there are a million miles of distance between almost-cheerful Nina and, say, the mopey Cure or Sisters of Mercy. *Nunsexmonkrock*, her best album, is ensconced much more firmly in the genderfuck freak-disco renaissance in Berlin of the late 70's and early 80's, along with contemporaries such as Klaus Nomi. Though much of the music is simple, repetitive dance funk, Nina herself expresses a profound range of vocal freakouts, with layer upon layer of gibbering, operatic altos, shrieks, mumbles, groans, German-intoned pop pontification and more, all going on *at the same time*. Nina's presence itself renders this music psychedelic, and unlike her more morbid, super-serious peers such as Diamanda Galas (who is excellent regardless), Nina maintains a sense of bizarro irreverence throughout that catapults her into the outer realms of extraterrestrial weirdness.

Scratch Acid – *The Greatest Gift*. I am neither old enough nor hip enough to own copies of the incredibly rare original S.A. records complied onto this Touch and Go CD, and that is just fine with me—this comp pretty much has it all. The early and mid-1980s in Austin, Texas produced a psychedelic revolt in music that never got co-opted, and continues to sound totally weird and amazing to this day. Along with the Butthole Surfers, Ed Hall, Daniel Johnston, and a few others, Scratch Acid was at the forefront of this revolt. Like a triply freaked-out Texas version of Australia's Birthday Party, Scratch Acid were nothing less than a full-on Acid Punk assault, drenched in delay, razor-sharp guitar explosions, psychotic vocals, and complex rhythmic textures that David William Sims (bass) and David Yow (vocals) continued to explore later in the Jesus Lizard. Scratch Acid's reunion show in Chicago this past year was seen by over 7000 people, probably more than the band played for during its entire existence. To my ears, however, this is what arena rock should be.

Born Against – *Nine Patriotic Hymns for Children*. While it could be argued quite convincingly that Sam McPheeters' post-Born Against outfit, Men's Recovery Project, is far more hallucinogenic and just plain weird, it did not match the impact of the utterly distinct brand of noise and fury that Born Against perfected. McPheeters' bizarre, self-aware, humor-filled yet bitingly political lyrics and psychotic delivery, and the band's completely over-the-top hardcore replete with severe quick-tempo changes and an utterly filthy overall sound, made Born Against, to my ears, the only band to truly embody the concept of psychedelic hardcore. Rather than just incorporating discrete elements of hardcore and more "artsy" music into a mixture that refused to blend (i.e. later Black Flag), Born Against managed to actually break the boundaries of hardcore from within—something that seems antithetical to the whole idea of hardcore to begin with, yet they just made it seem so natural. They turned the whole concept of hardcore on its head. Lots of bands have tried to do this since, and none have really succeeded. I don't think you can actually *try* to do this sort of thing, it just has to happen on its own, and it does not happen often. Honorable mention: Sweettooth mentioned that Born Against's underrated contemporaries, Man Is The Bastard, were also some serious psychedelic warriors in their own right, probably exceeding Born Against in the weirdness department. This is true, but M.I.T.B., unfortunately, never had Born Against's overall impact on music that came after them.

Christian's list: The ex-Floridian kitchen worker's guide to essential acid rock listening, or "How I survived washing dishes in the 90's without peyote."

Some necessary history of my exposure to these now-classic records, which at the time were all on dubbed cassettes: Like all Florida surfer bums, I worked in kitchens for most of the 90's, the most important one being an acoustic live music bar/grill in St. Augustine called Mill Top Tavern. The kitchen was run solely by rockers, who were all 5 to 7 years older than me. They snuck me into bars, gave me mix tapes, and I gave them all rides home. I owe it all to them and our manager "Handsome Hands." Here's a typical day at the Top:

10:00 a.m. (kitchen opens)
Shockabilly - *Heaven*. We'd get right to our hangover/McDonald's and crank this insanity as loud as possible. Between the blend of totally fucked covers, like Instant Karma and Life's a Gas, came Eugene Chadbourne's beautiful medley of back porch sunburn jams and totally destructo acid thrash. I couldn't believe they were from New York. I swore them boys must be from Texas, but that was just Kramer's future on the boil, like the beer we cooked the hot dogs in.

12:30-2:30 (lunch rush hell)
Sonic Youth – *Confusion is Sex*. Every hipster, including the band (the ultimate hipsters) said that this was "No-Wave." A rebellion, I get it, but to us stuck in the middle of 250 chicken fingers, 500 melted cheese sticks and 5000 lubed chicken wings this was Acid Punk at its finest. This band is my Grateful Dead, and I'll follow them into the abyss, but I still can't believe that these dark, ominous swirling guitars sounds were all high E-strings. Melts my mind. This record scared the hell outta me for years, and I still can't put it down. At this point in the lunch rush, we'd take turns on a carrot pipe in the walk in cooler, just so we wouldn't go insane from the 195-degree, four-microwaves-on-at-all-times cucina.

2:30-4:00pm (home stretch, aka warm draft beer time)
The Grifters – *So Happy Together; One Sock Missing*. At this point we all realized that we were not gonna die, and we revisited the carrot, and started singing along to one of my all time favorite bands, The Grifters. This band is pure psychedelic genius, and the sounds of these

records were captured on 4-tracks in the flower shops and god knows what other cracks Elvis used to piss in of Memphis. All the hits: "She Blows Blasts of Static," "Corolla Hoist," "Love Explosion," they're all blended into these two bubbling opuses. The Grifters pulled together full-on rock-assault riffs, with break-your-heart ballads of acoustic and outta-tune violins, replete with walls of shredding noise mixed really high for no reason. We used to joke that all their songs were the same story lyrically, which was The Grifters being beamed up into a spaceship to drink whiskey on the rocks and flirt with hot alien chicks. Not too far off the map of the sun. A big rock moment for me was I once smoked a joint with Dave Shouse and it got me sick with flu for almost two weeks. Yeah! Rock germs!!

So another shift ends, and my last duty is to put on a fresh batch of chicken wings (about a hundred) on the grill for the night cook. As I bring the bucket of butter out to the grill, humming a line from One Sock Missing's "One Thing I'll Never Know Now," I go to light the gas and I notice it's already been turned on, and at that moment someone has successfully lit me on fire. Shift over.

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When the jury I was on got stumped, the foreman had us reenact the defendant's version of events. It made no sense, so presto! We sent the miscreant, a serial purse-snatcher, off to prison. Now I'm using the same method to process the news that the government illegally targeted me for domestic surveillance after 9/11.

Asking yourself what you would have done in a person's place is a great way to judge someone's actions. Let's say, for example, that you were placed in charge of security for a city preparing to host a political convention. What steps would you take to ensure the safety of visiting conventioneers and city residents?

The Republican Party held its 2004 convention at Madison Square Garden in midtown Manhattan, a few miles north of Ground Zero. The 9/11 attacks had occurred less than three years earlier. If you'd been running the New York Police Department, what would have been your top concern? Terrorism. Mine too. Obviously.

The NYPD, however, wasn't worried about Al Qaeda. For them, the real threat to law and order were anti-Bush protesters. Of course, it's a given that demonstrations occur at every party convention. After 9/11, however, First Amendment-protected activism was anathema to our government. Officials sought to suppress all dissent, no matter how peaceful or innocuous. So they spied on celebs scheduled to participate in anti-RNC protests, including the rappers Jay-Z and Sean "P. Diddy" Combs, and on R&B singer Alicia Keys.

And Ted Rall.

According to *The New York Times*, "hundreds of pages of documents relating to [the NYPD's] security preparations" released in response to a federal judge's order show that "undercover officers attended meetings of political groups, posing as sympathizers or fellow activists, and infiltrated chat rooms. Although they identified a few people who talked about disrupting the convention, they also monitored many more people who showed no intention of breaking the law." The *Times* identifies me as one of the three "highlights from the police intelligence digests":

"A November 13, 2003 digest noting the Web site of the editorial cartoonist and activist Ted Rall. 'Activists are talking, some with barely hidden glee, about the possibility of violence', an officer wrote, describing the postings on Mr. Rall's site."

Banned Magazine, Joshua Good's online "Journal of Censorship and Secrecy," printed my reaction upon hearing about the *Times* piece: "They're not intelligent," I said of the cop spooks. "First they misidentified my syndicated column as a website (presumably blog). Then they misquoted the content. Finally they identified me as something I'm not: an activist. I'm a cartoonist and a columnist and occasional author and freelance journalist. If these are the guys charged with keeping New York safe from another 9/11, we should be worried."

More baffling, the security "experts" totally missed the point. I didn't call for violence; I suggested *avoiding* the possibility of mayhem at a time that politics had turned poisonous, by moving the Republican National Convention to another, less liberal city. (The NYPD dossier repeatedly attributes quotes to me that are actually me quoting others, a glaring error that the *Times* repeats, presumably because the paper doesn't have access to Google.)

My original October 28, 2003 column couldn't have been more clearly opposed to violence. "As a Manhattanite," I wrote, "I hope that the Republicans will seriously consider moving their convention somewhere else...The risk of convention-related terrorist attacks should be reason enough to not hold it in a city that paid the highest price on 9/11. A revival of 1968, with cops fouling their batons with the blood of young people, wouldn't do anyone—left or right—any good. Riots would make everyone look bad—New York, the GOP and the demonstrators. The resulting property damage could exceed the cost that would be involved in moving the convention to another city—a price that the well-funded Bush campaign can easily afford."

Ignoring the substance of my piece, the NYPD cherry-picked out-of-context bits and phrases and spun them into a smash-the-state manifesto.

Government agencies began spying on me shortly after 9/11. I have repeatedly suffered service interruptions—loud static, whispered voices, even outages—at the hands of a government whose laughably inept phone-tapping skills match its inability to respond to a hurricane or tornado. Finally, a security official at Verizon confirmed that my telephone had been tapped. "That's already more than I should have told you," he explained, requesting anonymity. "Under the Patriot Act we're not allowed to inform our customers about intercepts."

Eventually I was seeing my local Verizon repair guy, who was repeatedly being summoned to my home to restore service, more often than my best friend. So I was naturally suspicious when I caught an unfamiliar man, no uniform or badge, fiddling with the posts in my building's phone box. "Who are you and what are you doing?" I demanded. The dude knocked me down and bolted out a door into an alley. Giving chase, I watched him drive off an unmarked white van with U.S. government plates.

What did I do to justify these invasions of privacy? The declassified police dossiers actually made me feel ashamed. "Ted Rall is a nationally-known activist figure," some anonymous policeman wrote, but I don't deserve the compliment. The only "activist" action in which I've taken part in 20 years was holding a sign in the big march down Fifth Avenue a few weeks before the invasion of Iraq. Surely more is called for when thugs steal the presidency, murder hundreds of thousands of people and legalize torture.

All I did was produce books, columns and editorial cartoons that criticized government policies. I sat at my computer and drawing table. Activist, indeed. Ass-tivist is more like it.

Why, at a time that the threat of terrorism seems so real, does the government investigate people like me? Perhaps because it's easier. We live here. We speak English. Or maybe the NSA and the FBI and the CIA and the NYPD are yielding to the ancient tendency of people to turn against one another when faced with a fearsome, seemingly invincible foe. Hitler rose to prominence during the 1920s by claiming that Germany's loss in World War I had been caused by a "stab in the back" delivered by disloyal Germans, socialists and Jews. The truth, that France and its allies won militarily, was too hard to face.

The U.S. government refused to face difficult truths about 9/11: that our history of siding with despotism over democracy had come home to roost, and that our offensive military posture was placed so aggressively forward that we'd neglected the defense of our home territory. The ruling Republicans couldn't acknowledge these truths without undermining their self-positioning as the party of a strong defense. So they invented their own "stab in the back" myth, that of a Fifth Column determined to side with "the terrorists."

"After 9/11, I was roundly criticized for daring to suggest that there were some people in America who wanted the terrorists to win," wrote Andrew Sullivan, who has since morphed from self-hating gay neo-con to shocked-shocked-shocked self-loving gay Clinton Democrat. "But if you read Ted Rall and others, there can be no mistake." Conservatives asked liberals why they hated America "so much" so often that it joined "What about the children?" in the pantheon of ridiculous clichés.

The domestic surveillance campaign—against comedy troupes like Billionaires for Bush and bicycling evangelists Critical Mass and a certain editorial cartoonist—should prompt revulsion among anyone who cherishes free speech. And it should worry every American. While the government wastes its time and resources spying on demonstrators and journalists, after all, it's ignoring our real enemies—those who are planning the next big attack.

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"God must be dead if you're alive."
—Dead Kennedys, "Moral Majority"

One of the targets of that DKs song, the "Reverend" Jerry Falwell, died in May. I put the word "Reverend" in quotation marks because that indicates he deserved reverence or respect. He deserved *no* respect and was one of the most polarizing figures on the American stage in the past century. Hell, it was the worldwide stage, for that matter.

For those of you who never heard of the guy (and I find that hard to believe, but just in case): a brief introduction. Falwell was a long-time Baptist bible thumper who helped the radical evangelical Christian right gain a foothold on the political scene. For one thing, he rallied the Christo-Fascist Zombie Brigades (as comedian Marc Maron calls them) to become a political force, and that crowd had a good amount of influence on the 1980 presidential election, which, of course, brought Ronald Reagan to power. In addition to founding the Thomas Road Baptist Church in Lynchburg, Virginia, he was also a radio and, later, TV preacher. He founded Liberty College (now University) in the early 70s to train those Christian soldiers. He's best known for founding the Moral Majority—the topic of the above song. The Moral Majority and other radical Christian organizations inspired many punk and hardcore songs—perhaps exceeded only by Reagan and the threat of nuclear warfare. When I did my Falwell "memorial" radio show shortly after his death, it didn't take up as much of the show as my Reagan "tribute" did in 2004—that nearly took up the entire two hours, and I played several more that I missed the following week.

Where to begin with this guy? There's so much material, and no matter how many outrageous quotes or accounts I include, it's still unlikely to do more than scratch the surface. There's a need to convey the amount of venom, of pure unadulterated hatred that this disgraceful excuse for a human being was responsible for spreading. I imagine there may be other *MRR* columnists who will write about this topic and there may also be some pieces in the "news" section. So maybe that will help provide a more inclusive profile. I've written about Falwell's death in a few more outlets but I really need to cover it here, as well.

Falwell's emphasis was a return to "traditional" values. This meant attacking gays, lesbians, liberals, people who believed in the separation of church and state, people who supported a woman's right to choose, and so on. It went further than that, though. Falwell was an out-and-out bigot. He opposed the civil rights movement in the 1960s, questioning Martin Luther King's "sincerity." An article in *The Nation* that detailed his life reports that he once said that integration *"will destroy our race eventually"* and, commenting on the Brown v. Board of Education decision that outlawed segregation, Falwell said that God wanted the races kept separate.

Falwell also said *"AIDS is not just God's punishment for homosexuals; it is God's punishment for the society that tolerates homosexuals."* Speaking of gays, Falwell thought that Tinky Winky from the children's TV show "Teletubbies" was promoting homosexuality. *"He is purple—the gay-pride color; and his antenna is shaped like a triangle—the gay-pride symbol."* When Ellen DeGeneres came out as a lesbian, he referred to her as "Ellen Degenerate." He called the National Association of Women the National Association of Witches. He called Nobel Peace Prize winner Archbishop Desmond Tutu a phony. He supported apartheid in South Africa in the 1980s, urging his minions to purchase Krugerrands.

Falwell had this to say about the 9/11 attacks: *"I know that I'll hear from them for this. But, throwing God out successfully with the help of the federal court system, throwing God out of the public square, out of the schools. The abortionists have got to bear some burden for this because God will not be mocked. And when we destroy 40 million little innocent babies, we make God mad. I really believe that the pagans, and the abortionists, and the feminists, and the gays and the lesbians who are actively trying to make that an alternative lifestyle, the ACLU, People for the American Way—all of them who have tried to secularize America—I point the finger in their face and say, 'You helped this happen.'"*

He said that on Pat Robertson's "700 Club" TV show. Robertson has made his own share of bizarre, hate-filled statements over the years. He has own school, Regent University, that has been churning out Christian soldiers, and some of the graduates of his law school have already infected the government. According to the college, 150 of their graduates have been appointed to the federal government during the Bush years. One of those grads is Monica Goodling, who until recently was a top aide to Attorney General Alberto Gonzales. Goodling had limited prosecutorial experience before getting her job. Also, Regent is considered to be a school with dubious academic quality. Goodling admits she didn't hire people who she believed to be Democrats. Her appointment is a perfect example of what happens when you place ideology above qualifications. Regent's motto is "Christian leadership to change the world." Change the world *how*, exactly? My guess is to create a theocracy, but maybe I'm just being bombastic.

Falwell certainly has a legacy of evil. In the midst of the media coverage of his death (which was often quite fawning), pundit Christopher Hitchens offered quite a counterpoint. Hitchens' politics have veered to the right in recent years (mainly for his support of the invasion and occupation of Iraq) and to say he's smarmy is an understatement. He's also an avowed atheist, and his latest book is entitled *God Is Not Great: How Religion Poisons Everything.*

On a CNN broadcast with Anderson Cooper, Hitchens said that he didn't believe in heaven or hell and that it was "a pity there isn't a hell for him to go to." He referred to Falwell as a "bully and fraud" and, regarding Falwell's comments on 9/11, said, "Who would, even at your network, have invited on such a little toad to tell us that the attacks of September the 11th were the result of our sinfulness and were God's punishment if they hadn't got some kind of clerical qualification." That's probably regarding the mainstream media access Falwell continued to enjoy. It seemed as though every time I'd switch around the cable news stations when there was some hot-button "moral" issue, I'd see Falwell's increasingly bloated face, almost always wearing a shit-eating grin.

I actually used to watch his TV show, *The Old-Time Gospel Hour,* on my black-and-white TV, while living in my first apartment in the 80's. I even got some of his freebies—an 8 cassette set of the gospels and a 7" that had a cover of "God Bless The USA" done by Robbie Hiner, a vocalist who appeared on his show. Still got 'em both! Well, the tapes are in the attic, I think. They even did a music video for "God Bless..." where Robbie's playing touch football with some of the Liberty football players and when he gets to the line about standing up and defending the country, the football players stand behind him, arms folded, with a grim look on their square-jawed faces. I've written about this video before, so forgive me if you've already read it. Eventually, though, I'd had enough of that garbage.

When discussing Falwell's life and death on a message board, a few folks said that people should take the high road and not piss on his grave, to use a euphemism. On the contrary, given the amount of vitriol this man spewed during his lifetime, it's the only appropriate response. Good riddance.

Unfortunately, there are other evangelical terrorists who have done their best to poison things, and the religious right still holds quite a bit of sway in the Republican party and still try to force their so-called values on society at large.

I'm hoping that I overstate their relevance now, but these groups' influence has helped lead to laws in many states that disallow gay marriage—that define marriage as being between a man and a woman—although the tide may be turning there. New Hampshire just announced it will allow civil unions. There are the attempts to outlaw the teaching of evolution or have "intelligent design" (i.e. creationism) taught as an equally valid concept. You have idiots trying to remove Harry Potter books from school library shelves because they claim it promotes witchcraft. Laura Mallory, who lives in Georgia, has tried to have the books removed from schools in her area *five* times. She also claimed she's never actually read the books. What's that line in "Moral Majority"? *"Cheap nostalgia for the Salem witch trials."* Incidentally, I don't think Ms. Mallory would have too great a time visiting Salem these days, with all the Wiccans, witches and warlocks hanging around—I mentioned that in a previous column. Since then, I even saw Laurie Cabot, the "official witch of Salem" (there really is one—www.cabotwitchcraft.com) shopping at the Shaw's supermarket there. She was in full witch regalia, if that's the appropriate term. I didn't see if she had the ingredients for any sort of brew in her cart. OK, I'll stop now.

Still, that was a particularly ugly time, creating the blueprint for the right-wing assault that continues unabated. I'm hoping their influence is on the wane. There are a lot of reprehensible people mentioned in "Moral Majority." Some will be familiar, some less so and I'd like to provide some highlights or, more accurately, lowlights. There's Falwell and Reagan, of course. There's Jesse Helms, the racist former senator from North Carolina. Helms used race-baiting throughout his entire career. He was a segregationist and, like Falwell, highly critical of the civil rights movement and also opposed passage of the Martin Luther King holiday.

There's Anita Bryant, the "entertainer" and former Florida citrus shill. Bryant began her career and campaign of hatred after a human rights ordinance that prevented discrimination against gay people was passed in Dade County in 1977. She started an organization called "Save Our Children" and was able to get the ordinance overturned (it got reinstated in the 90's). She then helped with the campaign that prohibited gay adoption. Her activities led to a boycott of Florida orange juice and she lost her job as a result.

There's Terry Dolan, the founder of NCPAC, the National Conservative Political Action Committee. He was also one of the people responsible for getting Reagan elected and for a lot of the dirty Republican campaign tactics that continue to this day. He basically helped write the book on it. Dolan was also a gay man who died of AIDS in 1986, although he never admitted his homosexuality and the Washington Post revealed his orientation and illness. This gay man was responsible for a lot of gay-bashing during his career.

Finally, there's anti-feminist activist Phyllis Schafly, founder of Eagle Forum, who made her name with her campaign to defeat the Equal Rights Amendment in the 70's. She didn't think that sexual harassment in the workplace was a problem for a "virtuous" woman. Recently, she commented in one of her columns that the shootings at Virginia Tech by Cho Seung-Hui may have been inspired by the kind of literature courses he took there—Cho was an English major. She writes that English departments are often the weirdest and/or the most left-wing. She's horrified that one professor "specializes in diversity, post-modernism, feminism, and multiculturalism." I'm not much of a fan of post-modernism myself, but otherwise, the problem is? The problem is her anti-intellectualism. Incidentally, Phyllis has a gay son but that doesn't stop her from serving on the board of (among other things) the virulently anti-gay Concerned Women for America.

Recently, Dick Cheney's daughter Mary gave birth to a son. Mary happens to be a lesbian with a long-term partner, Heather Poe. The White House website acknowledged the birth of their son. Kind of ironic considering that the Cheney, excuse me, Bush's administration has been hostile to gay people. Ironic, considering that they have no legal rights as a couple, since they live in Virginia, which doesn't recognize gay unions. In any case, a spokes*man* for CWA (odd) named Stephen Bennett wrote a vicious press release criticizing the White House's recognition of Mary and Heather as the baby's parents. In that release, he wrote this: "Heather Poe is Mary Cheney's live-in lesbian lover. She may act like a parent, she may treat the baby as a parent, she may love this baby with all of her heart, but in this reality we all live in, Heather Poe is NOT the baby's real parent. She has NO biological connection to the child whatsoever. Some man, the baby's real Daddy, is the child's other REAL parent." Barrett is one of those "ex-gay" people, who left the "homosexual lifestyle," as they call it.

God must be dead if these assholes are alive. In the case of Falwell, one down, a lot more to go...

MUSIC REVIEWS

ACID REFLUX-s/t (No Way, 7" EP)
Well, I'd probably give the penmanship on the lyric sheet, cover and label around a B+ since there are corrections. The music on this eight-song EP (taken from their demo) gets a higher grade. Early 80's-style hardcore punk somewhere between the Circle Jerks and some of the *Boston Not LA* bands—done with plenty of post-adolescent rage. Hating school, hating the military, hating work, hating chain restaurants ("Oh Good, There's An Applebees")—I agree about the latter in particular. With a song like "Customers Fuck Off," you get the idea pretty quickly. In case you don't, the first line is "Customers are douche bags/they treat like your (sic) shit." This reaches my inner 23-year-old and that's never completely gone away—proudly, I might add. (3211 Idlewood Ave., Richmond, VA 23221, www.nowayrecords.com)

BESTHOVEN/VIOLATION-Split (Final Attempt, 7" EP)
On Besthoven's side of the sleeve, it says "A D-Beat Holocaust!!!" and that's accurate. Actually, there's a stripped-down, slightly distorted guitar sound and that makes it sound different from bands operating in this vein. Violation is from Philly and includes folks from Another Oppressive System. They have the heavier, thicker approach and the songs are packed with power and volume. (PO Box 972, Bellmawr, NJ 08099, www.finalattemptrecords.computer-shateme.org)

BURIAL-Hungry Wolves (HG Fact, CD)
Not a new Burial release but a CD anthology of their two 7"s, a comp track and a pair of unreleased songs recorded at the same time as their album *Never Give Up... Never Give In.* A German band, but these guys have a punishing Japanese hardcore influence. Whatever you want to call it, Burial bring it with a non-stop charge of battering-ram drumming (including a tiny bit of cowbell on the title track), blazing guitars and harsh vocals. They do slow it down a tad for "The Incurable Fever" and it's a first class fist-pumper. The rest will get the heart, legs and other body parts pumping, as well. (www.interq.or.jp/ japan/hgfact)

CONDENADA-s/t (Lengua Armada, 7" EP)
This Chicago band has really progressed over the past few years, especially when I compare the songs on this EP to the older demo versions. Mariam has an overpowering voice and such songs as "Not Yr Victim" and "This Fight Is Ours" convey true anger. Mainly mid-tempo punk and the guitar riffs are reinforced with some powerful drumming. (Condenada: PO Box 5027, Chicago, IL 60680, http://www.geocities.com/condenada_chicago/)

CONQUEST FOR DEATH-Front Row Tickets To Armageddon (Wajlemac, CD)
CFD have added a second guitarist since their first EP and it beefs up their sound. Perhaps I missed it before, but I hear some Bay Area thrash crossover on occasion, especially for "Night Crew" and the tight track, complete with gang vocals. Various tempos, all of it executed with precision and power and each instrument stands out—rumbling bass-lines, searing, wank-free guitar leads and solid drumming holding it all together. There's certainly a reverence for older hardcore but it's just part of the equation, not the whole deal. I can even get past the semi-pretentiousness of some of the titles—I mean, "Within The Whitewashed Walls Of The Sepulchral City"? I suppose it spurns thought while the songs are bashing your brains in. Extra credit for the more straightforward sentiments of "Circle Pits, Not Prayer Circles." (PO Box 8039, Emeryville, CA 94662, www.wajlemac.com)

DOUBLE NEGATIVE-The Wonderful and Frightening World Of Double Negative (No Way, LP)
Let's see—where have I heard that title before? They "borrowed" it from a Fall album of the same name. That's where the similarities end.

The members of Double Negative range in age from 35 to 42 and this ripper of a 12" will school the young'uns. An early COC influence here, only without the metal and the songs here are fast and aggressive, powered by Brian Walsby's drumming and slashing, jagged, feedback-enhanced riffs. Kevin (aka KC) stretches his raspy vocals over the songs, chafing against the grain, and it all culminates in the charged fade-out for "Pond and Prairie," a moment to catch ones breath after the full-tilt ride over the course of the two sides. To use a hackneyed phrase, this once again proves that age don't mean shit and, even if one's youth can't be recaptured, that doesn't mean you can't still kick and scream in the process. (3211 Idlewood Ave., Richmond, VA 23221, www.nowayrecords.com)

GERIATRIC UNIT-Nuclear Accidents EP (Plastic Bomb, 12")
First, there's the name of the band and, on the insert, it says "Old-Fast-Loud," so I don't have to make any jokes myself. They did the work for me. There are people from Heresy in this band and they're doing what they know best—making a hard 'n fast thrash ruckus. Vocalist Gords has the appropriate rage in his voice and "Waste-Line" is a declaration: "OK, we're old but still here… we're still angry like you/pissed forever, running through." This speaks volumes to yours truly and it sure ain't a pose. Trust me on that one. These guys have the aches 'n' pains, the insomnia, the depression and this is an explosive, effective way to express all of it. (www.plasticbombrecords.de)

THE JURY-s/t (Electric Mayhem/Loud Blaring Punk Rock, 7"EP)
TOTAL FURY/THE JURY-Split (Gloom, 7" EP)
A new five-song EP by Albany's Jury, plus a split with Japanese band Total Fury, with whom they toured the east coast in the spring. Mike still sounds as though he's having his tonsils tortured by Steve Peffer from 9 Shocks Terror and it'd be lying to say that they're not influenced by that band. Whatever the case, The Jury's raw thrash attack hits hard and fast and the lyrics are a bitter, pissed-off complement. The production for the split sounds a tad punchier and also includes a solid cover of Gauze's "Crash The Pose." As for Total Fury, the three songs here aren't nearly as good as on their *13 Songs* album, even though "You're Too Old" is re-done. The sole new song, "Little Story," sounds like a lesser "Think Again" (Minor Threat), although the cover of Scream's "New Song" is OK. Flat production and I'd have to say their side is a bit disappointing. (Jury: PO Box 3067, Albany, NY 12208, jury punx@gmail.com; Gloom: www.gloomrecords.com)

KIELTOLAKI-Totaalisen Tuhon Huominen EP (Moo Cow, 7" EP)
The sleeve is a throwback—bright orange, cut 'n' paste layout and it's obviously paying homage to the classic days of Finnish hardcore. Kieltolaki keep the burn going throughout their new EP. Six songs of pile-driving hardcore with a familiar sound—razor-slash guitar that also lets off squeals of feedback, incessant bass/drums and harsh vocals. Full-tilt all the way, even when hitting middle gear for "Pedofiilielukka." Kieltolaki is definitely one of the better Finnish bands these days. (38 Larch Circle, Belmont, MA 02478, www.moocowrecords.com)

MAN THE CONVEYORS-Upheld By Fear (Final Attempt, LP)
Dual-vocal crust-core mayhem. In fact, the voices are so growly and nasty, it's tough to tell the male and female vocalist apart—well, Christina's is a little bit higher. In addition to the bleak picture of war, rampant capitalism and racism that they voice, there are few songs dealing with sexism and forced gender roles. They also exclaim that there can be a "radical future." I'm pretty pessimistic about that, myself, sad to say. Pretty rudimentary instrumentation and drawing from the same well as Another Oppressive System, Disrupt and the like but it gets the job done. (PO Box 972, Bellmawr, NJ 08099, www.finalattemptrecords.computer-shateme.org)

MOUTH SEWN SHUT-Doomed Future Today (Rodent Popsicle, CD)
Another cheery missive from Mouth Sewn Shut, which, in case you forgot, includes Bill and Will from Toxic Narcotic. More reggae this time, albeit raw and rocked-up. Little dub, no horns, not even a cute little ska beat. Meanwhile, the faster, hardcore songs aren't that different from TN and the album starts with the explosive "When Is It Going To End." The commonality between both bands, of course, is the fatalistic world view. I hope that the powers-that-be don't read the lyrics to "Ass Ass In 8" (say it fast) with its exhortation "Pull the trigger before it's too late." I like the sentiments of "We're All Immigrants," which states the truthful fact that the only ones who aren't illegal immigrants are the Native Americans and takes a shot at the xenophobes who love to toss around terms like "illegal alien" and want to build electrified fences along the border, etc. I'll admit I'm more enamored with the non-reggae songs but this is hard-hitter. (PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134, www.rodentpopsicle.com)

OUT WITH A BANG-Few Beers Left But Out Of Drugs (Criminal IQ, 7" EP)
Not quite on the level of their previous EP but these scurrilous Italianos are still fucking nasty. Rough, twisted punk that has garage elements but not easily fitting that mold. For one thing, there's some atonal guitar noodling throughout and that providing a nice (?) sonic muck-up. An ugly, dissonant clatter, hand off the chin in true *va fanculo* fashion—look it up, then hit 'em over the head with the dictionary if they invade your town. (3501 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60657, www.criminaliq.com)

RUIDO-s/t (Know, LP)
Ruido's early material, from the late 90's. Raw thrash, with Gen's low-register growls, joined by a second vocalist and they definitely drew on Extreme Noise Terror and the like. A bug up their ass about religion with "Church and State," "Hate You God" and their cover of the Fartz' "Bible Stories." Their cover of 7 Seconds' "Fuck Your America" is well executed, as well. There are a couple of noisy, annoying transitions and spotty sound at times but most of this is good 'n' throttling. (PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809, www.knowrecords.com)

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE-Power Hazard EP (Havoc, 12")
An improvement over their last album, the uneven *Anathema Device*. This eight-song EP seems a little more focused and the production is punchier, for want of a better term. The opening drumbeat provides a brief thought that they're going to break into a cover of Priest's "Hell Bent For Leather," but then the Scandi-core speedroar comes in. A familiar sound but they do it very well. The melodic intro for "A Sacrament Of The Sick" is a cool touch, as well. With the lyrics, along with the lamentations about the endless cycle of war's destructiveness and the hopelessness of any resolution, there are also a couple of songs dealing with mortality. SHOS' vocalist Jack Control was nearly stabbed to death in early '06 and "Deaths Marionnette" and "Adversity" seem to be about that. "Deaths Marionette" states "Flirting with death... death laughs/Begging for death… death just laughs." It sounds as though he's laughing back at death with "Adversity" That song starts with the exhortation, "They have already written my eulogy though I am still standing and I still breathe/No fear inside and no end in sight/ I am not even close to that endless night," concluding "The shadow of death follows me and I don't give a fuck." The latter comes across as an exclamation of triumph. That's enough analysis. A powerful musical and lyrical statement. (PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com)

TALK IS POISON-Condensed Humanity: The Prank EP's (Prank, LP)
I never got a chance to see Talk Is Poison. I was in SF in 2000 but we left two days before they played a show at Mission Records and they broke up soon after that. This LP includes their split with Deathreat and their "Straight To Hell" and "Control" EPs. Talk Is Poison came and went like a lightning bolt in the late 90's/early 00's. Overpowering hardcore that occupies a similar territory as Deathreat and earlier From Ashes Rise. There's a Scandinavian influence but there are also big build ups and tempo shifts. Bulldozing bass, a formidable guitar blast and vocals brayed over the intense clamor they create. I don't even want to use the influence shorthand here. All that really needs to be stated is this was some of the most raging music of that time period and Talk Is Poison were a band that perhaps got overlooked a bit. *Goddamn* I wish I'd been able to stay there a few more days. (PO Box 410892, SF, CA 94141-0892, www.prankrecords.com)

Al Quint, PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net

Ah, Fuck. I did it again. Late for work, late for deadlines, late for just about everything. Trying to do too much in too little time, as always. Whoever thought that within three months of having a baby, returning to work full time and then moving house was a good idea was just plain wrong. Ha ha on me. My life has been totally turned upside-down this year, all for the better I think, and it has been kinda fun, as well as hectic, stressful and utterly insane. Stig is awesome and the momma thing has been rad. Returning to work was not as difficult as I first anticipated, and Erik is an awesome nighttime Mr. Mom. The timing for moving was just plain silly, but now that we are almost settled into our new bigger house, it's feeling great and we have some room to spread out, turn around, and soon to let little Stig start crawling around. In the midst of all this insanity I did have to postpone the 20-year anniversary issue of *Slug & Lettuce*. I thought I'd be on it by now, but I'm finding that time just continues to slip right on through my fingers. I'm to pull that together right now, for anyone who was wondering. It's been a crazy ride.

Spring is always my favorite time of year, the season when the energy churns up a few notches and everything gets moving again. I had everything come together for me at once when all my various worlds collided in the best possible way. Zines, plants and punk rock all at once! Richmond hosted its first annual zine fair, which I thought was a smashing success. I had nothing to do with the planning or organizing; I didn't even participate, which felt shockingly wrong to me even as I attended the fest that Saturday. But once there, it was so good to see how things can just come together and be so amazing! The fest was held in two different buildings—one a community theater space and the second a new art gallery café, and both settings were perfect in order to hold variety of tables from regional zine-makers and some from across the country. There were even a few workshops and discussions and some readings from the Hip Mama's Ariel Gore, China Martins and Annie Downey. And the local Book and Bike mobile was parked out front offering free books and bike repairs. Yes, I'm telling you, Richmond is rad! It was awesome—I was ecstatic and energized by it all and found out about some new DIY shops in town and regional zine distros and new coffee shops and show spaces. I kept shaking my head and saying to myself "I feel like I haven't been out in six months," only to realize that I really haven't been! What better treat is there to discover so much new rad stuff happening in your *own town*? Hooray for Richmond!

I'm a dork for plants. I love plants, I talk to them, and I grow them. Herbs, flowers, vegetables, and trees—all of them have their place and my day can be made by the smell of sage or the winding branches of a stoic tree. I've carried on about all of these things over the years here and there. We have this amazing park in Richmond that is actually an old estate—it's called Maymont—and there are rolling hills, a Japanese and Herb Garden, rescued wild animals and some token farm animals, plus all kinds of educational learning annexes as well. It's a pretty cool place and I've spent a lot of time there over the years and taking many visiting friends there. Every year there is an Herb Festival where regional growers come to sell their plants, and I always go and pick up a few new ones and browse around and talk to the plants. I've studied herbs and plants fairly extensively over the past ten years, and now I go there pretty much knowing what I'm after and who is likely to have it, but I can remember when I would slowly look at each and every plant and find out as much as I could from the growers. I still get kind of manic when looking over a sea of little seedlings.

Moving along and capping off the day was the punk show with my new favorite band Parasytic playing, along with Dissystema from Philly and Double Negative from North Carolina. It was in a new space, which is always an exciting thing to see, and this new space is exceptionally rad. It's a warehouse space that is run by an activist guy so there was all kinds of info and stuff about community garden and various other goings-on. Truth be told, it was one of those things that was all-around almost too good to be true. I kept looking around myself and trying to figure out if I was still in Richmond, 'cause all day long it felt like I was on vacation in some other rad town. But nope, this is good old Richmond on the upswing, rallying with new resources and energy and all things seem to be coming together. Parasytic are fucking awesome and I just can't get enough of them. It's ironic that they have existed only since I've been pregnant and with child and so I've missed many of the shows they have played, but I'm now trying to make up for it. For all the raging I've done over the years about other favorites like Hellshock, Kylesa and Tragedy, Parasytic are right up there in my top five favorites, playing the metallic crust punk to perfection. And they just recorded a full-length record, so look out for that soon! Damn, life is good right now.

So this is a manic rant, submitted late, but offered with an enthusiastic burst of energy. While my attention has shifted to the little six-month-old boy I've got, I never wanted my life to "change" per se due to having a kid, and while adjustments are necessary and adaptations have and will continue to happen, so far so good. Our punk rock life goes on and just seems to get even better! We keep on keeping on, but somehow I have managed to lose track of time more than ever. I took a break from S&L over the winter to give birth and tend to new baby. Then the spring issue got pushed back because we moved house. Now, well I've got no excuse really other than living my life. I am wondering if the end is near, but it hasn't come yet. The 20th anniversary issue will come out soon. After that, I'm really not sure. Sadly, in the recent months of no new issue I haven't really felt like that many people have been missing the zine. Perhaps I'm wrong. A few friends have assured me that it is needed and people are asking after it, so maybe I'm just not hearing or seeing it. I've spent a lot of time thinking on the current state of zines and print media. The most recent round of postage increases is yet another nail in the coffin of all print media, and personally I've just about had it. Once upon a time I really enjoyed the post office and all things mail-related, but these days it just makes me mad. I've always said I'd keep S&L going as long as there was a purpose. I think that the purpose it has served over the years has changed dramatically, in terms of the immediacy of the web for both contacts, communication and dispersal of information. A record reviewed three-to-six months after it has come out is just not keeping pace with the world today which seems to be more along the lines of "that is so five-minutes ago." There was a time when we lived for reviews and news in zines, but that time has changed. Is it still relevant and necessary? Who knows? There are so many levels to it and the more I think on it the more depressed I get. Anyone with thoughts, comments, or feedback—please share. I'm curious. I never wanted having a baby to affect the zine, or my involvement in the scene, and so it's ironic that the timing is such that I'm sure most people would assume, "Oh, she had a kid, so much for S&L." If anything, that gives me more reason to keep it going just to prove I can. Here's to the future!

Send comments and feedback to: chris1slug@hotmail.com or write Chris(tine) c/o Slug & Lettuce, PO Box 26632, Richmond VA 23261-6632

Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.

—George Santayana

Let's hope that nobody actually believes that if we don't learn from history, we're doomed to repeat it.

First off, and by definition, history is the chronicling of that which is unique. The battle of

Hastings, in 1066, is a unique event, signifying the Norman conquest of England, another unique event. Analogies can be drawn, comparisons can be made, patterns can be discerned, but in the final analysis, the battle of Hastings in 1066 is a unique historical event.

Saying that historical events are unique does not make them discrete. Of course cause-and-effect, developmental trends, even evolving patterns can be found in the historical record. Seeing connection and meaning in historical events should be a descriptive rather than a prescriptive exercise, however. Not every revolution becomes a tyranny, and not every democracy becomes a dictatorship. And while it is possible to learn from history, both the lessons and their application are far subtler than Santayana's aphorism would indicate. Indeed, it is often an obsessive effort to learn from the past that hamstrings those who would make history in the present.

There is the old adage that the American military is always fighting the last war this time around. Thus, the Pentagon was attempting to wage a conventional, WWII-type or Korean-style war in Vietnam, against an enemy who relied heavily on unconventional guerrilla methods. The inability of the US to come to terms in a timely manner with the new type of warfare that Vietnam represented is credited with helping to defeat America's military intervention in Southeast Asia.

Chalk it up to neoconservative hubris as to why Junior Bush's administration wasn't at all concerned with learning lessons from Vietnam before they invaded Iraq. Delusions that US troops would be greeted as liberators, that regime change and free markets would be sufficient to rebuild Iraq into a shining example of freedom and democracy, and that a free, democratic Iraq would bring peace and stability to the region were the blinders that kept US policymakers from anticipating that the US invasion would eventually be met with popular resistance.

Called unconventional, guerrilla, low intensity, or asymmetrical warfare, it's a venerable military strategy by no means limited to Vietnam. The American colonists used a version of it as part of their overall military strategy to win independence from Britain. It's a myth that this kind of military strategy guarantees victory to those who employ it. America quelled just such a popular insurrection in the Philippines from 1899 to 1913, slaughtering hundreds of thousands of Filipinos in the process. The US and UK helped defeat a Communist-led, Yugoslav-supported partisan insurgency in Greece after the second World War, with a considerably smaller death toll thanks to Stalin's failure to support the guerrillas. Military juntas in Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, and Brazil suppressed varying degrees of domestic resistance, rebellion, and revolution with "dirty wars" in the 1970s that disappeared, tortured, and murdered tens of thousands of their respective citizens. Had the US anticipated the possibility of guerrilla resistance, and the need for a counterinsurgency strategy from the get go, the Pentagon would not have invaded Iraq with minimum military force and minimum contingency planning.

The lack of historical depth exhibited by the neocons actually can be put at the feet of a general American historical amnesia. One would be hard pressed to find a thorough philosophy of history espoused by any of the rightist tendencies in this country, which for the most part are homegrown and quite parochial. Those folks who like to wear Nazi uniforms and give the Roman salute have an alien feel to them, their whole shtick imported from Europe. It is in Europe that we can perceive a cyclical view of history, a la Oswald Spengler, that's embraced by the right, in which history repeats, not out of ignorance, but from design. The American Left also gets its sense of history from Europe, in particular from European Marxism with its progressive stage schema of history. Even anarchists, long on a critique of state power, derive their economics and historical philosophy largely from Karl Marx. And it was Marx, in the *18th Brumaire of Louis Napoleon*, who said: "History repeats itself, first as tragedy, second as farce."

The Left has a particularly slavish devotion to learning from history, to endlessly breaking down and summing up the lessons of the past. Walk into the general meeting of any ecumenical Leftist organization, say Bay Area United Against War or the Peace and Freedom Party. Find an opportunity to ask the people at the meeting what they think of the 1917 Russian Revolution. Then sit back and watch the shit fly. Or, to quote Loren Goldner:

What I really wanted to write you about is my inability, 90 years on, to shake free of the Russian Revolution. Symptoms: in Ulsan (South Korea) in December, the worker group there asked me to speak on the differences between Rosa and Lenin, which I did (not terribly well, and with a very mediocre interpreter). In no time we were deep into a two-hour discussion of what happened in Russia in the 20's (the agrarian question). And this was not some cadaverous nostalgia piece as might be served up at a Spartacist League meeting, but with intense back-and-forth and questions and furious note-taking. The point is that no matter where you start out, somehow the question of "what went wrong in Russia" comes front and center. ("Left Communism and Trotskyism: A Roundtable," 2007)

Goldner's rather sad observation, that the Russian Revolution is still a pivotal question for the Left, speaks to something in the culture of the Left itself. For Maoists, who pretty much accept the Bolshevik role in the 1917 Revolution as sacrosanct, the issue shifts to debating Mao's Cultural Revolution in China. For the Bolsheviks themselves, questions about the lessons to be learned from the French 1789 Revolution, as amended by the 1871 Paris Commune, were paramount.

Trotsky's claim that Stalin's consolidation of power marked the Russian Revolution's Thermidor notwithstanding, Lenin and the Bolsheviks helped insure that 1917 was not a repeat of 1789. In turn, Mao and the Chinese Communist Party were two of many reasons why the Chinese revolutionary experience was not a rerun of the Russian. Thus historical debate on the Left advances, even though the Left's obsessive historical framework is never superceded. If only this were the case when it comes to discussions about the analogy between the United States and the Roman Empire.

"President and emperor, America and Rome: the matchup is by now so familiar, so natural, that you just can't help yourself." So says Cullen Murphy in an excerpt from his recent book in *Vanity Fair*. ("The Sack of Washington," June 2007). He goes on to contend that some parallels between America and Rome do hold up, "though maybe not the ones that have been most in the public eye. Think less about decadence, less about military might—and think more about the parochial way these two societies view the outside world, and more about the slow decay of homegrown institutions. Think less about threats from unwelcome barbarians, and more about the powerful dynamics of a multi-ethnic society. Think less about the ability of a superpower to influence everything on earth, and more about how everything on earth affects a superpower. One core similarity is almost always overlooked—it has to do with 'privatization,' which sometimes means 'corruption,' though it's actually a far broader phenomenon."

Murphy's nuanced comments do not directly address the question haunting many who compare America to Rome. Has America stopped being a republic and instead become a full-blown empire? Between the polar opposite positions of America as a reluctant defender of freedom and democracy worldwide, and America as an imperial enterprise from its colonial origins, arguments have been advanced that the US became an empire when it assumed Manifest Destiny, asserted the Monroe Doctrine, won the Spanish-American War, entered the first World War, or emerged from the second World War. This is similar to the argument on the Left as to when the Russian Revolution went bad. It's also a misguided concern based on a false distinction.

America's founding Federalist fathers were also obsessed with the example of Rome, of a freedom-loving republic degenerating into an autocratic empire. As they saw things, a central dilemma was the one posed by Montesquieu, an Enlightenment political philosopher who claimed that "it is natural to a republic to have only a small territory, otherwise it cannot long subsist." The greater the territory governed, the less republican the government, with empire being the logical outcome of government over a wide territory. Two consequences followed if Montesquieu's principle was rigorously adhered to, according to the Federalists. First, the new nation of the United States would have to break up into much smaller units in order to preserve their republican form of government, resulting in "an infinity of little, jealous, clashing tumultuous commonwealths" according to Alexander Hamilton. Second, each of these tiny, relatively homogeneous republics would be

dominated by one or two factions, read special interests, whose particular interests were not necessarily the same as the interests of the community as a whole.

In Federalist Paper number ten, an essay that should be familiar to anyone who has studied US history in high school, James Madison advanced a novel solution to this dilemma. He astutely argued that "the most common and durable source of factions has been the various and unequal distribution of property. Those who hold and those who are without property have ever formed distinct interests in society." Conflict between factions was the most important threat to liberty, property, and stability in a republic, for which the cure was not direct democracy. Direct democracy would simply result in a dictatorship by the majority in which, to paraphrase the old John Birch Society, 51% of the people could vote to take away the toothbrushes of the other 49%.

Madison advanced the idea of a republican government of elected representatives that would eventually involve a constitutional system of separated powers, guaranteed rights, and checks-and-balances. His point in paper number ten however is that a representative republic will be able to cover a much larger territory and still remain a republic. More territory means more people, and thus a greater quantity and variety of factions under a single government. He assumed that the competition between a large number of factions with disparate interests would prevent any one faction from attaining a majority and ruling unilaterally. He also assumed that the future United States would continue to expand to the west.

Federalist Paper number ten makes the question of whether America has transitioned from a republic to an empire *a la* Rome entirely superfluous. Madison and other Federalists intended all along to create a hybrid, a republican empire. What we have in the United States, from the beginning then, is the fusion of a republic (representative democracy, constitutionally backed rule of law and guaranteed rights) with an empire (a penchant for territorial expansion, and for projecting power beyond its borders). No doubt the Federalists saw their solution to Montesquieu's problem as offering the best of both worlds, republican government with expansive ambitions. Today, we can see that this sewing together of republic and empire in the United States has produced a Frankenstein monster, a monstrous hybrid that seeks nothing less than the end of history, as when Francis Fukuyama wrote:

What we may be witnessing is not just the end of the Cold War, or the passing of a particular period of postwar history, but the end of history as such: that is, the end point of mankind's ideological evolution and the universalization of Western liberal democracy as the final form of human government. (Summer 1989, *The National Interest*)

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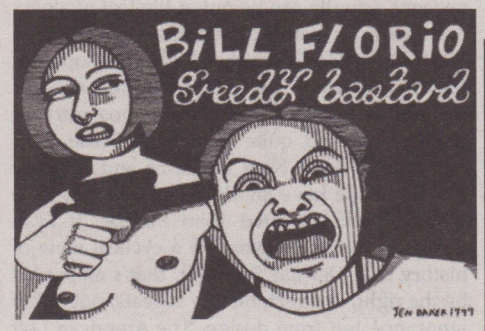

A year or so ago I wrote a column about how mental illness can creep into anyone's life. I've had friends who've cracked or had severe panic attacks and needed to go into the hospital, etc., and I've been directly involved with getting some of them out of whatever traumatic situation they were in. I read this book around that time called *Crazy*, by Pete Earley, which documents his struggle with his son becoming schizophrenic and how the system works in this country to deal with the mentally ill.

Last month on a Friday around 7 a.m. my mother called me frantic that my father had gone missing and seemed suicidal. I instantly felt dread. My father was a plumber for about 25 years when the company he was working for went under. He sort of gave up on the idea of starting again with a new place and instead worked for a plumbing supply, and finally when he got tired of that, a very large corporation that sells plumbing parts—yeah, take a guess. Anyhow, he seemed to enjoy it, but as he rose up the ladder, I could tell he was hitting a wall that a lot of middle-aged people seem to hit. He's not a paperwork sort of guy, and I got a lot of frustrated calls from him asking for help with emails and things of that nature. At some point late last year, he got a new boss and was degraded and humiliated by this guy repeatedly and finally was asked to leave. I saw the look on his face the day this happened and I knew it wasn't good. At the same time, my grandmother, who is in a rest home with severe Alzheimer's disease, got much worse physically and mentally, and my grandfather, who is suffering from the same, was kicked out of his girlfriend's house and left alone with no one to keep an eye on him.

So, I jumped up and put on my pants, called my father's cell phone, and left a very heartfelt message. I was crying and very pissed off, to tell you the truth, that he was in this state, and why. A day or so before, I had stopped by the house and I found it a little weird that he didn't come downstairs to say hi, and he wasn't very responsive when I talked to him. In retrospect, one may have seen this as a sign to get help, but my dad had never really overacted about anything before. He's not the type of person who really gets emotional about anything.

I jumped on the highway and got to my parents' house. The local police were there, filing a missing person's report. Just so you know, a regular missing person's report is the kind of thing made for dudes that ran away with their girlfriend behind their wife's back. For a missing person with a suicide risk, they put out like an All-Points Bulletin or an Amber Alert. If the license shows up, it goes right into some system to let the police know they have to pick this person up.

Since there was nothing I could do at my parents', I drove over to my grandmother's empty house, thinking he may have gone there. My cousin was there when I arrived. She was packing my grandmother's things up since we have to sell her house to afford to pay for the nursing home. She told me my father was supposed to come and help out that morning and that he didn't show up. I had frantically decided to drive around every place he might go to try and find him, when my dad called me. He was barely audible as he told me that he was at a rest stop in New Jersey. I told him I loved him and that I would come get him.

For the next nine hours I stopped at every rest area in New Jersey, pretty much. I stopped at every one on the Garden State Parkway going south. I called him a couple more times, and he sounded a little better and told me he was on The Turnpike, so I took that road wherever the hell Great Adventure is and cut across to 95. I started south toward Maryland first, since there are two rest stops on either side of the highway and you have to exit and turn around to get to the opposing stop. I visited three before the police called my cell phone. They informed me that my father was found at the stop I was just pulling into. I got there just as the ambulance pulled up; he had taken a bunch of pills, but was OK.

The next day my family and I went to get him out of the ER. My mom had set up a place for him in a mental hospital where she knows a couple of the doctors, since she works in a drug rehab clinic. It wasn't easy convincing him to check in, but after a couple of hours of us pleading with him he finally agreed. My dad stayed there for less than a week, and he seemed to be stabilized. He got out on Thursday and was going to go for therapy on Monday.

Sunday morning, I got the same call as the Friday before, only this time my dad didn't take a car, he disappeared on foot. For the next hour it was a very similar situation as the week before. He turned up at a police station in a very bad state. Me and my mom and sister talked to him and told him how much we loved him and he seemed to get much better all of a sudden.

The next day, he woke up in a psychotic state; they checked him back into the hospital and put him on much stronger medication. For the next couple of days he was in a sort of shock, where he was not acting anything like my dad at all. It was very scary; the doctors suggested we allow them to do shock treatments if his condition didn't improve. This sort of set him on a path to recovery—no one wants shock treatments—and for the next few weeks he seemed to be getting better. After two weeks he came home, and I felt much better. I haven't had anxiety since I was 22 or 23 or so, and all the bad

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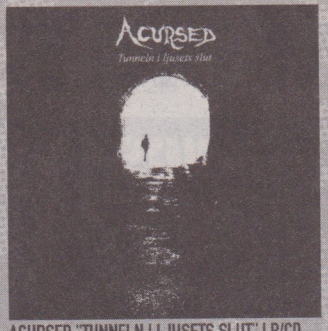

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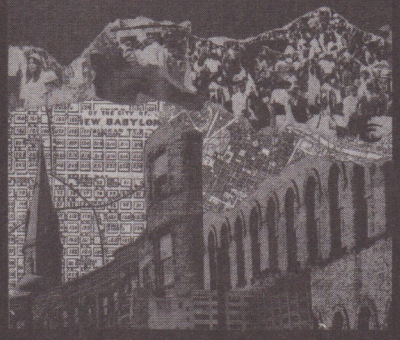

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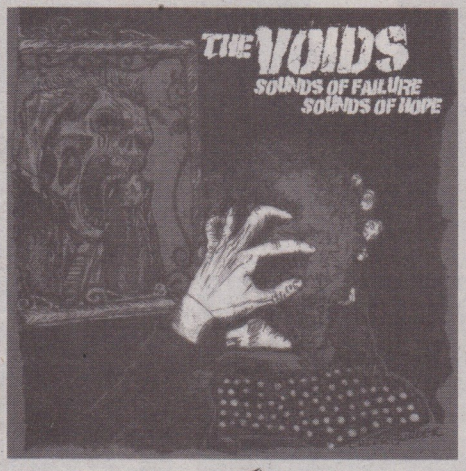

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memories of my teens had come back—a lot of sleepless nights, poor eating, and lack of concentration on my part, not to mention a huge workload since I had just come back from two weeks in Europe and was about to take off for a ten-day trip three weeks later. The Shemps were going on tour and I didn't like the idea of not being around with my father not feeling OK. But he seemed like he was thinking positive and on a good path, so I took my chances.

I got home on Monday, my van's transmission dropped after the first 100 miles of our tour so I had to leave it in a shop in Scranton, PA, and we rented a minivan for the rest of the trip. I was going to return it, and somehow we got a dent in it somewhere in Minnesota, so my dad helped me pull the dent out. He seemed OK, and had spent the past week or two doing odd jobs around the house, which I took as a good sign. Before he had this breakdown he seemed to just lie there and mope.

Today, a Wednesday, I stopped by my parent's house after work. My dad had started repairing the garage door. Before he got there I noticed a missed call from the hospital. When my mother came home she confronted my father about not going to therapy, and my dad instantly shut down. It was a bad scene. He said he didn't want to work again, didn't want to do anything; he just wanted to be left alone. He had stopped taking one of his meds and I can't really be certain he was taking the other one either. Anyhow, this is where I'm at. I really can't think of anything else to write a freaking column about, but I figured many of you have or will have this sort of situation in the future and know that you're not alone. I only hope and pray that this will get better with time and whatever I can do to help out. There's nothing else I can do.

I'll try to make the next one not a bummer.
bill@candids.com

Over the years I have definitely had some bizarre if not absurd experiences with the US Postal system, as well as postal systems worldwide. I had an experience lately that really took the fucking cake.

Bear in mind, I've had money stolen more times than I can count, letters returned after two or three years, been accused of doctoring stamps (that one was actually true), and had packages that never arrived at their destination. So this is serious!

So I get a letter from the Philippines a couple weeks ago that looks like it's been run over by a few dozen cars and more stamped and written on than most bathroom walls. I note that it says, "Seems unmolested, forward to target." The wording, obviously had me a little worried. I'm a target? What about molesting? Yikes. Maybe this is a letter I shouldn't open.

Then I look at the postmark. December, 1994. Hey, only 13 years late, it's not a big thing. Obviously it's been opened, and money that had originally been sent for distro items I used to carry has been stolen. Judging on the available evidence, my guess is that the same person who opened it also wrote the shit about molesting the target. Hmmm.

OK, so the basic experience was pretty weird, of course. This letter must have somehow bounced at least to four different addresses before getting to me, which is pretty unimaginable given I can hardly get my mail successfully from the last place I lived. Is this just a mindfuck? On so many levels this seems impossible and surreal.

But I opened the letter, and while it wasn't a long one, I was brought back to the nostalgia of the pre-internet DIY network that I am always yakking about on here. Tons of leaflets for records and tapes and zines that nobody remembers any more. The passage of time is a weird thing, and getting this letter was a total time warp. It also makes me realize that although I like to think things have changed in innumerable ways, they really haven't as much as I like to believe they have. Filipinos are still some of the friendliest punks on earth and always want their stamps returned (I think they collect them). The DIY network is alive and kicking although it is more digital.

I don't know where else I am going with this story but I thought it was worth mentioning!

This month I have gotten some pretty awesome worldwide HC to mention and most of it is from Southeast Asia.

Opposition Party from Singapore is a long time favorite of mine. I first got their *Brainfucked* 7" several years ago and have been hooked ever since. Their variety of Broken Bones, Discharge-meets-GBH type sound is just irresistible! Oh, did I mention they've been around since 1986? I might also mention that in those days there were very few punk bands in S'pore. Since then those scenes, as we know, have really flowered, so these stalwarts really deserve some serious credit. Opposition Party's *The Chaotic Years 1989-1995* CD has tracks from the aforementioned brilliant 7" as well as several tape releases—released by DNC Records. The other Opposition Party CD, *Zombified*, is on the mighty Pulverised Records from Singapore—generally speaking a pretty kick-ass metal label. The cover artwork makes it look like a weird neo-horror film or metalcore record, but no way, this is the same British-inspired snotty punk. Although Opposition Party has thrown in a lot of elements of thrash metal over the years, which is hardly surprising or negative considering their influences, they still are punk as ever. A lot of these songs are re-recordings of old songs, with better sound quality and sometimes a little more metally, but still great. Buy or die! This is real WWHC! The band's website is www.oppositionparty.net.

As I am sure I have given away in past columns, yes, I do like black metal. Or some of it anyway. Malveillance's *Insignifiance* CD on Suffering Jesus Productions (www.sufferingjesus.info), is raw, crusty, black, D-beat (yes!) metal-as-you-fuckin'-get. French Canadian blackened crust. There has been a lot of talk about the "D-Beat" actually being done with black metal bands or to the black metal sound, and I have examined this and after extensive research, I believe this is one of the finer examples of said event. They have a few other releases, so track 'em down.

Total Banxat's *Aksi Pembantaian...* CD is one of the finest examples of Indonesian punk going on these days. Very raw, chaotic, and energetic D-Beat crust punk! This is released on Speedstate Records from Japan, which usually specializes in re-releasing old stuff, but this is all contemporary. Love this band! www.speedstate records.com.

The new George Imbecile and The Idiots retrospective CD called *A Fascinating World of Garbage 1985-1996* is pretty mindblowing in my book. One of the earliest Filipino HC bands I know of (they started in 1984), other than the almighty Phil. GI and the Idiots at times brings to mind varying influences including the Neos, Larm, Swankys, Confuse, Dayglo Abortions, and Subhumans! They add in moments of melody and silly parts, but this leaves you floored. I can't believe this band isn't already considered the greatest by KBD, D-Beat, and HC connoisseurs. Oh well, that's what happens when you're from the Philippines and not Sweden or something. This CD even has some live tracks. These guys are still knockin around, albeit in different bands! DNC Records, distributed by Basement Records (basement recs@yahoo.com)

Summon the Crows' *Scavengers Feast* LP on Cradle to Grave Records (www.cradletograverecords.com) is pretty fucking incredible, even among the dark, black, crust metal milieu. Norwegians aren't known for being particularly colorful to begin with, from what I understand, and this will have you seeing the world as the burned-out, devastated shell that it is—or will be. Incredible.

The Brain Failure/Big D and the Kids Table LP (www.badnewsrecords.com) is pretty cool, I mainly got this for Brain Failure, which seems to be the most appreciated (Western-wise) Chinese punk band. I do like them, although they are pretty cheesy and '77 and all—it has a certain charm. I guess maybe it's the different take on it. These guys have toured the US a couple times and unfortunately I have missed them twice! Ack! This is Sex Pistols, Clash, and the Damned-style punk rock from Beijing, and while it's not gonna break any measure of originality, it's still fun and worth buying. Actually I would say the same about Big D, from Boston. Check it out.

I'd also like to address last issue's interview with the dude who does We're Gonna Fight zine. I reviewed two different issues of this zine, and was excited to see the overall coverage of international hardcore, with interviews and fea-

tures from bands all over. As someone who's been doing the same thing with Mangelslakt and other zines for at least 15 years now I am always eager to find zines that endeavor to write about "non-Western" scenes. It's been kind of my area of focus for quite some time. I can't claim to be expert in many areas of punk or HC, but this is one thing that is very near and dear to me.

The interview in last issue's MRR confused me, and his arguments completely contradict so many things he had written in his actual zine, We're Gonna Fight, it's not even funny. Its weird to think that most of the people who read the interview will never know some of the truly fucked up Eurocentric, ignorant, condescending, intolerant and downright pigheaded shit that is actually written in WGF. Skimming through the issues I have just makes me really sad, especially in a zine of this type. The guy goes out of his way to make harsh, critical judgments of people's cultures, scenes, beliefs, and home countries while being very defensive of any reciprocal criticism for the "Western" world, particularly France.

Prior to being assigned to review WGF for MRR, I had never heard of this zine or this guy. The attitude conveyed in his zine I found totally condescending and ignorant. The interviews of bands are padded heavily by his commentary, drowning out the voice of the concerned interview subjects. He went so far as to criticize some punks of those countries (mainly Pacific SE Asia) for being Muslim, told Indonesians that they shouldn't criticize France (he's French) for being a colonizer in Africa, because Indonesia had invaded ("colonized") East Timor. After reading this I felt completely confused and befuddled by his mentality, and pretty sad.

I had been in contact for a long time with a great number of people from "Western" countries, and "non-Western" or "Third World" punks (I saw World Wide HC). There had always been a spirit in these exchanges of trying to understand, and learn about each other's experience. I have known there are things different in our perspective, like some SE Asian punks identifying as Muslim, which I didn't understand. I also, like other WWHC folks, had tried to understand because I realized I was coming from a very different place as a Western, American, white guy, raised in a white supremacist, imperialist, corporate world. I didn't, and still don't, despite spending years interacting with punks who identify as Muslims in this part of the world, understand that relationship and I don't think I would even if I went there. I think it would take a lifetime to coming from the outside. But I do know it is not a uniform identity and it is very nuanced, with different interpretations of the teaching and its approach to social and political justice. What saddened me is this guy's ham-fisted and ignorant approach of just criticizing people across the board without any consideration of a morass of factors. For instance these countries being countries created out of the white supremacist colonial system, and the arbitrary borders drawn which lead to the entire East Timor disaster.

What made it even more bizarre is that he has been to some of these countries apparently (Indonesia, Malaysia, and Philippines). And not just that, but that he mentions in his zine and even people in his interviews (!!!) have told him personally that his attitude and understanding is very counterproductive to put it mildly. That message didn't get through I guess. Neither did mine, but then, from most people paying attention to his zine and the MRR interview it is very clear he isn't willing to listen to other people's opinions or ideas, and is very absorbed in himself. He has not allowed for any other ideas, or willing to think about his own. My opinion was that people with that mentality probably aren't really worth discussing or dealing with, but I do believe that the decision ultimately to run the interview with We're Gonna Fight was worth it, because it brings at least some of these issues to the forefront, because sadly I think a lot of people harbor similar isolated, narrow-minded, condescending attitudes.

I didn't expect the guy to understand my criticisms in the reviews. In the event that he does bring up a criticism, point, suggestion, or idea it is immediately refused. The other person is attacked and the same criticism is lobbed back at them. It's a kindergarten-esque form of rhetoric. So my purpose of this is not in the hopes to have a dialogue or ongoing bullshit discussion about this, because like I said, I believe communicating with someone who doesn't listen and is wrapped up in their own little world is bound to be fruitless. But as I mentioned, I do believe some of the issues brought up do serve some purpose in having them discussed in the forum of MRR.

1. Your statements in your zine are not "clear". Your arguments are not coherent. You contradict yourself repeatedly. Your statements are very questionable, convoluted, and definitely make it seem like you are Eurocentric, ignorant, and unwilling to level with people.

2. Being white and Western affords you a ton of advantages every single moment. The world is based on a system of white supremacy and racism, and whether you like it or not you are a part of it. We were both raised in a "Western", whether we like it or not. "Who cares if I'm white or not?", you say. Being white affords you incredible benefits. Our countries control the world economy not now through direct colonialism mostly but imperialism and economic hegemony via the WTO and World Bank. Our governments and economies control armies which have "non-Western" countries under their thumb. We are oppressors in this architecture, which is dominated by the "Western" (read: white) world. Our privileges are established on the back of "non-Western", people of color. Just because you don't identify with it doesn't mean you don't benefit from it.

3. You first say that "governments are not the same things as people". By stating this you seem to be saying that people are one thing and the actions of their governments, or the mechanics of their culture and society are another thing. If I understand you correctly that would seem to divorce people from things bigger than themselves. If we follow that stream of logic, then I don't understand why you are so incredibly defensive about French culture, society, and government, while it seems not to bother you at all to mercilessly assail SE Asian, Muslim, and Arab societies, cultures, and governments.

Then it seems due to your frustration with my reviews, you use nationality again as a sort of weapon, in the same pattern by attacking me for being American. Drawing conclusions about who I am based on the same things you say "are not people" like governments, culture, language, and society. Fox News, Bush, English language, Iraq, Ignorance. If it helps you to deal with my criticism by believing that I have what "In France we call it the 'American Mentality of the Average Joe'", then go for it. Unfortunately as I believe is all too obvious for anybody who has read We're Gonna Fight, or the MRR interview, they will see that this ignorant attitude is not limited to Americans. You don't hurt me by pointing out fucked up stuff in the US, there's plenty of it and the criticisms of the US are valid and obvious. And, you definitely understand that fairly well as a fellow "Westerner", and part of the neo-liberal, capitalist, white supremacist, economic imperialist bloc, being a French person.

4. Being ethnocentric I would define as only being able to understand things through an ethnic-based lens (your own), and assuming primacy of one group over all others. And yes, I do feel you do that. Especially in the area of having a double standard, not accepting or dealing with criticism of your own countries shit while dumping on others.

5. Possibly the most disturbing statement relates to "speaking for" people from other scenes. You say you don't, and then go on to describe all the difficulties for punks in "Peru or Indonesia" in speaking for themselves. You say you "do interviews, talks about the countries, the environment, and give my opinion". You do interviews. And some are good. You cover a lot of great scenes, and I applaud this. Your subject matter is great, and WGF could be excellent. But your completely inane and unnecessary commentary and "talks and opinions" about things is the problem. That's it. Your mentality. Using a zine interview is great for someone to make their voice heard. But using it as a soap box for your own ill-informed and hateful commentary padded along with the interviews and features and to shit on other people's cultures and societies and ways of life is pretty low. And all the while being touchy to say the least about any criticism of your own country and "Western" world.

My view towards World Wide HC and all the folks I have dealt with throughout the years who have tried to do anything resembling WGF have let people in interviews voice their opinions. Actually listening to what they have to say about their culture, society, political situation was the point. Not editorializing or talking out of our ass like we know much about it because we don't, we're not from there and we don't

know what its like (even if we have visited, read a bunch or have lots of pals there). If you want to understand non-Western punk scenes then do yourself a big favor, and ask, and listen. The attitude the oozes from the pages of WGF is one of judgment, intolerance, and of not being able to understand anything past your own nose.

6. As much as you seem to claim that I put words in your mouth, and imply that I lie or made things up, I encourage everyone to buy issues of WGF to see what is said

7. You say "Getting a bad review in the biggest punk zine in the world will not prevent me from sleeping at all. But for me there's a huge issue: My zines are one of the very few that give a damn about scenes, unfortunately. So saying all this shit about my zine is like a stab in the back for the DIY political punk network's solidarity with punks living in these countries." Holy crap. Delusions of grandeur on one side, and an elevated sense of self-importance on the other. Put together—you get a delicious, sweet arrogance sandwich!

But you are right, we need more zines covering the "DIY political punk network", but there are a lot besides your own which (which I had never heard of prior to getting it to review for MRR) which I know is hard to believe, done much better and with a hell of a better mentality.

8. My statement regarding criticism of countries was that whatever country people are from, whatever part of the world, that's what we know. That's where we've lived, that's what we understand fully and that's where we should be focusing our cultural, societal, and political criticism. Me, the US, you—France. Malaysia, the Malaysians, you get what I am saying. We can act in solidarity with them, and obviously the whole idea of solidarity is to unite struggles in different parts of the world. But I don't hear you talking really at all about France (except a couple times to tell people not to criticize it), much in your zine or really otherwise. You have quite a bit to say about the US too, and you do make some very valid points, but as people who have read WGF can see, the criticism is very directed towards "non-Western" countries with sparse words for the West.

My statement was that I feel that it is most tactful politically to deal with our own society's and country's problems: Think globally, Act locally as we have always said. You can't have much hope of changing Malaysian society or their punk scene; even if you could it's really not your business. You can have an impact at home in your own scene though. For example, I am an American. It's where my family, friends and associates are, and it's where I have a voice, and place, no matter how rudimentary, to make a difference. We are inside the belly of the capitalist beast, my friend, let's make use of it.

The whole entire, overarching concept that I, and so many of my friends and comrades have spent so many years putting our blood, sweat, and tears into has been one of true solidarity. Accepting other punks from other places as our brothers and sisters, trying to support, understand and listen to each other, and seeing that we can come to some kind of real world connection, which isn't based on consumerism or materialism. We share the struggle of bullshit capitalism, exploitation, oppression, environmental destruction, war, misery etc., even though the dynamics of "Western" vs. "non-Western" differ (West exploiting non-West). That is what solidarity is based on. We don't have the same cultures or languages sometimes, and we try to find ways to communicate and understand the differences, whether it involves learning another language, or trying to understand some cultural differences. We who have worked in the WWHC area have certainly seen these differences, and have been at times very confused and surprised by them. We have always noticed these differences and felt they are important to see and understand, but also have realized that we simply don't get it, and it would take years for us to.

I remember in Mangelslakt, when were doing the Pacific Rim Punk Special, we had for a while noticed that some (often crusty political) bands had members that self identified as Muslim and thanked "Allah" on their thank you list. My first thought was what is that all about? Kinda fucked up, I thought. Nobody seems to mention it in communications with us. But Emily who does the zine with me said something very wise after I asked her what she thought the deal was. I expected some kind of an answer that might explain this. She thought for a minute, but then just looked at me and said "You know, I really don't know what the deal is with that. We're not from there so we can't really know and we shouldn't judge." Sometimes being smart and knowledgeable is admitting when you don't understand something, but being open and willing to hear.

After all of this, I still feel very sad that such a thing has happened, as in my years in this area of punk, I have never encountered this degree of ignorance. I don't relish this experience at all. In fact I feel distinctly revolted by it.

Anyways. Next issue I am going to be discussing some pretty cool metal from Africa, and probably some other metal stuff too.

Send me your stuff for discussion people!!
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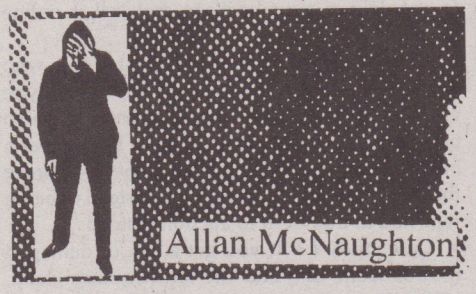

Is This What Winning Looks Like?

We know what it's like to be a small-town punk. The cool kids spat on us. The cops moved us along and poured out our beers. We're not going to forget. We've paid our dues. We've been run out of dive bars by rip-off promoters and greedy owners. We've played to empty clubs and had to call home for gas money to get to the next show. We deserve this opportunity. If we sign to this label, we can get our message out to a wider audience. Man, isn't it totally subversive that our song was used on that car commercial? And anyway, it was for a hybrid. I know our ticket prices are expensive now, but those tour buses don't run on air.

The platitudes come down like a spring rain. This time it'll be different. But time and time again, bands build a following and grow up in the DIY, underground punk community, only to leave when the money starts to come in. All of a sudden, the horrible corporate venues that you wouldn't go to unless you could sneak in for free become the only game in town. "We hate this place, but where else can we play? It's the only place big enough." Warped Tour, media whore, sadly this has become your life. All that crap about getting the message out there, it was all bullshit, wasn't it? Or when does it start? Is there a dollar amount, once you get to a certain point, *then* you start giving back to the community that spawned you? Or was it all just a ruse, a pose, saying the right things to climb that ladder? Because it just looks like business as usual. You said you were punks, but now you're no different. You play the same rock biz games, play the same high-door-price venues, hide behind the same violent bouncers. You've got a street team spreading the word about your gigs when you used to have street cred.

Punk rock is on MTV and in the shopping malls. Mainstream punk is getting bigger but the infrastructure is shrinking. Why is it that after all this time, there are still only a handful of reliable punk-operated music venues in the world (Gilman Street in Berkeley, The Smell in LA, ABC No Rio in NYC, Mr. Roboto in Pittsburgh, and the 1 in 12 in Bradford, England are the ones that spring to mind)? OK, I know that there are tons of punk-run squat venues throughout Europe, but that's a slightly different situation. Either you're big enough to play the huge, corporate, beer-company sponsored venues, or you have to rely on people who are having shows in their living rooms and basements. Don't get me wrong—house shows are almost always more fun than bar shows or other regular venues. But it's hard to build a scene around a venue that could get shut down any minute by angry neighbors or disgruntled roommates. Also, sometimes it's nice to actually be able to hear the vocals.

I guess what I'm getting at is that if we had our shit together, there would be a network of punk rock venues/community centers, one in every medium-to-large size town. Bigger bands would play there and that would subsidize the smaller shows with less of a turnout. The bigger bands would have local bands on the bill, so that those bands could build a following and grow the scene, so that more people would come out of the woodwork and help keep the venue going. I realize it's a pipe dream—just about all the venues I mentioned earlier exist by the skin of their teeth. The kids are mostly just

users who take a lot of stuff for granted, and even most of the people who do want to get involved and do more end up getting burned out, either by in-fighting and status-jockeying, or by the constant uphill struggle to keep things going in the face of apathy.

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I got to thinking about this stuff when a local art space/venue, Balazo Gallery, was shut down by the city for permit issues. It was one of the few places in San Francisco that was available to rent for all-ages shows. I'd had a show booked there for months (in fact, the final show for my band, Giant Haystacks. I've never mentioned the band in my column before, but since we've broken up, I suppose it's OK), and when they had to close down I had to find a new venue, for a Friday night, at extremely short notice. In the end we split the show between two smaller places: an early show at a bar on Mission Street called The Knockout, and a later, all-ages show in the basement of Thrillhouse Records across the street. Both venues came through in a pinch, although unfortunately many unlucky people got turned away from the second show. I couldn't help daydreaming that if SF had a decent, reliable all-ages venue, we'd never have had the problem in the first place.

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In the Mailbox: Along with my long-awaited copy of the Down & Outs *Minneapolis* EP on Rat Patrol Records (Reviewed in this mag by Andy Darling a few months ago), I received a four-track EP compiling some of the output of Randy "Biscuit" Turner, to benefit the Health Alliance for Austin Musicians. The record has two Big Boys songs performed by the Slurpees/Texas Biscuit Bombs, as well as a Cargo Cult tune and a live version of "Identity Crisis" performed by the Big Boys in 1981. The cool little package is rounded out by some of Biscuit's artwork. Not sure how many were pressed, but check www.ratpatrolrecords.com for details. While you're online, take a look at www.austinmusicianshealth.com.

My fairy godmother was really looking out for me, because she also saw fit to guide a copy of the Fucked Up/Hard Skin split 7" my way. On the Hard Skin side, genius Johnny Takeaway gets to do his best Jonesy impression on a note-perfect cover of the Professionals' 1-2-3. Someone from Fucked Up did a bit of digging and unearthed a candid snap of Fat Bob with a Neil-from-the-Young-Ones barnet on some hippie peace march. Can't tell when it was taken but it looks to be from back in the sixties or something. The Fucked Up song, "Toronto FC", is another work of genius on their part. Don't know if I'm picking up the theme but it makes me think of those American skinheads who bend over backwards to be as authentically close to their imaginary ideas of working class British life as possible - right down to forming little hooligan gangs and following their favorite Major League Sawkir teams. It's quite cute really.

Come and have a go etc: PO Box 22971, Oakland, CA 94609, allan@dropout.cc, www.dropout.com.

First, this month I peel back the curtains on some shady shenanigans in the shipping world. Anyone who has been doing a label, distro or selling on eBay has had to deal with lost or damaged records. The US mail, UPS and other parcel shippers all manage to be equally brutal with your goods and if you are not 100 percent gorilla-proof in your packaging sooner or later you are going to get some records trashed. And let's not forget the 1 in 50 or so packages that are just lost without a trace.

In the past this kind of stuff wound up at dead-letter offices or other auction houses where it was sold off at auction or in big warehouse-type swap meet places. However, the rise of the internet means that shippers have increasingly started to use eBay and other websites to sell off lost and damaged goods. This has resulted in some really screwy situations for labels and distros.

Case Study #1. I had 200 Poison Idea *Feel the Darkness* LPs shipped to me from Plastic Bomb Records in Germany. The records never arrived. Months went by, no sign of the records. Meanwhile notorious Poison Idea collectors trolling eBay for PI material noticed a "reseller" with hundreds of copies of *Feel the Darkness* at knockdown prices. One of winning bidders was a friend of mine, and opened the box to find an invoice from Plastic Bomb to me inside. Was this package "Lost?" If there was an invoice showing the seller and buyer on the box, it doesn't appear that the shipper made much effort to actually deliver or track down the proper owner of the parcel. If there is money to be made on selling the "lost packages" and it costs time and money to track down the actual owners of the goods, it seems like there's a lot of incentive for shippers to *not* deliver your package and sell it online instead.

Case study #2. I met a guy at a gig who worked at one of those "we sell it for you" type eBay storefronts. His boss apparently also bought items from postal auctions. In one was a box of Havoc Records goods, someone's order that had been undeliverable and instead of being returned to me, went to auction instead.

Case study #3. If you get a box of damaged records from UPS and file an insurance claim, UPS will maybe or maybe not give you a refund for the full value of the goods. A lot of this depends on how well you packaged the records, how well you document the damage and tacitly, how much business you do with UPS. However, there have been recent cases of people making claims having UPS insist on getting the damaged goods back in order to issue a refund. These damaged goods are then auctioned off. End result, several labels have found themselves competing against resellers who bought their damaged stock and are now selling it on eBay and other sites. In many cases the resellers do not note the damage to the goods in their auctions. I would be most judicious in making an insurance claim in this environment. Or perhaps render the goods totally unsellable before you hand them over to UPS.

Lastly, if you do make an insurance claim, remember the shippers have legions of people whose job is just to figure out ways to reject your claim. Their number-one defense will be that you didn't package the records well enough. The fine print at USPS stipulates THREE INCHES of packing material on ALL SIDES of a record. And UPS insists that all records be double boxed with a layer of padding in between to honor and insurance claim.

I've used this space recently to write about some of our consumer choices and how they affect the environment around us. I've spent a lot of time thinking about life cycles of products around me and how to eliminate those which are energy-intensive and polluting. I wrote before about trying to cut back on processed foods and eat a diet of whole grains and vegetables as a step in this direction. Another area that's really had me thinking is beverages. I have been a drinker of pop (soda/cola whatever) for some time. I recently kicked this habit and have been striving to eliminate beverages in plastic bottles from my life. These days I drink almost exclusively tap water, coffee, and tea. The tap water here is pretty decent (this is the land of 10,000 lakes) and the coffee and tea are fair trade, organic and purchased in bulk. Plastic food packaging has been raising a lot of eyebrows in the scientific community of late. Studies have linked the compounds in cheap plastic packaging to hormonal disruptions and prostate cancer. The amount of energy and waste that goes into making, distributing and even recycling plastic beverage containers is staggering. Bottled water sells for more per gallon than gasoline, yet water is available for next to nothing at any tap. This is often cited as the ultimate triumph in consumerism and marketing.

But what really got me to try to kick plastic bottles was reading about the giant garbage patch in the Pacific Ocean. There is a vast stretch of the Pacific where ocean currents and winds create a giant area of slow moving swirling currents. This combination of winds and currents creates a slowly swirling gyre that has slowly sucked in virtually every piece of plastic flotsam to wash into the pacific for the last 50 years. Plastics are forever, they break down into smaller and smaller pieces, but never biodegrade. The garbage patch in the North Pacific is the size of a small country and is a swirling mass of plastics, Styrofoam and other man-made trash that is turning that patch of ocean into a marine desert. The plastics are entering the food chain and killing off marine life. They also act as "sponges" for toxic chemicals in the sea and concentrate these, often also making their way into the food

chain. In a few famous cases the garbage has washed ashore, or coalesced into solid clumps the size of small cities solid to a depth of many feet. The very image of these floating islands of trash blocking sunlight to the ocean below and turning all around them into a lifeless wasteland made a huge impression on me. The main item in these garbage plumes is plastic beverage bottles. Indeed, one of the number-one items in any pile of trash anywhere on earth today.

I write this because it's a good point to illustrate thinking about what products you consume, where they come from and where they wind up. The life cycle as it were. Thinking through simple day-to-day choices that become habits can add up to actions that make a measurable impact. More to the point, more and more I feel the urge to opt out, to be able to say, "I'm not a part of it" or "I don't want to contribute to it." It's not like I'm clambering for the moral high ground, it's just that there are so many things in the world today I don't want to be a part of.

I am writing this hunched over my mum's computer in sunny Brentford, west London, where I grew up. Right now I am trying to figure out how the hell I am going to ship 18 years of being a total record nerd to San Francisco without going broke. They don't have Media Mail here, which is totally rotten obviously. I shipped pretty much the same record collection back to the UK from New York for less than a hundred dollars thanks to Media Mail rates in America. I would say I have two to three thousand records I can't bear to part with, along with a huge pile of essential teenage mix tape-age. I also uncovered a stockpile of desperate misery in fanzine form, in other words the future Scott Moore library of midwestern emo zines. I will ship those to Scott first class so he can put on his The Hated acoustic tape and rock silently and soulfully as he reads about the sorrows of overprivileged youths in expensive liberal arts schools in Ohio circa '93.

Before I came here I really couldn't remember what I had, and kind of assumed I would sell most of my records to pay for the super-expensive plane ticket, but I seriously had really good taste in music when I was a youth (And I am not being arrogant! I mean I had Irma Thomas LPs, the FU's, Albert Ayler, the Fury 7"!) Plus I think I must have already done (and forgotten about!) the great emo unload before I moved back to America, because I don't really have any bad emo to get rid of and make vast amounts of money off of on eBay. I totally need the Faith 12" on two different color vinyls, you know, to match my cheesy teenage Faith tattoo. And all those post punk records I picked up for 50p at the Brighton Station car-boot sale? The Pop Group? Rip Rig and Panic? I am weighed down by an inherently un-Zen-like pack-rat instinct *and* two zillion essential records. I am much less consumption-oriented nowadays, but seeing my record collection in all its glory is awakening the old scary impulses and reminding me of the gaps that need filling; I have a feeling when I return to SF I will be haunting the aisles of Amoeba once more looking for the Shop Assistants LP or the Eyes *TAQN* 7".

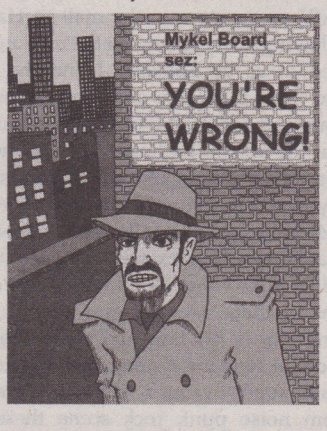
The day before I came here I came upon a huge tape collection abandoned on the street by someone who was clearly a lame-o baby boomer but who also had great taste in music. Thelonious Monk and Elmore James on the same tape? That kind of thing. It kind of blew me away that someone could just abandon their musical history like that, but I guess with the advent of MP3s and mix CDRs tapes are even more redundant than they were when CDs were first introduced. There's something more appealing about a mix tape than a CDR, though. CDRs are so disposable and plastic, and I know tapes are too, but somehow they hold more meaning than a blank disc of shiny silver. I broke my tape player on my first day back in London and my mum freaked out because apparently you can't buy tape players here anymore so I guess the tape really has had its day. CDRs and instant internet music libraries somehow devalue musical taste, I think; when you can download the Desperate Bicycles discography in one fell swoop it kind of takes away the meaning of the music and turns it into just another computer file. But then I know a lot of music is just too hard and/or expensive to find on vinyl, and record nerds are mostly creepy dudes who are more into getting one up on each other than sharing their knowledge/making tapes for less knowledgeable people, and the internet wipes that horrible interaction out in one easy swipe.

I remember reading something Tobi Vail wrote in her zine *Jigsaw* about when she first saw the Shop Assistants discography online and how happy she was knowing that now girls wouldn't have to cozy up to some creepy dude to update the gaps in their record collection. Just going through all my mix tapes, and seeing all the terrible tapes various dudes made me as I was getting into hardcore reinforced this fact to me. All the random teenage girls I see at like Gilman shows with super-obscure early-'80s hardcore-band backpatches on their denim jackets will never have to sit in some creep's living room taping his records because now they can just download them on soulseek or whatever, subtracting the sleazy dude interaction from the equation. Maybe they won't have the same appreciation for the music, maybe they won't ever buy the "bad" Gang Green record or whatever, but at least they won't have to endure the sliminess of the desperate old man/nerdy teenage girl situation.

I remember having a conversation with Nikki from Huggy Bear about how sad she was that teenage girls hadn't really formed bands in the wake of the Huggy Bear/Bikini Kill UK tour—besides my band. (We put out a split record with Berkeley's Raooul in like '94? On Lookout, a CD of which incidentally and bizarrely is selling at the HMV music store in the mall in Hammersmith; having never been paid the millions clearly owed to us by Lookout, I and the rest of Skinned Teen intend to seek vast amounts of monetary compensation.) Just before I came here I was at the Maximum house as were members of Jump off a Building and Mika Miko (ooohhh, dreamy!) and I had another similar conversation with Michelle of Mika Miko about how rad it was that Finally Punk exists—obviously the first post-Mika Miko band. I kind of wish there were millions of them, teenage girls armed with a *Dischord: Year in 7"s* tape and some Greg Ginn guitar doom...and maybe there are, because I am not really super in touch with the teenage girl bedroom noise punk rock scene these days. Knowing that Finally Punk may be breaking up because some of the members are abandoning Texas for school/new futures is kind of bittersweet, but you should most definitely check them out. They themselves are not influenced by hardcore boy sound at all; more like they are influenced by Mika Miko who you know have Negative Approach stickers on their guitars or whatevers. But still! Sitting in my teenage bedroom surrounded by Huggy Bear demo tapes and old *Sassy* magazines and *Girl Germs* fanzines makes me wish that girls would rule all towns, and that girls would be inspired to form bands by more than say, Sleater-Kinney. Meaning that I wish that girls had my old No Trend/No New York mix tapes rather than just Le Tigre or whatever mid-level indie rock it is that the ladies are getting down to in bedrooms and practice spaces.

One thing I really wish had existed when I was a teenage girl living in London was the Upset the Rhythm collective. Me and my mum were in Rough Trade yesterday hanging out with a member of Hard Skin (oooh! Namedropper!) and I noticed fliers for a ton of amazing forthcoming shows that Upset the Rhythm are putting on, mostly when I will be back in America unfortunately. It totally made me psyched that people are doing things and making shows and bands happen for more reasons than just getting in the NME, which is and always has been a total vampire on the London music scene, reducing possibility and creativity to just another scene to consume and destroy/dismiss. There have always been anarcho-pie shows in the squats and pubs of South and East London, but anything slightly art-damaged or girl-based always seemed to get consumed and destroyed by the indie rock cynics. My theory used to be that the DIY underground people that made up the flexi disc/tape label scene in the 80's got into rave culture and that's where the non-anarcho-pie DIY scene got subsumed. Nothing against South London crusties—except they smell and listen to Oi Polloi. I always wanted the underground people here to be into Black Flag *and* the Shop Assistants, Huggy Bear *and* His Hero is Gone. Ha! Re-reading this I am struck by the fact that I am totally into punk in the most lame nostalgia-

infused way! The eternal good old days robbing my brains of insight and sharpness. At any rate, that's all I have to say this month



"Peculiar trait," thought Grant, "that you could sleep with their wives, despoil their daughters, sponge on them, defraud them, do almost anything that would mean at least ostracism in normal society, and they would barely seem .to notice it. But refuse to drink with them and you immediately become a mortal enemy." —Kenneth Cook, Australian author of *Wake in Fright*

It's more predictable than a Crass t-shirt at a peace punk show. Hillary fuckin' Clinton. Iraqi war supporter. Number-one receiver of finances from insurance companies. Censorship lover. And the lily-livered liberals line up to lick her sphincter... just like they did for her war-mongering, anti-gay hubby. What can I say about that? I won't be voting for her. You will. Sucker! Unfortunately, I'll get what you deserve.

This month there've been no new massive disruptions. No wacky Koreans showing the *real* way to make politics. [Note: I didn't mean that. Only joking. I wasn't serious. Got that Mr. Government Spyman? Just a joke. Please let me take that airplane ride.]

A recent issue of *The Utne Reader* included an article called "Invading Our Own Privacy." It's about how the government or telemarketers or insurance agencies don't have to snoop anymore. People reveal themselves through blogs, MySpace and other cyber-whining. There have been legal persecutions, firings, school expulsions and more. Just because of what people like you reveal on the internet. The article laments that there has never been less privacy than there is now... and most of us like it that way.

Me? I like the right to be private, but in many ways I agree with Gandhi: "If you live your life with no secrets, you never fear discovery." Fuck privacy.

My columns are my life. As open as a fist-fucked asshole. I still have a few secrets left, but not many. Now, I'll have one less: I'm a hypochondriac. There, I've said it. I'm out.

For me, every headache is a stroke. Every upper intestine gas bulge is a heart attack. Every lump is cancer. Stiff muscles? Arthritis! I start each day with a fistful of vitamins, amino acids and minerals. I travel with a pharmacopia of exotic organic preventives. I bring every bruise to the AIDS Clinic. I subscribe to a ton of herbal newsletters.

When I travel, I worry about my health. And, I worry that my worry will give me high blood pressure and cause a stroke from too much worrying. Remember my last tour column? The one before the Virginia slaughter rant? I'd just entered Australia. Enough to give me two strokes....and a heart attack.

It was a horrible experience at Cairns immigration, after a nasty series of plane rides. Since things can only get better after that, they do. Brisbane's an improvement. Sydney an improvement over that. New Zealand's great. Details are in the blog. I'll skip them here because I'm so far behind. Bang. Fast forward. I'm leaving New Zealand.

Before I leave, I go out for brunch with Vera. I'm a nervous airporter, so I want to actually get to the airport the two hours before departing time that the airline companies say is a must, but no one seems to care about when you finally get there. Vera wants a leisurely goodbye. I can't chat. I want to eat and run. I feel my blood pressure rising. If it goes unchecked, I'll have an aneurysm.

Vera insists we at least sit in the grass and watch the ducks by the river. I'm glad she does. I need a little duck before I get to Melbourne. After ducking, Vera walks me to the airport bus stop.

It's an hour before the next bus. I pace. Look at the clock in my cell phone. Pace some more. Finally, the bus. I still arrive two hours before the flight. Those two hours give me plenty of time to worry about entry into Australia.

My initial encounter with Aussie customs was so horrible that just the thought of going through that again rumbles the lunch I had with Vera. I rehearse the story in my mind.

[Aside #1: by coincidence, I see Vera again in New York, on her way back from Germany. We go see a German movie *Lives of Others*. There's a scene where the communist interrogator explains how you tell if someone's lying: their repetitious answers. If a person always tells the same story with exactly the same words, he's lying. He's rehearsed his lines and can't deviate from them.

If a person is telling the truth, he'll vary the words. Use different phrases. Maybe change the details a little from one interrogation session to another. That's why interrogators keep repeating their questions. They want to see if the answers change or if the torturee is lying. I don't know any of this while I'm busy on the plane to Australia, rehearsing my exact response to the immigration officer. Line by line. Word by word.

"Promote books? What books? You see officer, I'm only here for a vacation after visiting my friend in New Zealand. I'm spending a few days in Melbourne before I go back to the US... Yes officer, I'm only here for a vacation while visiting my friend in New Zealand... Yes officer, I'm only...]

We land in Melbourne. I stand in line with my passport.

[Immigration advice, #1: Customs is smoother if you go through the red door. Just pick something stupid to declare, a pack of cigarettes, a little bottle of booze, anything that'll make the officer either laugh at your honesty or shake her head at your stupidity. She'll say, "You're very honest. Don't worry about that, just go ahead." and let you walk out.]

In Cairns, there were no doors—red or green. I was stuck.

Now, I'm in Melbourne. There are no doors here either, but there is a sign that says *Please inform the customs agent if you have recently been on a farm or close to livestock.*

Yes! That's my escape.

I'm at the front of the line. I hand my passport to the man behind the window.

[Immigration advice, #2: try to get in front of a window with a large hostile-looking agent behind the glass. Those guys have nothing to fear, nothing to prove. They believe that no guilty person would ever stand in front of them. They're too intimidating. *Never* hand your passport to an attractive female immigration officer. It's the kiss of death.]

"I'm supposed to report if I've been close to livestock," I tell the gruff-looking guy on the other side of the glass. "I've been in New Zealand. I went to a penguin reserve and traveled in the backcountry. There were lots of sheep."

"That's all right," he says. "Just go to line B and explain it to a customs officer."

I collect my bags and go to line B.

"I was in the countryside in New Zealand," I tell him. "You know. Sheep."

"Which shoes were you wearing?" he asks.

I point to the boots on my feet.

"Could you lift them up so I could see the soles?"

I raise one foot at a time.

"OK," he says. "Thanks, and welcome to Melbourne. You can leave that way."

He gestures toward the EXIT door. I walk out.

That's it. No questions. No bag disassembling. Just *Welcome to Melbourne.*

Yowsah! Works like a charm.

I walk out of the immigration section and into the terminal lobby. In the lobby, I'm supposed to meet this guy named Rich. That's all I know. I've never seen him before. I stack my bags on an airport trolley. Now I wheel it through the waiting area, looking for Rich.

A few people sit watching their watches. A few others stand, anxiously surveying the deplaning passengers. I'm hoping for a spontaneous connection.

When I was 16, I could walk from strange man to strange man in an airport and ask, "Are you *Rich*?" Who knows who I might have wound up with? But 50+ years later, I'd feel really uncomfortable doing the same thing.

I look for someone young, punkish and expectant. Here's someone. An attractive young man, vaguely oriental, with a wide studded belt, slung at an angle over his hips. I stalk him. Wheeling my luggage trolley in his direction, I give him a good stare. He looks away. I come closer. He clicks his tongue, trudges to a bench and sits down hard.

OK, here's someone else. Squat, slightly plump with a head that connects directly to his

broad square shoulders. He's talking on a cell phone. I walk toward him. Head straight for 'im. His eyes widen as he sees me and my trolley on a collision path. He steps aside, like a toreador avoiding a charging bull. Nope, not him.

I go back to the kid with the studded belt. He sits on a chair, still looking at his watch. I pull up next to him. Just stand there. Give him the sideways glance.

"Yo Rich!" I psychically transmit to him. "It's me you're waiting for. Don't you know me? Yoo hoo? Ever been buttmeat for an American before? I'll treat you right."

I don't actually say this, but I force the thoughts through my eyes so hard he glances up at me. Then he stands up, shakes his head, and heads for the safety of another part of the airport. Not Rich, I guess.

It's half an hour after I land. I call Shawn in Sydney. He answers with, *He's on his way, Mykel."* I thank him, and hang up. Fifteen minutes later, I text-message Shawn.

What does he look like? I ask.

The answer: *Haven't the faintest.*

Suddenly, the outside revolving door revolves. A large guy with a shock of dirty blond hair, a chipped front tooth, and a Goliath-stride rushes into the lobby.

He looks around, sees me, and walks up to me.

"Mykel?" he asks.

It's Rich.

From the terminal, Rich walks me to his car. We pile my bags in and take off.

"It's lucky you have a car," I tell him. "Lots of my friends, especially in New York, don't have cars."

"It's my brother's car," says Rich, "He's not too keen on me borrowing it."

"That's not very brotherly," I say. "Maybe you should get your own car."

"I totaled my car," he says. "Not drunk. I just had this epileptic seizure while I was driving. I was flying off the road over a field, somebody's lawn. Just a straight line, evidently. Nothing to stop me until I met this phone pole. I woke up with the car wrapped around it. The cops had to bring this machine like a giant can opener and cut me out. Know what I mean?"

"How often do you get these seizures?" I ask him, tightening my seatbelt, then loosening it again.

"I never know," he answers. "There's just no way of knowing."

[Aside #2: Maybe before I die, I'll figure out how I've lived this long. I hope I have time to let you know.]

Inside Rich's apartment, LPs fill the shelves next to the door. At right angles are the stereo, CD player, and a 7" singles rack. There's a couch next to a large table. In the middle of the room is a stack of boxes looking very much like the boxes of ARTLESS CDs in my apartment. Who could've figured on the digital revolution? People stopped buying CDs and let their computers just move electrons.

I set down my bags, flinching slightly at a twitch in my shoulder. Maybe I have rheumatism.

"Looks like my place," I tell Rich. "I can't sell my CDs either. I got boxes of 'em lying around. Just like you."

"Yeah," he says, "only those aren't CDs. They're dialysis liquid. I'm on a waiting list for a kidney transplant. I only have one kidney and it doesn't work very well. I need to get flushed out every night. That's the flush."

I don't remember what I say at this point. I doubt it's anything particularly brilliant.

He knows I'm not exactly sure of the protocol of asking about artificial kidneys or urine/blood processing. But he also knows I'm curious.

"It works like this," he continues. "Most dialysis machines process in a few hours. They hook up to a vein and your entire bloodstream passes through the machine. Those machines leave you beat, worn out, like you've just lost to Les Darcy. (who?) This one works different. See, your body is a pit. Kind of hollow inside. Stuffed with guts and stomachs and stuff. Know what I mean?"

I nod.

He continues, "Between your guts and the inside of your belly is this bloody tissue called a peritoneum. It's just a white sheet of gop with millions of little blood vessels running through it. All those blood vessels are close to the surface and ready to be scrubbed. Know what I mean?"

I nod.

He continues, "So I have this valve built into my side here, like a plug in a blow-up sex doll."

"I know what you mean," I tell him.

He continues, "It goes right into the peritoneum. I keep it covered during the day, but at night I just plug in a huge bag of salt water. It flushes around my insides, washing the blood through the walls of that bloody tissue. After a few hours of washing, that machine there—" he gestures to what looks like a metal night table with a meter, "—will suck out the water that has the gunk in it. That's all the stuff usually filtered out by kidneys that work right. Then, the machine'll squirt in another bag of salt water and do it again. All this happens while I sleep. It takes about 10 hours. Afterwards I feel right as rain. Know what I mean?"

He lifts his shirt up to show me a square patch of gauze taped to his belly.

"Ummm...you got anything to drink?" I ask. "I gotta take my vitamins. I don't want to get sick while I'm away. I donno; I'm rarely sick, but I always feel like there's something wrong."

"I'm the opposite," he says, going to the kitchen sink. "No kidneys, epilepsy, everything you can imagine wrong. I don't even think about it."

Rich manages FIBBERS aka Exile on Smith Street, one of the places I'll be "playing" in Melbourne. He scheduled me right before *punk trivia,* hosted by a noted celebrity musician and one of the few Egyptian-Negroes in Australia.

After I dump my bags, Rich takes me to my first Melbourne bar. He buys me a local beer, Melbourne Bitter, and a plate of roo stew. Both are satisfying if not spectacular. That's just the start, however, of a pretty spectacular night.

"I want to take you to the CBGBs of Melbourne," says Rich. "It's called The Tote! This being Monday, there's probably not a lot going on...but you should see it."

So we take a cab to this bar in a slightly seedy-but-hip part of town. Inside, the first thing that hits me is the cigarette smoke. It's wonderful. Although I've never smoked (except for six months in junior high school), the smell of cigarettes and the spirit of drinking go together in my mind as sure as the smell of twat and the spirit of eating.

The next thing that hits me is the music. *Bruce fuckin' Springsteen.* Not only from the jukebox, but on a widescreen projection TV. Two different songs. Competing *Borns: To Run* and *In The USA.* Another TV, this one on top of a refrigerator, silently shows yet a different Bruce Springsteen video.

"Didn't you say this was the Melbourne CBGBs?" I ask. "I don't remember a Bruce Springsteen night at CBGBs."

At the bar are five or six girls. They're smiling, chatting, unaware of our presence. Rich taps one of them, a large blonde wearing a tight dress.

"Hey, Gnarly," he says, "what's up with this Springsteen shit? This guy came all the way from New York. I brought him here to see Melbourne's CBGBs...and he sees Bruce fuckin' Springsteen? Ya know what I mean?"

I can see pink rising from Gnarly's neck into her face. The other girls turn to look at us with embarrassed-yet-amused looks. Gnarly's expression lacks the amused aspect.

"W...well...you see...it was just us in the bar. And it turns out we're all Bruce Springsteen fans...oh, I know...It's not musically correct...but...anyway...nobody else was here, so we asked Jack..." she nods toward the skinny young bartender, "we asked him if he had any Bruce Springsteen stuff...it's not like that's *all* we listen to...it's just that..."

I can't help laughing. Rich too. We order a couple beers, then go around the corner where Bruce is at a less piercing volume. There are no seats in this part of the bar, so we stand around a large high table and drink.

Somewhere someone made a movie on how to identify junkies, on what to look for when you want to spot someone *on the stuff...* on how to spot someone so juiced they wouldn't know it if you stuck a pitchfork into their kidneys. The lead actress in that movie walks up to me.

When I say *dirty blond hair,* I'm not talking color, I'm talking hygiene. About five-foot-eight, tattoos copied from books on Buddhism and bird-watching cover both arms. Her jaw must've been reconstructed by a discount surgeon, who removed part of the bone to sell on the black market. High cheekbones and a grey t-shirt over a white t-shirt complete *the look.* She sways back and forth as she speaks.

"Can I talk to you?" she asks me without caring what my answer is. "Hey, I don't like to say, but I gotta tell someone. Ya know what I'm saying? I mean it's my birthday. I don't celebrate or tell anyone. Ya know what I'm saying?

I'm..."

She introduces herself, but I don't catch the name. Maybe she mumbles it. Maybe I don't want to hear it. So I'll just refer to her as The Birthday Girl.

"I mean, I need someone to buy me a drink," she says. "Ya know what I'm saying?"

"What are you saying?" I ask her, hoping the drugs in her veins will confuse her enough to move on to someone else. I'm wrong.

"You saying you're not gonna buy a girl a beer for her birthday?" she asks. "Is that what you're saying?"

"Sorry," I tell her, putting on my thickest New Yawk accent. "I's just dat I got offa da plane an' I ain't got no Aussie greenbacks. Ya know what I'm tawkin' 'bout? I mean fuggeddabouddit."

"And pool," she continues. "I need someone to play pool with. You play pool? You a good player? I came with my friends. They just left me. Left me. Can you believe it? I'll play you for drinks. Let's play some pool. Ya know what I'm saying?"

I see her hands clench into a fist. I fear that tonight I will lose at least a tooth. Maybe more.

"I don' play no pool," I tell her, keeping up the New Yawk tawk. "I admire da game. I wish I kud play. Pool is cool, ya know? But sorry. I don' do no pool."

"So," she says, "you won't buy me a beer. You won't play pool with me, and it's my birthday."

Now her entire arm is tense. The knuckles on her clenched fist are as white as The Klan. I can feel my own approaching death.

I walk over and casually hide behind Rich, who's amusedly watching the whole thing.

"I'll buy you a drink," he says to The Birthday Girl. "And I'll play pool with you."

Saved. He's my hero!

While Rich and The Birthday Girl play pool, I converse with a dark-haired goddess who I'll call Kitten, and her nearly equally attractive boyfriend, Tim. Gnarly joins us. The beers keep coming. Springsteen stops. The beer doesn't.

Soon me, Gnarly, Rich, Kitten and the bartender are falling over each other. Pool balls clatter to the floor. The Birthday Girl spills. I fall over her, my face against a tattoo of a circle with I Ching lines. I don't remember much else.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to email comment on the column]

—> *It doesn't pay to be chivalrous these days dept:* James Van Iveren from Oconomowoc, Wisconsin broke into a neighbor's apartment with a cavalry sword. He said he thought he heard a woman being raped. Actually, the sound was from a porno movie his neighbor was watching.

"Now I feel stupid," said Iveren who faces court charges.

I'd love to go to *that* trial.

—> *Remember Ritalin dept:* Drugs that used to be forced on kids in school will now come with guides to alert parents of the risks of those drugs. Among the risks: mental and heart problems...and sudden death.

Which is worse: a wild, unmannered kid? Or death? Ask a mom. You might be surprised.

—> Another internet scam dept: So I clicked on one of those little blue ads. It said ARE YOU EMO? GO TO TheEMOQUIZ.COM. (If there are any computer geeks out there and they want to try their hand at fucking up a website...Nope, I'm not *really* suggesting that. That could probably get me tried as a terrorist! Just a joke? OK, Mr. Spyman?) The quiz asks a bunch of silly questions about haircuts and if someone punches you, do you punch back or do you write a song about it.

When you get to the end of the quiz, you find out it's a scam. You have to give your name, address AND PHONE NUMBER. Worse than that, you get a ton of ads and have to click on NO for each offer. Worse than that, you can't click *no* on all of them. It won't give you a score if you do. That's when I quit... and cry.

—> *No wonder Hillary will be president dept: The New York Times* reports that 42 percent of the American people believe that Saddam Hussein was responsible for the 9/11 attacks. A Harris poll shows that 35 percent of us believe that the US found evidence of "weapons of mass destruction" in Iraq. A Mykel Board poll finds the average intelligence of an American is slightly higher than the average intelligence of a slug.

—> *Speaking of the US dept:* During the last five years the US has fallen from fourth to sixteenth in "broadband penetration." Sounds like a sex problem. Actually, it means there are 15 countries where more of the population has a broadband internet connection than in the US.

Japanese connections, for example, are 20 times faster and half the price of US ones.

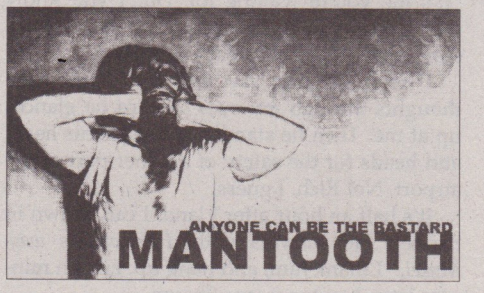
—> *Small victories dept:* Remember all that controversy about net neutrality? Remember how AOL Canada censored union criticism of its sites? Remember how big providers wanted to block Skype and other companies that competed with their own services? Well, that law went down the tubes. Thanks to *savetheinternet.com* enough people got so riled up that the bill was scuttled in committee. Sometimes good news is as satisfying as a good beershit.

—> *The Canadians are Doing It dept:* Remember that *South Park* song, "Blame Canada"? Good humor predicts the reality it makes fun of. Because of global warming, the melted ice near the North Pole has become a waterway shortcut from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

To protect its ownership of the passageway, the Canadian government has changed the name of the *Northwest Passage* to *Canadian Internal Waters*. More than that, they've started military exercises in the arctic, and are purchasing three military icebreakers for use in that water. I wonder who they're gonna buy 'em from.

—> *He's not a monkey doctor dept:* The US Department of Justice has come down on the side of a Texas student in a school dispute. He was refused a recommendation to medical school. The reason? He doesn't believe in evolution. Much of medicine (the building of resistance to antibiotics, for example) is built on evolution. A doctor who doesn't believe in it would be like a dentist who doesn't believe in cavities.

The student's professor rightly felt that a belief in divine creation and a career fixing God's mistakes don't go well together. The US Department of Justice disagreed. They're charging the professor with religious discrimination.



Hark, dear Reader, as I have returned from the abysmal southwestern United States of America with stories of intrigue, sexual frustration, and irritable bowels! Yet, I have grown wary recounting my adventures to strangers and desperate barflies that grow lusty over tales of near pants-shitting. Instead, upon my return, I have found myself caught on the runway of the QUARTER LIFE and have thus been preoccupied with the concept of running afoul with my 25th year.

Like most people, I never expected to live into my twenties. A reoccurring sentiment amongst my peers is that we're all shocked that we're alive at the age of twentysomething. Most of us seem to think that we'd meet a hideous and grotesque conclusion and everyone would cry and miss us terribly. Admittedly, I do not live a very high risk lifestyle/deathstyle. I do not "live fast, die young," "live dumb, die fast," "drink fast, die," or any other totally sick combination of the two you see tattooed next to dice or cherries on the necks of idiots. I'm not sure what my motto would be, but maybe a more talented individual could plug any of these criteria into the formula: holes in the crotches of all my jeans, chronic back problems, male pattern baldness, The Dictators, breeding tadpoles in my basement.

And so I'm envisioning myself as staring down the barrel of the gun like in some Looney Tunes cartoon, waiting for this rumored "quarter life crisis" to shoot me in the face, my body obscured by gun smoke, and, when you see my reconfigured face, the mouth is on my ass and I'm talking about what I "want to do with my life." I used to date someone who loved to bark at me about this phenomenon. We would sit in her living room while she chain smoked, speaking at me in the dimly lit haze about how she needed to get her act together, how I needed to get my act together, to become famous writers or people of note. It struck me as a load of horseshit then, and that load has increased tenfold in hindsight, but for some reason I nodded my head like I was in a trance. I now realize

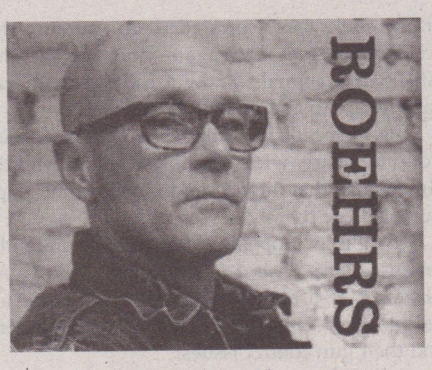
that the trance is called THE SEX!! HA HA! Am I right fellas? High fives all around! YEAH!

So anyway, three years later and I still have no idea "what I'm doing with my life," nor feel any anxiety over it. Perhaps it's because this whole Quarter Life Crisis reeks of privilege. Anyone who tells you that they're experiencing any kind of Beginning, Quarter, Middle, Quarter Till, or End Life Crisis is probably someone who doesn't have anything better to do than sit around and fret about intangibles and vague rhetoric like "having a good job," "being in love," or "finding oneself." It's a "crisis" invented to sell books to idiots who have buried themselves in college debt and can't use their useless degree to shovel themselves out of their hole. I do not count myself out of these idiots who have buried themselves in this debt. But I'm also not going to waste the money and time I could be using to buy and read books about card counting and winning the Powerball. Now the lottery—that's a scam I can get behind! It's like the stock market for the poor! You can get lottery tickets anywhere and sometimes, like in Pennsylvania, they'll feature a friendly cartoon groundhog that reminds you that your money will never again see its shadow! I hope I get lottery tickets for my birthday…

If someone would have came to me when I was 12 years old and told me I had to decide what to do with my life, I probably would have blurted out, "have a girlfriend." Puberty can do strange, predictable things to a young boy's head. Similarly, if someone would have come to me when I was 8 years old and asked me the same question, I probably would have asked where I could get a degree in being a Ninja Turtle. At 5, I would have just demanded cake.

When I was 18, my high school guidance counselors induced this kind of "crisis" in me. I had to decide what I wanted to do with my life. I had to decide what I wanted to do with my life. I had to decide what I wanted to do with my life. It was like a fucking mantra I couldn't escape (it didn't occur to me until somewhat recently that the women I dated tended to speak to me the same way my guidance counselors and family spoke to me). Everywhere I turned people were asking me where I was going to college and for what. So for a few weeks I decided I would go to school for zoology. Then I decided I would be a writer since I couldn't really mathematize and I was sure that any zoology program would probably have me counting snakes or turtles. And while I would have loved to count snakes and turtles, I was afraid I didn't have enough fingers to count them on.

And where did all that poking and prodding and crisising get me? Instead of planning my career, I sit around brainstorming about building turtle habitats in my house. What kind of wood should I buy? What dimensions should I build this aquarium? Where should I buy a canister filter? Is it possible to make my own undergravel filter? Why won't these fish hatcheries return my calls? My turtle is hungry, dammit. I've got tadpoles incubating in my basement—I don't have time to think about "life."



"Get the Fuck Away from Me"

Fuck! CROSS LAWS are back to annihilate your week! The new *Can't Sleep* EP on Get Revenge Records was originally released as the *Can't Sleep* cassette from November 2006. This violent attack is continuing the chaos initiated on last month's *Behind the Curve* EP by CROSS LAWS. Mr. Daniel Lupton, commander-in-chief at Sorry State Records, plays the blistering guitar on this fucker.

CROSS LAWS assault your fragile reality immediately with the first track, "Always Be This Way." This song takes you to task. Read this: "Say no to my own negativity / Say no because I just don't get it / Say no because I don't understand / Say no because I don't belong." Fuck yes! This song pricks the sensibility of alienated youth.

Song two is "Fuck Up and Quit" with these pointed lyrics: "You spot another victim / Another life for you to run / Like a hunter seeks its prey / You know exactly what you are doing." CROSS LAWS paint a bleak picture of our world. "Diagnosis" leads into "Acceptable Loss" with these black and depressing words: "Now it's your turn to be a pawn in the war game / Funny, you thought you were a knight / Confess your sins to the bishop / Before you get shot up in the fight." Fuck! CROSS LAWS continue their disturbing assessment of our culture with the fucking storming punk riot "Can't Sleep." The final track, "Workers in the Hands of an Angry Boss," has lyrics such as the boss "Fucking with my head." Fuck! The CROSS LAWS reduce the listener to a helpless pile of protoplasm! Obtain this seven-inch for a dose of horror-laden truth from Get Revenge Records.

Get Revenge Records is quite busy undermining your tenuous grasp on life. Get Revenge #14 comes screaming out of the depths of the cave to eviscerate you sniveling little peace punks. This monster is by VILE NATION. This vicious EP displays eight examples of hardcore that kills-on-sight. Most of these hardcore songs need less than a minute to upset you! The singer must gargle with Jim Beam and broken glass, because these vocals result in bloodstained earlobes! VILE NATION destroys everything in their path! You will receive no mercy from these thrashers!

Get Revenge #015 is an EP by CHAOTIC MESS. The band could not have a more accurate moniker! The *Bloody Fetus in the Toilet* EP features material from 2004 and 2006, and there is skate-punk nastiness coursing through the veins. This crazed, fast hardcore gives a respectful nod to the legendary SUICIDAL TENDENCIES. You will hear some slow introductions that move into uncontrollable hardcore mania! This EP contains 16 songs of skate punk mayhem! Fucking great!

Get Revenge #016 is a 7" version of the 1983 demo songs by ZERO DEFEX. This unpalatable slab is called *War Hero* and it's all over the map! You have slow menacing parts followed by unhinged fast-as-fuck hardcore parts. The sound on the demos is fair. The danger is lurking right around the corner! This is a slice of hardcore history for you completists. For your copy of these great records, contact Get Revenge Records, PO Box 27071, Knoxville, TN 37927, USA or www.getrevenge.com.

You punks and skins will remember RUINER from an EP on Grave Mistake Records. You are in luck! Bridge Nine Records, the esteemed record label from Boston, Massachusetts, presents a new 45 by RUINER called *The Lives We Fear / Sleepless*. This hardcore set fire to the fucking planet! "The Lives We Fear" has lyrics such as: "You can't expect me to take the same roads so many have crawled down before / I am fine dying with regrets / As long as I've never stopped making attempts at the sky and tearing down the stars." Fuck!

Side two offers "Sleepless." Read this: "Ask me a question and I'll do my best to not lie / But if I say what's truly on my mind / You are the price I'd pay." Fucking great! This thought-provoking Northeast hardcore will appeal to DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR fans. Get this product from Bridge Nine at www.bridgenine.com.

Fuck! The thrash band SOCIALCIDE defiles the entire Chesapeake, Virginia area with their new *Sick of the Pressure* EP. This display of brutish force hardcore obliterates all life forms on the mid-Atlantic coast! The first song on side one is "No End." Fuck! These wild punks go on a killing spree! The second song, "Another Headache" continues to bludgeon you little punks like you were baby seals! The last song on side 'A' has a slower intro that slams into over-the-top BLACK FLAG-style hardcore. When you are lying there limp and helpless, SOCIALCIDE finishes you off with a DEADFALL-style melodic punk menace! Flip this first-rate EP to side B and you are overwhelmed by the sheer destructive power of the guitars and vocals! Side B rages through "Morning Disaster," the title cut "Sick of the Pressure," "World of Hate," and "Jump Up." Fucking A! This ruthless hardcore music belongs in your house! These cutting lyrics should be screaming out of your speakers! Order your SOCIALCIDE *Sick of the Pressure* EP from Even Worse records or contact Zach at 816 Nugent Drive, Chesapeake, Virginia 23222; myboilingpoint@hotmail.com.

The Kings of Scum Punk, ANTiSEEN, conquered the West Coast in February, 1993 at the Brave New World Bar in San Francisco, California. This tour followed a wide swath of destruction caused by the *Southern Hostility* LP

released on Rave Records in November 1991. When these bad men from North Carolina released the *Eat More Possum* LP on Zuma Records in March of 1993, it ripped America a new asshole! In this highly productive era ANTISEEN released such instant scum classics as "Death Train Comin," "Leeches + Losers" and "Watch the Bastard Fry." The scathing indictment of record company executives entitled "Kill the Business," is one of ANTiSEEN's true crowd-pleasers! This song stunned the listening public! They barely recovered in time to accept the full-force of the destructo-rock on *Eat More Possum*. This rough-hewn slice of authentic American rock 'n' roll clobbered fans and critics alike! *Eat More Possum* came out slashing and burning with "Today Your Love / Stormtrooper," a strident tribute to America's punk pioneers, THE RAMONES. ANTiSEEN dropped the bloody hammer on the Confederacy of Scum public—*Eat More Possum* fucking demolishes you with "I've Aged 20 Years in 5," "Cactus Jack," "Trapped in Dixie" and a fucking blitzkrieg ANTiSEEN salvo, "Fuck All Y'all." Fuck! This is relentless Southern rock 'n' roll power!

The people that fall under the ANTiSEEN spell are embarking on a long-term adventure. One bloody episode up front at the show—one hour happily crushed against the lip of the stage drenched in sweat, and there's no turning back. Your view of life has changed! ANTiSEEN's macabre rock n' roll display will evoke deep guttural howls, fiery invectives and unsavory expletives!

TKO Records, with Mr. Mark Rainey at the helm, has put ANTiSEEN under the klieg lights of international notoriety! The advantage of having a music fan like Mark Rainey piloting the death ship is clear! TKO is in the midst of reissuing the entire ANTiSEEN's catalog. Many young rock n' rollers around the world are finally being exposed to the purest form of American scum-punk that exists in these 50 states of Freedom.

When ANTiSEEN lunges into a song, like, "Melting Pot" from the *Boys of Brutalsville*, you are splayed open like a frog dissected in a high school science project! The buzzsaw guitar supplied by Mr. Joe Young rides in the shotgun seat of the hearse! The glass and gravel roar of Mr. Clayton's voice will reduce you puny punks to no more than withered shells! Celebrating more than two decades at the top of the heap in the Confederacy of Scum pantheon, ANTiSEEN has nothing left to prove! These determined individuals give off the hot smoke of unadulterated truth! *The Boys from Brutalsville* was a turning point for ANTiSEEN. The American public finally began to comprehend the stark barbs of Clayton's confrontations. All hail the brute power of ANTiSEEN!

From coast to coast-bad humans are flocking to the record store to grab the music of this rock 'n' roll juggernaut! Live ANTiSEEN shows from Philadelphia to Berlin are attended by rabid, die-hard ANTiSEEN fanatics. The crowd in Hamburg includes many of the same faces that appeared the night before in Düsseldorf. These crazy fucks are compelled to pursue the ANTiSEEN message again and again. The ANTiSEEN animal is now a fully-fledged war eagle ready to go into battle royale!

This collection of working men has more wisdom to share with you blue collar Middle Americans that any pseudo-intellectual pop-punk college types!

ANTiSEEN's opening salvo on the recently reissued *Boys from Brutalsville* is "Guns A-Blazing." This anthem is a call to arms for all red-blooded Americans! Fuck all the whiners and their gun control issues!

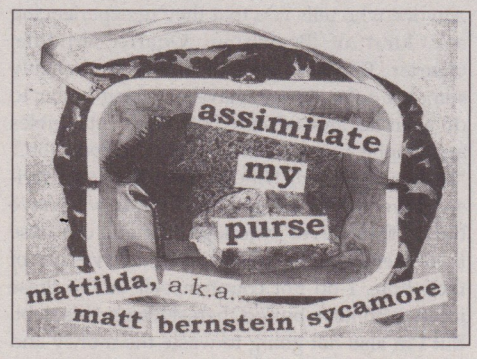
Jeff Clayton's "Gun's A-Blazing'" smashes right into "Run My World." "Run My World" is one of the best rock 'n' roll songs written in the post Jerry Lee Lewis era! You can fucking smell the venom that Mr. Clayton is spewing! Mr. Clayton wears his opinions on his shirtsleeve—there can be no confusion.

Next up on the *Boys from Brutalsville* is a respectful cover of the old country song "Six Days on the Road." "Melting Pot," song number five, is an ANTiSEEN masterpiece!! This tune is a poignant portrait of life in America in this deeply troubled day and age. This frightenly accurate assessment of our world was co-written by Mr. Alan King of HELLSTOMPER. The lyrics deal with the loss of jobs and opportunities for the families that built this great country. On this LP you will hear "Smoke and Fire," "Broke Down Blues," "Commando" (Ramones), "S.O.D.," "Sabu," "I'm a Baby Face Killer," "Talk Show Trash" and "Backlash." The new deluxe package from TKO contains four bonus tracks plus a DVD that features the "Guns A-Blazing" and "Commando" videos. As an extra dividend, you also get a thirteen song live DVD recorded at the garage in Los Angeles, California, June 9th, 2001. For TKO product, contact 8941 Atlanta Ave, Suite 505, Huntington Beach, CA 92646, www.tkorecords.com.

Yes! You hardcore fucks should raise your beer mugs! Durty Mick Records has reissued two TOKEN ENTRY LPs, *Jaybird* and *The Weight of the World*. The two LP's come in a sharp gatefold package entitled *Token Entry: The "Reissue."* TOKEN ENTRY made a significant contribution to the New York hardcore scene in the mid to late '80s. In the liner notes, Civ of GORILLA BISCUITS stresses TOKEN ENTRY's importance to the Queens hardcore scene during this era: These skate punks came up through the hardcore ranks in New York and went out of their way to help young bands. TOKEN ENTRY gave GORILLA BISCUITS their first show at CBGB's. Ray from YOUTH OF TODAY reminds the punks of TOKEN ENTRY's influence on the NYC hardcore scene. The music on *Jaybird* combines no-nonsense hardcore riffs with skate punk lyrics and the occasional blast of metallic guitar riffs! You will storm through good songs like "The Fire," "The Bright Side," "Jaybird," "The Whip," "Integrity," "Token Entry" and more.

The second LP contained in this deluxe package contains the reissue of *The Weight of the World* LP. By this time, TOKEN ENTRY had moved towards a less essential funk/pop area. This double LP set is a required purchase for the *Jaybird* LP. Contact Durty Mick Records, 19106 S. Normandie, PO Box 311, Torrance, CA 90502; DurtyMickRecords.com.

Until next month, see you fucks at the bar!



Thoughts on the Consolidation of the Independent Press, and My Place within This Madness

There's been a lot of turmoil recently in the world of independent publishing. In January, the Independent Press Association (IPA), advocate and distributor of hundreds of independent magazines (including MRR), went bankrupt while owing thousands of dollars to individual titles ($81,000 to *Bitch*, for example). Immediately following this announcement, *Clamor*, one of the most wide-ranging and inclusive of independent magazines, and *Kitchen Sink* ("for people who think too much"), one of the most lavishly produced, went under (*LiP*, perhaps the most politically sophisticated and intersectionally engaged of new lefty magazines, had recently collapsed as well). *In These Times*, an earlier-generation lefty stalwart, immediately went from biweekly to monthly, and many other magazines shuffled production schedules due to cash flow issues.

Immediately following the demise of IPA came the bankruptcy of Advanced Marketing Services, owner of Publishers Group West (PGW), distributor of over 150 publishers (Grove, Avalon, Soft Skull, McSweeney's, and Cleis, just to name a few). PGW was perhaps the largest distributor of independent publishers (the other distributor of comparable size is Consortium, purchased by Perseus Book Group in 2006—Perseus is a medium-sized publisher that consists of a number of imprints that were originally separate publishers).

OK, let me state here that I'm not exactly a publishing industry insider, so if I get some details wrong then just give me a six-figure check and call my boss (I mean, feel free to correct me). And before I get lost in all of these specifics, let me explain why I'm talking about any of this: distributors are crucial to the success of independent publishers and publications—you can put out something amazing, but if it doesn't get into stores then no one will see it. Of course, there are tons of incredibly valuable, innovative and dynamic publications that have no interest in large-scale distribution, but for those that do,

the distributor can make or break the publisher or publication.

I imagine that it goes without saying that I'm interested in the survival of the independent press because it's one of the few places where I can find any inspiration, knowledge, challenge or critical engagement that might give me the tiniest shred of hope. Of course, I've also been following all of this bankruptcy, corruption and consolidation because I write for independent magazines and newspapers, not just *Maximumrocknroll*, but also *Bitch*, *Clamor*, *Punk Planet*, *Tikkun*, *Lambda Book Report*, *Gay and Lesbian Review*, *Heeb*, *LiP*, *Slingshot*, and the *San Francisco Bay Guardian* (many of which were distributed at one point by the Independent Press Association—or Big Top, its former distribution wing). And, of course, I write books and edit anthologies that are brought out into the world by independent publishers: Seal, Soft Skull, Suspect Thoughts, and Haworth (and soon City Lights).

My last two publishers, Seal and Soft Skull, were distributed by Publishers Group West, and both have gone through dramatic changes since the PGW bankruptcy. Seal is an imprint of Avalon Publishing, and after the PGW bankruptcy, Avalon was immediately snapped up by Perseus, a publisher similar to Avalon (purchaser of several smaller presses that became imprints of a larger company). This announcement happened within a week of the PGW bankruptcy, so obviously it was an insider deal arranged ahead of time.

But all appeared to be fine for Seal, publisher of my most recent anthology, *Nobody Passes*. But get this wacky switcheroo—Charlie Winton, Chairman of Avalon (and original founder of PGW!)—leaves Avalon, and joins forces with Jack Shoemaker, founder of Counterpoint (an imprint of Perseus) and Shoemaker & Hoard (an imprint of Avalon)—together, they acquire Counterpoint and Shoemaker & Hoard from Perseus/Avalon, and then... they purchase Soft Skull (publisher of *That's Revolting!*).

But what does all this mean? Seal has already been gutted, their staff reduced from seven to three, and they will be publishing 15 books per year instead of 40. While I have been quite critical of Seal for their narrow, niche-marketed "books by women for women" politics and all the editorial battles we had over *Nobody Passes* (which I summarize in the introduction to the book, as well as in my October 2006 MRR column), Seal is still perhaps the most visible and consistent publisher of a wide range of feminist titles, and a loss of 25 books per year is indeed steep. Of course, if a niche-market catastrophe like *Cat Women: Female Writers on Their Feline Friends* disappears in favor of the forthcoming *Women Behind Bars: The Crisis of Women in the U.S. Prison System* or Julia Serano's *Whipping Girl: A Transsexual Woman on Sexism and the Scapegoating of Femininity*, that might not be a terrible thing, but Seal's recent list includes many innovative, boundary-pushing titles, and it will be chilling indeed when the more daring forthcoming projects will surely be subject to even stricter market analysis. Already, my experience with *Nobody Passes* was that Seal wanted to define it for niche-market salability before I'd even circulated the call for submissions, so I can only imagine that such pressures will grow more pronounced.

As for Soft Skull, things are a bit more complicated. Publisher Richard Nash will become Executive Editor at the newly formed Counterpoint (where Nash will be editorial director of the Soft Skull imprint, but without any of the previous Soft Skull staff). What this means in terms of editorial direction is unclear. I can say without hesitation that Soft Skull's editorial vision over the past several years has been unparalleled, from the maximalist, erudite pranksterism of Wayne Koestenbaum to the fiery and practical politics of *Dam Nation: Dispatches from the Water Underground* and the humor, experimentation and renegade vision of *The Amputee's Guide to Sex* (a book of poems). Editorially, working with Soft Skull was a pleasure because they trusted my vision and supported my choices, but the more practical side of things was a mess. In short, I think Soft Skull grew way too fast (going from publishing 10 books a year to 10 books a season in a relatively short time), and they didn't have the ability to support their authors. So my first response to the purchase of Soft Skull, after the surprise wore off, was to think oh, now hopefully the second edition of *That's Revolting!* will actually come out (let's just say that it's a bit behind).

But then I thought about the editorial implications of Soft Skull becoming an imprint on a larger publisher. I began to wonder if they would be able to publish such crazy and intoxicating diversity, from *Classified: How to Stop Hiding Your Privilege and Use It for Social Change* to Ronald Palmer's flaming formalist poetry (published as an eight-by-eight square!) to Josh MacPhee's *Stencil Pirates* (a history and guide to stenciling as public redecoration).

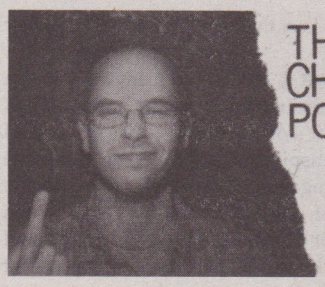
I became aware of perhaps the most shocking details of the consolidation while reading Soft Skull publisher Richard Nash's blog, where I learned that after Perseus purchased Avalon, they decided to close two of the larger and most extensive imprints, Thunder's Mouth and Caroll & Graf. Thunder's Mouth was a current affairs, popular culture and science publisher that sometimes took on innovative work like *The Apocalypse Reader* or the collected writings of performance artist Karen Finley. But what floored me was the closure of Caroll & Graf, a publisher that has come to publish more queer work than probably any other. Over the course of four years, editor Don Weise (previously an editor at Cleis) has acquired an incredibly wide range of queer work at a time when this is considered impossible or impractical on most presses the size of Caroll & Graf (and certainly on any larger press)—from novels by luminaries like Sarah Schulman and Leslie Feinberg to emerging writers like Ali Liebegott, Keith Boykin's *Beyond the Down Low*, an anthology edited by Michelle Tea, an anthology of vintage porn edited by Simon Sheppard, and even titles by establishment figures like Edmund White and Dale Peck (as well as republishing out-of-print work and plans for a series of AIDS writing). In short, Weise/Caroll & Graf bucked the corporate industry standard that gay/queer work was no longer marketable, and the demise of Caroll & Graf is a big blow to queer publishing.

Of course, there is still brilliant work—queer, feminist, experimental, politically challenging—done by a wide range of small publishers (Suspect Thoughts, Semiotexte, Akashic, Seven Stories, South End and New Press come immediately to mind). And I can't resist plugging City Lights, who will be publishing my new novel! But I think there's no question that all of this consolidation will narrow the options for many boundary-pushing writers.

As for independent publications, I'm inspired by something Jessica Hoffmann, one of the founders and editors of the new feminist magazine *Make/shift* (where I'm now the books editor), said at the New York launch: "Capitalism tells us that we're crazy to start a magazine right now, but we're not particularly interested in what capitalism has to say."

Check out my new anthology, *Nobody Passes: Rejecting the Rules of Gender and Conformity*, and tell me what you think! You can also check in on me via my blog, http://nobodypasses.blogspot.com. The expanded second edition of *That's Revolting! Queer Strategies for Resisting Assimilation* will hopefully be arriving Fall 2007. And the amazing news is that my new novel, *So Many Ways to Sleep Badly* will be published by City Lights in Fall/Winter 2008! I live for feedback, so send me love letters and/or delicious threats via www.mattbernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past MRR columns. I forgot to pay for my PO Box so they locked me out—I'll get a new one soon, but in the meantime if you want to send me anything by post then email for an address.

OK, so Chris and Arwen hijacked my idea for a column this month by turning our joint interview into a feature rather than our columns, as was originally intended. Now I am way past deadline, making a mockery of my promise to Chris from a couple of months back when I swore up and down I would never be late with anything in my post-coordinator life. But even though I'm insanely late, I couldn't let this issue go by without writing something, even if it's brief; it's the twenty-fifth anniversary of *Maximum Rocknroll*, that's fucking reason to take note!



THREE CHORD POLITICS

chris hubbard

Yeah, times have changed a lot since that first issue. The magazine is thicker, punk has fragmented and genre-splintered a hundred times over, a lot of people have come and gone both out of the punk scene in general and *Maximum* in particular. But there are a lot of us still out there, eagerly waiting to get our hands dirty on this 25-year old magazine month after month. Why do we do it? Well, I mostly do it 'cuz I am a fanatic about punk rock. And over the years, *MRR* has spilled a lot of ink on the topic. Nearly 300 issues under our belts, and we're still not sick of DIY punk rock or the ideas behind it, and by "we" I mean not only we the shitworkers at *Maximum*, but also we the punk rockers, all of us together, screaming at a wall, waiting for it to fall. Fuck all the hipsters and posers and haters that will tell you otherwise. They can EMS&D.

I've gone on and on before about this magazine, and what it means to me. So I won't rehash all that here. I don't like sentimentality anyway. And though we're spending a minute to take note of some sizeable history, I'd like to point out that there is a lot of DIY punk history still to be made, which means that *Maximum* will be here and keep right on documenting it. As some wise men once taught me, radical punx never die. This is a good thing, because in spite of (or maybe because of) the messy 25 years that have passed since *MRR* first printed an issue, we still need some angry, radical punk rock in our lives. I'm sitting here cranking Totalitär and writing this column as a testament to that.

I learned a lot about the secret history of *Maximum* while I lived at the house and worked daily on the zine. People tell stories, you know? I mean, Steve Spinali has been writing record reviews since practically the first issue, Paul Curran (aka "Baby Paul," according to the shitworkers who know him from those days) is one of the shitworkers on the cover of issue #20, and the list—along with memory—of longtime shitworkers—Tobia, Allan, Bruce, Michelle, Carolyn, Floyd, Jeff Mason—goes on and on. I know Tim wouldn't approve of so much walking down memory lane, so I'll honor his memory by not strolling too out of the way in this column, even though I have a soft spot for those stories. Along with the actual magazine, there is this element of *MRR*—the fact that there are lots of amazing folks working on it every month and have been for hundreds of issues—they are why the magazine perseveres and even thrives, which to me is a beautiful thing.

So, happy birthday, *Maximum*! I know that nothing lasts forever, but hey, you've already made it this far! It's comforting to know that in a disposable, alienating, and desperation-inducing world, you have managed to make something lasting, honest, and totally fucking punk. Thanks.

* * *

One last thing. I'd like to take this opportunity to acknowledge and thank Martin Sprouse as well as Tom and Francesca Yohannan for opening up their wealth of knowledge and memory about Tim Yo and *MRR* to me, as well as for their graciousness, kindness, support, and shared memories. Their extended hand of friendship went a long way in making me feel like a part of the family.

(Playlist: Disclose – everything. Kawakami: RIP)

So I'd planned on writing something about the significance of this being *MRR*'s 25th anniversary issue, but after just finishing up editing and laying out Martin Sprouse's and Golnar and Arwen's interviews, I feel like I'd simply be being redundant. Besides, the sun is coming up and I've learned these last couple months that that's a good sign for me to call it a night. Why do I always leave this things until the very last minute?

I can't help but mention the fact that, while attempting to check the correct spelling of somebody's name on the internet earlier today, I somehow landed on the Tim Yo memorial webpage. A thorough reading, or even a quick glance at that site, is as profound a testament as any to *Maximum*'s impact on peoples' lives.

A brief note: The next issue of *MRR* with be a theme issue on punk and immigration. If anyone out there wants to send a letter, guest column, news item, or anything else addressing immigration-related issues, don't hesitate to get in touch!

'Til next time, chris@maximumrocknroll.com

PEOPS

I MOVED TO NYC ALMOST SIX YEARS AGO NOW - FROM THE D.C. AREA - I MOVED HERE FOR SCHOOL IN 2001 - THE WORLD TRADE CENTER CAME DOWN ABOUT 2 WEEKS AFTER I MOVED HERE - AT THE TIME I HAD NO IDEA WHAT I WANTED TO STUDY SO I JUST STARTED TAKING CLASSES & I ENJOYED THE GENDER STUDIES THE MOST SO I JUST RAN WITH IT - A LOT OF THE CLASSES I TOOK IN THE BEGINNING DEALT WITH 2ND WAVE FEMINIST THEORY & CRITIQUES - I ALSO TOOK CRITICAL RACE THEORY & IDENTITY POLITICS - AND I STARTED STUDYING EDUCATION THINKING I WOULD LIKE TO GET INTO SEXUAL EDUCATION - THO I THINK I'M STILL TRYING TO GET THERE - ABOUT 6 MONTHS AFTER I MOVED TO THE CITY - I HAD BEEN TO A FEW SHOWS AT ABC NO RIO - & THEN EARLY IN 2002 THE W.E.F. (WORLD ECONOMIC FORUM) WAS HAPPENING & FOOD NOT BOMBS WAS COOKING FOOD FOR THE PARTICIPANTS SO I VOLUNTEERED & THEN I SORT OF GOT SUCKED IN - THEN I WAS COMING TO THE PUNK SHOWS AT NO RIO MORE REGULARLY & I WOULD BE SPENDING MY WHOLE WEEKEND THERE SO I ENDED UP VOLUNTEERING AT THE SHOWS - THINGS WERE GRADUALLY BECOMING MORE STRUCTURED WITHIN THE PUNK COLLECTIVE THAT RAN THE SHOWS IN TERMS OF WHO COULD VOTE ON ↗ ☆ - COLLECTIVE DECISIONS - YOU HAD TO HAVE VOLUNTEERED FOR 2 OR 3 MONTHS & MAINTAIN A CERTAIN ATTENDANCE AT SHOWS - PROBABLY SOMETIME IN MID 2002 I BECAME AN OFFICIAL MEMBER OF THE COLLECTIVE - WE WOULD ALL HELP SET UP FOR SHOWS, DO DOOR, & HELP CLEAN UP - WE ALSO WOULD HAVE HUGE MEETINGS ABOUT THE DRINKING POLICY & ENFORCING THE DRINKING POLICY & TRYING TO SEE THAT PEOPLE DIDNT GET TOO OUT OF CONTROL - I GRADUATED FROM THE NEW SCHOOL IN 2005 - I HAD BEEN INVOLVED WITH SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUNK SCENE WHO WERE CALLING OUT ABUSERS - WE EVENTUALLY SET UP AN ORGANIZATION CALLED "SUPPORT NY" - THEN I WAS DOING HOT-LINE TRAINING & A POSITION OPENED UP AT CAMBA - A SOCIAL SERVICE AGENCY IN BROOKLYN - I LOVE MY WORK BUT I FEEL LIKE A 9-5 ADULT ☆ ×

JESSY NORIO - 04/22/2K7 - LOWER EAST SIDE NYC

JESSY IS ONE OF THE HARDWORKING UNTHANKED SHIT-WORKING VOLUNTEERS FOR THE PUNK MATINEES AT ABC NO RIO IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE OF NYC - PUNK SHOWS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING AT ABC NO RIO SINCE 1990 & WILL HOPEFULLY CONTINUE - IT WAS A HARD WON FIGHT TO GET THE BUILDING FROM THE CITY BUT THERE IS STILL A LOT OF RENOVATION WORK THAT HAS TO BE DONE IF WE WANT TO KEEP IT WHICH MEANS WE STILL NEED DONATIONS! - MAYBE YOUR BAND COULD PLAY A BENEFIT SHOW? - KEEP ALL-AGES UNDERGROUND PUNK ALIVE!! - ABC NO RIO IS AN ART & PERFORMANCE COMMUNITY CENTER AT 156 RIVINGTON ST IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE OF NYC - SINCE 1980! - PLEASE CHECK THE WEBSITE FOR ALOT MORE INFO ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS THERE & THE HISTORY OF THE PLACE - WWW.ABCNORIO.ORG - & A BIG THANKS TO JESSY & THE OTHER VOLUNTEERS!

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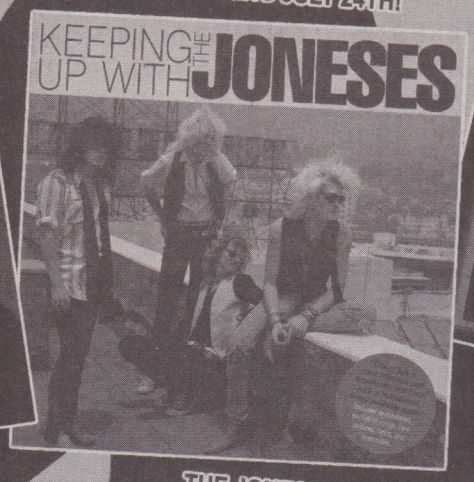

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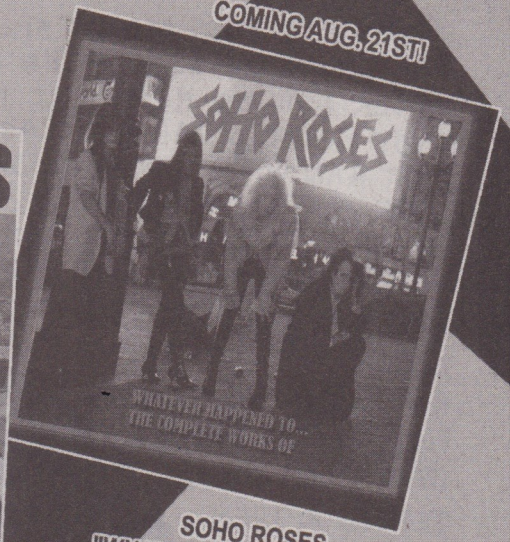

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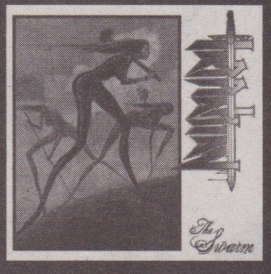

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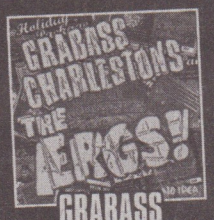

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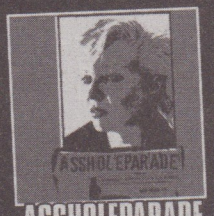

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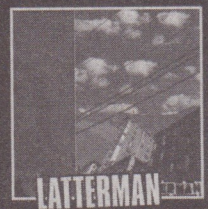
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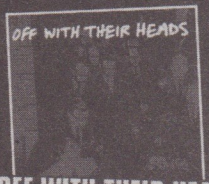

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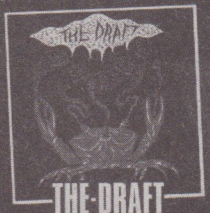

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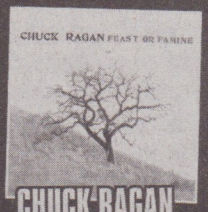

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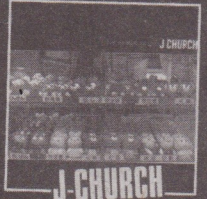

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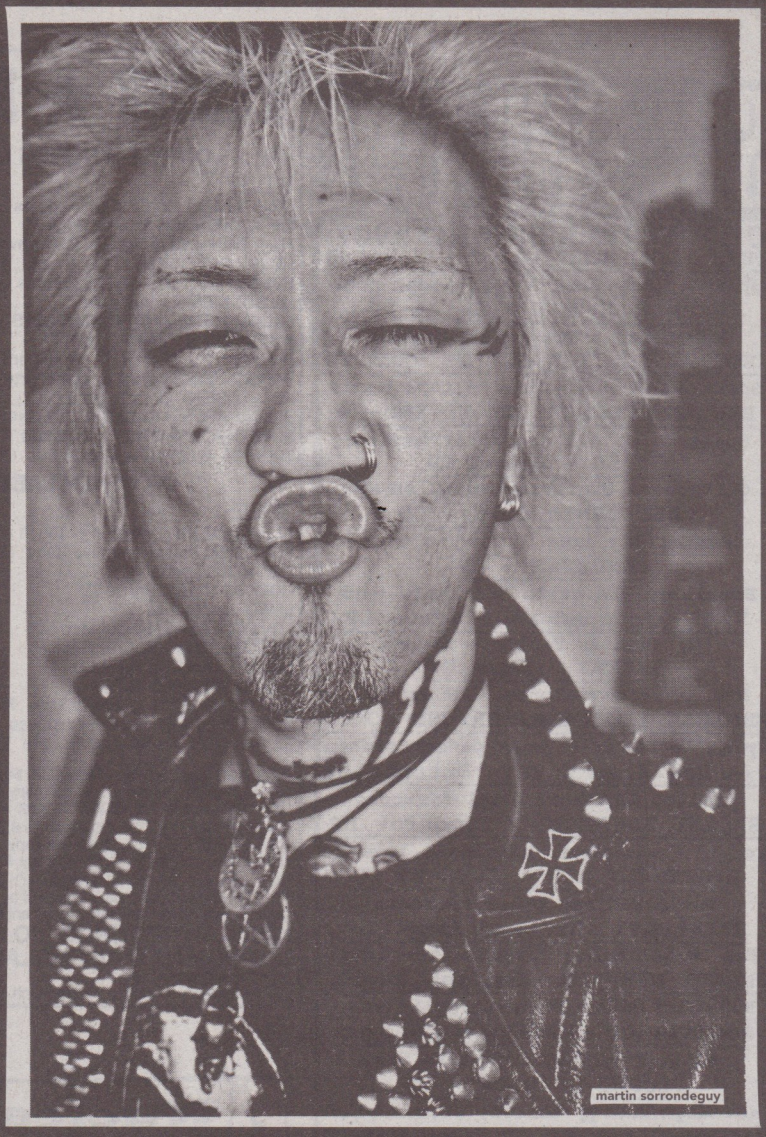

Hideki Kawakami, singer, guitarist, and the only permanent member of Japan's Disclose, died due to an accidental overdose of sleeping pills and alcohol on June 5, 2007. He was 36 years old. Disclose hailed from Kochi, in the countryside on the southern Japanese island of Shikoku, and released almost innumerable records, tapes, CDs, and compilation tracks. The band shared split records with Totalitär, No Fucker, Homomilitia, Cluster Bomb Unit, Scarred for Life, Selfish, Framtid, Scarred for Life, G.A.T.E.S., Besthöven, and others. Labels from at least a dozen countries, including Japan, the United States, Germany, Brazil, and Sweden, released Disclose records. Kawakami also played in a few project bands, such as Armed Revolution, Shadow of Fear, and Apocalyptic Disfuckerz (who played one ear-shattering gig at New York City's ABC No Rio). In addition to his music, Kawakami was a tattoo artist and opened his own shop, called Bones Tattoo, a few years ago. His tattooing was inspired by a combination of Paul Booth's aesthetic and stark black-and-white crust artwork.

The first Disclose recording that grabbed me was the song "Courage" on Mind Control's "Iron Columns" double LP. I had owned a couple of Disclose records already, but I wasn't crazy about them. At the time, though, I was obsessed with Swedish '80s hardcore (still am, I suppose), and by this recording, Disclose had actually begun to move out of their "Swedish" period, exemplified most by the "Tragedy" LP and the "Great Swedish Feast" 10". But the Goteborg '82/'83 feeling was still palpable on this song. Additionally, Kawakami had begun to employ double-tracked vocals as on the earliest Discharge EPs, which was noticeably unique. Maybe it was that the mastering was not screwy, as it had been on so many of Disclose's records in the mid '90s, or maybe it was just that my taste had evolved, but whatever caused me to pay attention to this short track, I can now say without hesitation, changed my life. I began to buy all the Disclose—and other Japanese crust—records I could find.

A few years later, Kawakami received a copy of my zine, *Game of the Arseholes*, from a mutual penpal, and based on an article I'd written about d-beat raw punk bands of the '80s, he sent me a letter. I was honored. What he didn't know was that it's possible I wouldn't even have written about a band like MG-15 if I hadn't earlier encountered the band in a list of Disclose's influences and then sought out their music. Most of the letter Kawakami sent was a wantlist of obscure demos and records. Sure, I'd been collecting obscure music and trading tapes around the world already, but this was another level. Suddenly, band names that I'd encountered here and there were contextualized. Now, I knew for sure that I had to hear Plasmid, Warwound, Fader War, Subversion, and Pioneers Disappear (still haven't ever found out anything about them!). If Kawakami was asking for a photocopy of an original demo sleeve, it must've been important. And if he sought a record I didn't already have, it soon appeared on my wantlist. I don't remember what I wrote back to him, but I'm sure it was a failed attempt to conceal my excitement that someone whose music I loved so much had written to me asking to trade tapes. Thus began a correspondence that was, I believe, one ideal of what punk can achieve—two people separated by thousands of miles and a difficult language barrier finding commonality in music, teaching each other, sharing a love of sounds and ideas. I dubbed anything and everything from my collection that I thought he might like. The search for tapes and records on his wantlist put me in contact with other punks around the globe, and in the process I learned about so many bands that are now among my absolute favorites.

Perhaps the most accurate way to describe Kawakami is that he was an inspiration. Whereas it is a commonplace to say that punk is a way of life, when he said in that first letter he wrote to me, "D-beat is really great! It's my life!" it meant something more than the usual affirmations of dedication we all make to this crazy thing called punk. Many radical artists have attempted to dismantle the separation between art and life, and yet without pretension or lofty ambitions, Kawakami did just that. It wasn't just tattoos, leather, bristles, studs, and rags, although punk fashion was greatly important to him. And it was not just playing music in the style of Discharge. Rather, it was imagining the realm of the possible in his life and in his music according to a rigorous set of inclusions and exclusions of his own making, and sticking to this vision with verve and tenacity. D-beat raw punk may have been created by his predecessors, but Kawakami was the person who legitimized it and molded it into a gospel, in the sense that

it was his conviction, his love, and spreading it, perfecting it, was his self-chosen duty. D-beat raw punk was simply what he did and who he was, and that remained true until his final days. He constantly sought further nuances of the style and then re-imagined ways to interpret the boundaries of both the music and his fanatical dedication to it (shirts, tattoos, sculpture, jewelry, etc.). Indeed, the first night we hung out together in Japan in 2002, with his broken English and my nonexistent Japanese, he explained me to me how he had internalized Discharge, that the formula Discharge used both in song structure (antiwar lyrics, d-beat, the arrangement of repeated verse and chorus, etc.) and in style (raw, fast, noisy, uncompromising) was no longer a mode he needed to consciously and intentionally appropriate—it simply was the only mode in which he could create.

And yet what many have failed to appreciate is that within this formula, Kawakami was deeply original and also deeply aware of the success or failure of his music. After "A Mass of Raw Sound Assault," the EP that was the perfection of the sound of Disclose's early periods, it was time for something new. Thus, Disbones. And Disbones, the intermingling of the more metallic sound of Broken Bones with the Discharge/Swedish raw punk sound, remained full of opportunities for innovation. Songs like "N.J./F.J." on the split EP with Framtid, "Nuclear Hell" on the split with G.A.T.E.S., or, indeed, the 10-minute version of "Wardead" on "Yesterday's Fairytale, Tomorrow's Nightmare" LP would have been unthinkable in the early days of Disclose; yet these songs are quintessentially Kawakami's, with their Discharge influences, ragged vocals, plangent guitar distortion (though of a wholly different style from the early one), and insistent forward motion.

Recently, Kawakami had begun a noise side project called Goatworshipper for his experimentation with occult- and black metal-influenced noise, music that he would surely have argued derived its extremity from his constant engagement with the extremity of Discharge, Shitlickers, Anti-Cimex, etc. And yet Disclose's most recent records had a sound hugely different from those even five years old, but still within his uncompromising vision of raw, noisy, direct, brutal d-beat raw punk. The use of simple and common techniques like palm-muting opened up entire fields of possibility for experimentation, and each iteration of Disclose's sound explored that sound to the fullest. The re-emergence of songs from previous records done in a new style demonstrated Kawakami's inventiveness.

What was permanent was not the particular moment of Disclose's sound but rather the over-arching attitude, the feeling of urgency. Many will surely feel sadness over his death most tangibly in knowing that we will never find out what was the next step in the evolution of Disclose's sound. But beyond that, with so many releases from labels around the world, and his unquenchable thirst for the minutia of d-beat raw punk, Kawakami had corresponded with hundreds of punks. It is always sad for the punk scene to lose an anchor, but Kawakami's death has deeply affected so many punks exactly because his connection with us was personal and his love of the music was infectious.

Whereas most punk bands influence us with lyrics and articulated ideas about politics and lifestyle, Kawakami's influence on our lives was with the sound of his (noise not) music. By playing such outlandishly harsh music, Disclose opened our ears to all the finer points of raw and unpolished punk. It is certainly no coincidence that the increase in Disclose's popularity worldwide preceded a general shift in taste toward dirty and aggressively raw music. Zine-writer Ben Parker sent a remembrance to me that captures the power of Kawakami's music; he wrote: "Disclose sound like what it must be to love Discharge so much that you hear everything more intensely; Disclose sound like the dream of turning an aesthetics into an entire universe . . . Disclose are the sound of the importance of Discharge made fresh, and kept in front of us in all its strangeness. In this sense, we would say that the loss of Kawakami is all the more saddening because his art was precisely to keep this love before our eyes."

Not all my memories of Kawakami are serious, or even about music. Joking across a language barrier is difficult, but talking to a friend who was close with Kawakami and could speak Japanese confirmed my suspicion: Kawakami was a funny dude. Even though he told me he always hoped his vocals would sound as angry as possible, he was a kindly joker in person. Perhaps removed even further from their original context these jokes will fall flat, but I want to share two of my favorite lines from Kawakami, two memories I cherish. First, a direct quote from one letter he wrote me, when we were trying to work out a trade for a couple records: "Slowly answer is OK, no problem! I know you are maybe buzy. Me too. But I'll never Rip-off (But I always RIP-discharge-off! Ha!)." Another one: when we were hanging out in Japan, staying up late (insomnia, I now realize, was routine—and devastating—for him), chatting about life, I was trying to get a feel for his marijuana consumption. Judging from a tattoo and the "pot leaf" beaded curtain hanging in his van, he was not just a casual toker. But at the same time, I wondered if in Japan, this sort of thing was more of a fashion choice than an indicator of how one lived. So I asked, "Do you smoke pot sometimes or all the time?" He looked at me, thought about it for a second, and said with an understated smile, "Sometimes AND all the time." Right now, I feel like if anyone asked whether I'll miss him, there could be only one answer: "Hell yes. Sometimes and all the time."

—Stuart Schrader

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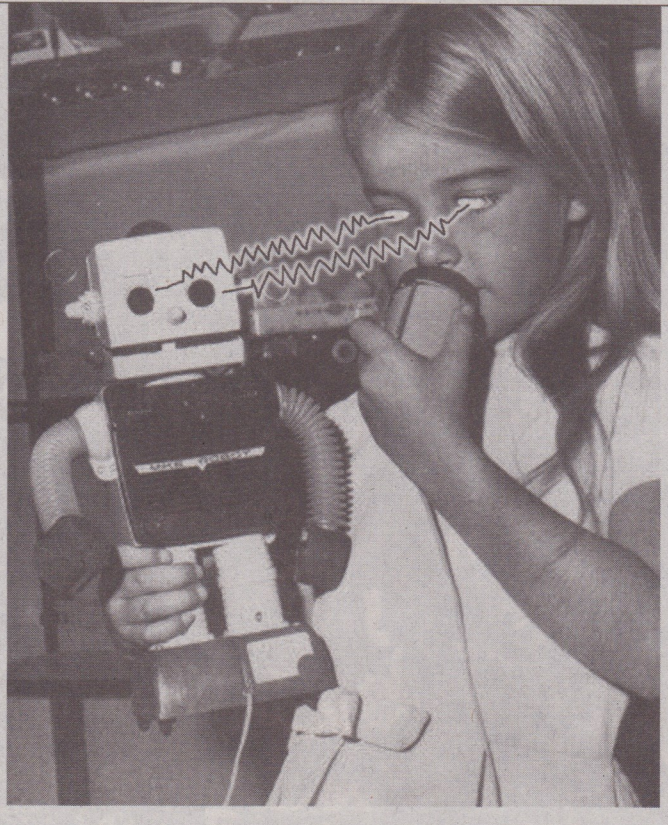

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RADIO ACTIVISM: FCC ANNOUNCES ONE-TIME-ONLY TO APPLY FOR A RADIO STATION

By Todd Urick

Ever wondered how people start *licensed* radio stations in the US? Well, the opportunity is upon us. The FCC recently announced that it is going to open an eight-day window in October 2007 for nonprofit groups to apply for non-commercial FM radio frequencies. These frequencies are worth millions of dollars if you were to buy one, but are free during the application window. After the window, all the non-commercial frequencies will be claimed on the FM band. You ask, "Why would I want to start a radio station?"

Although some people think that radio is going the way of other physical mediums like *print* and *CDs*, think again. Radio is the window to the masses (at least for the next decade). The majority still listens to major label music and Fox News; broadcast media is to thank for that. The peculiar characteristic about radio is that unlike visiting a web page—which takes the attention and predisposed thought of the individual to focus on one web page out of a billion on the web—a local radio frequency is one of over two dozen choices that can be easily discovered by anyone in the community with a radio, at any time of the day. It is not something a person consciously makes an effort to do; a person just clicks on the radio in the car and develops a preference for a few stations. But this little act, multiplied by everyone in the community, results in heavyweight access to opening doors to feeding news, information, and music to people. If you own an FM frequency you're on an equal playing field with the local CBS-owned radio station.

When I was a kid in the '80s, I was pretty dissatisfied with things. I didn't know that there were other people like me out there—or that punk rock and grassroots social activism existed on all levels. One Tuesday night I was completely bored. A rerun was on TV, so I tried to figure out something else to do. While I was tuning in to the local rock station at 93.7 FM on my cheapo Yorx stereo, I accidentally tuned to the very weak adjacent signal of KPFA 94.1 FM from Berkeley. Blaring from the speakers was all this music I never knew existed: Neurosis, 999, Moral Crux, and I think even I heard one of the earliest Op Ivy tracks. I had stumbled onto the MRR Radio program and my whole life had changed.

It's difficult to convey the enthusiasm I had at that point, speaking now to primarily the web generation. Back in the late '80s, there was no way to hear about punk unless you lived in Berkeley, had an older brother/sister into new wave, or stumbled upon a copy of *Flipside* or *MRR* (luckily, Tower Books (RIP) in Sacramento carried both back then, along with xeroxed fanzines). By '89, most punk records from the late '70s, and even some essential hardcore records from early '80s were already out of print. Mainstream radio was all about classic rock and contemporary pop. It was rare to even hear one of those modern rock bands like Depeche Mode, REM, or XTC on commercial radio outside of

LA or the Bay Area (until about '91 or so).

Nevertheless, radio provides that first "jump." It takes someone who ordinarily wouldn't seek something out and keeps their attention for a minute when accidentally stumbling upon a frequency they haven't listened to yet: a soccer mom, an elementary school teacher, or a teenager. A minute of listening to *Democracy Now* or *Free Speech Radio News* from an indie radio outlet is all a person needs to understand the breadth of news stories neglected by commercial media. In this day in age of news consolidation and government disinformation, radio is *thee* key tool for activism. When martial law is declared, and they've turned off your internet (or ended "net neutrality"), we'll need to fall back on the essentials: print and radio.

Radio is the perfect tool for bringing local communities together and sharing free speech on the airwaves. The term "community radio" (in the US) refers to a handful of independent radio stations out there that are run by nonprofits or collectives (KBOO Portland, KRCL SLC, WORT Madison, WI, etc). The original community radio was Pacifica Radio, which today owns and operates five stations (WBAI, KPFA, KPFK, KPFT, WPFW) and has several affiliates. Additionally, there are those liberal community-aided college radio stations that program underground-type music and alternative news (KUSF San Francisco, KAOS Olympia, WA, KDVS Davis, CA, WMBR Cambridge, etc).

The Media Front

The FCC is declaring October 12-19, 2007 the only time available to apply for what is called a "reserved band," or "non-commercial educational" (NCE) FM channel. These are frequencies 88.1-91.9 FM on your radio. The reserved band was originally intended for educational purposes, but in the last couple decades Christian ministries have been gobbling up hundreds of these channels since the FCC cannot deny religious groups access to apply for them. Because of this, Christian networks like EMF (known to you as K-LOVE/Air-1) owns over a 180 radio stations and 430 *translators* ("translators" are lower wattage rebroadcast transmitters) all fed via satellite.

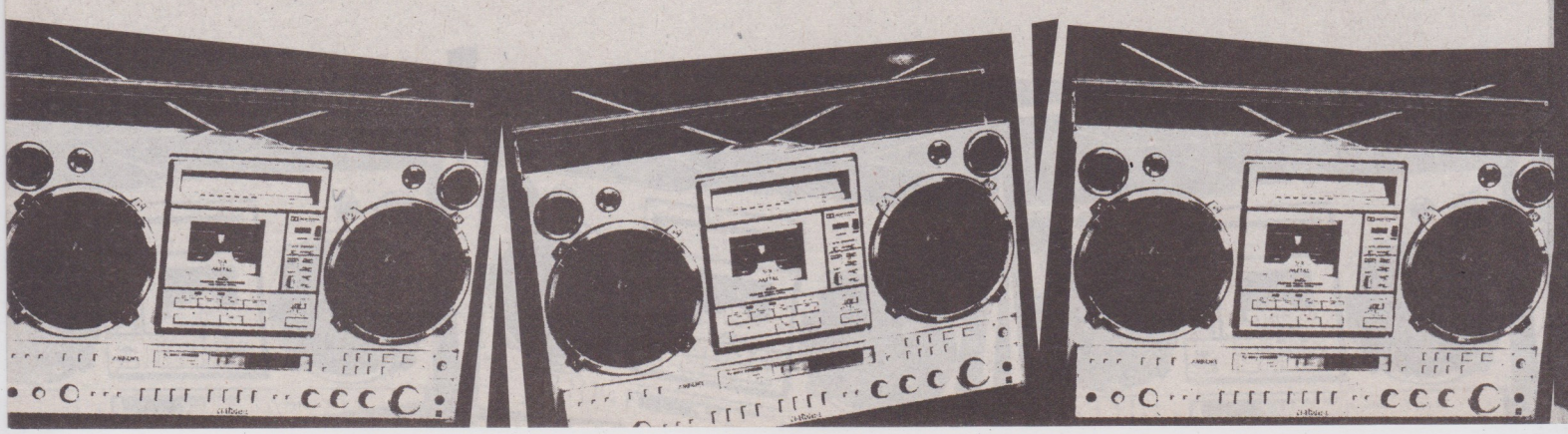
In the last FCC application window for translators, the top two religious organizations filed for a total of 4220 frequencies across the United States. Christian broadcasters as a whole have been very successful at accumulating these frequencies. According the Barna Group, "nearly half of all US adults (46%) listen to a Christian radio broadcast in a typical month." Additionally, "one out of every six adults in the US listens to Christian radio on a daily basis." Religious format stations have grown 14% over the last five years, second to only talk. Ever wonder how Bush got reelected?

Many often complain about Clear Channel's share of radio ownership, but what about the unchecked growth of certain non-commercial broadcasters? NCE stations have no ownership caps, meaning any group can own as much as they want. The overall effect of satellite-relayed Christian ministries applying for every frequency possible has left no frequencies for college and community broadcasters to apply for.

The future of community radio will all be dependent upon the upcoming October application window. Most likely if you live *outside* of the SF Bay Area, NY, Chicago, etc, there are few alternatives on the airwaves. Unfortunately, in many urban areas the frequencies are all taken up. However, if you live in a smaller metro or town there may be a frequency to be applied for. You can get involved locally by seeing if there's a local nonprofit in your area interested in applying for a radio station. If you go to college, and they don't have a radio station, get them to apply. This will take some money, as you need to hire an engineer to fill out the application ($2000-$5000), but is a small investment for a frequency that is worth a million dollars.

If you are an activist in a larger city, the community radio movement always needs support. Groups like Prometheus Radio Project, Grassroots Radio Coalition, Common Frequency, Free Radio Berkeley, and Reclaim the Media are a few groups that aid in the community/alternative radio effort.

For more information of the FCC window, or how you can help get involved, email info@commonfrequency.org or visit www.commonfrequency.org.



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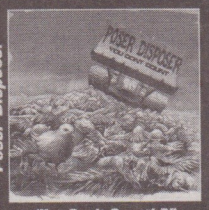


Poser Disposer

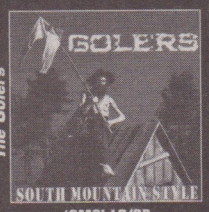
'You Don't Count' 7"

Poser Disposer

'Waiting to Inhale' LP

Hail of Rage

'Discography' LP



The Golers

'SMS' LP/CD

The Golers

'2nd Generation' CD/LP

Massgrave

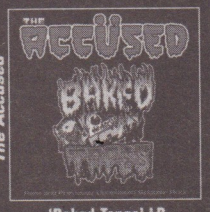
'S/T' LP

Iskra

'The Terrorist Act' 7"

The Accused

'Archives 81-86' 2xLP

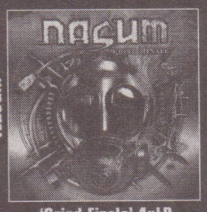


The Accused

'Baked Tapes' LP

The Accused

'Oh Martha' LP



Nasum

'Grind Finale' 4xLP

Guided Cradle

'S/T' LP

Massgrave

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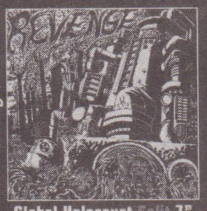
Homewrekers

'Waiting for the End' LP/CD

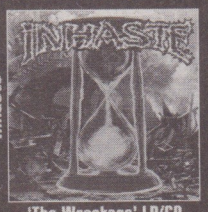
Deformed Conscience

'Discography' 2xLP



Massgrave

Global Holocaust Split 7"



Inhaste

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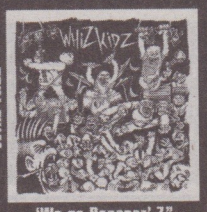

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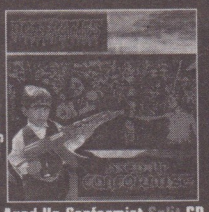

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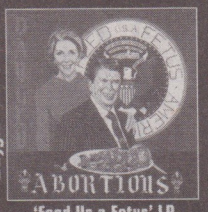

Dayglo Abortions

'Feed Us a Fetus' LP

Dayglo Abortions

'Here Today, Guano Tomorrow' LP

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'Two Dogs Fucking' LP

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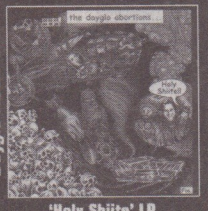
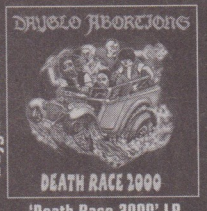
'Little Man in the Canoe' LP



Dayglo Abortions

'Holy Shiite' LP



Dayglo Abortions

'Death Race 2000' LP

Discharge

'War is Hell' LP

Consume

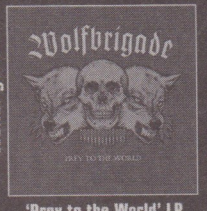
'Forked Tongue' 7"

Consume

'S/T' 7"

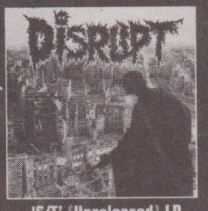
Twisted System

Assassination Split 7"



Wolfbrigade

'Prey to the World' LP



Disrupt

'S/T' (Unreleased) LP

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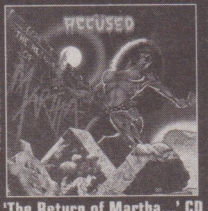

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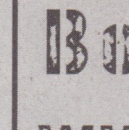
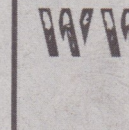
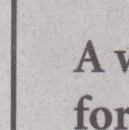
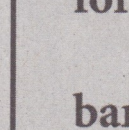
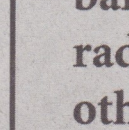
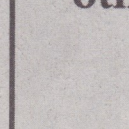
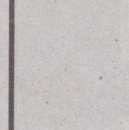
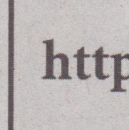

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To What End? "Concealed Below The Surface" Lp I consider this band to be one of the best Swedish Hardcore band going right now.

Misery "Production Through Destruction" Cd Re-release of this hard to find classic crust album from the early 90's

Pisshead Blues Band "s/t" Cd Blues lounge rock spewing from members of Civil Disobedience and Misery. Nice, relaxing and awesome.

Uncurbed "A Nightmare In Daylight" Cd Swedish hardcore // **Audio Kollaps** "Music From An Extreme, Sick World" Cd / Lp

Head Hits Concrete "Thy Kingdom Come Undone" Cd Discography // **Homoiratus** "Apocalypse" Cd Pulverizing Grindcore / Death Metal

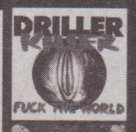
Beyond Description "A Road To A Brilliant Future" Cd / Lp // **Despite** "No Promise of Tomorrow" Cd / Lp

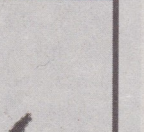
Urban Head Raw "Human Instinct" Cd Japanese Crust. // **Agathocles** "Alive And Mincing" Cd (Ltd to 1000)

Words That Burn "Spawning Ground For Hatred" Cd / Lp (Mailorder Ltd to 100 Red Vinyl)

Remains of the Day "Hanging on Rebellion" Cd // **Asschapel** "Fire And Destruction" Cd // **Disgust** "The Horror Of It All" Cd / Lp

Facedowninshit "Shit Bloody Shit" Cd // **Wolfpack** "Allday Hell" Cd // **Misery** "Early Years" Cd // **Misery / Extinction of Mankind** Split Cd





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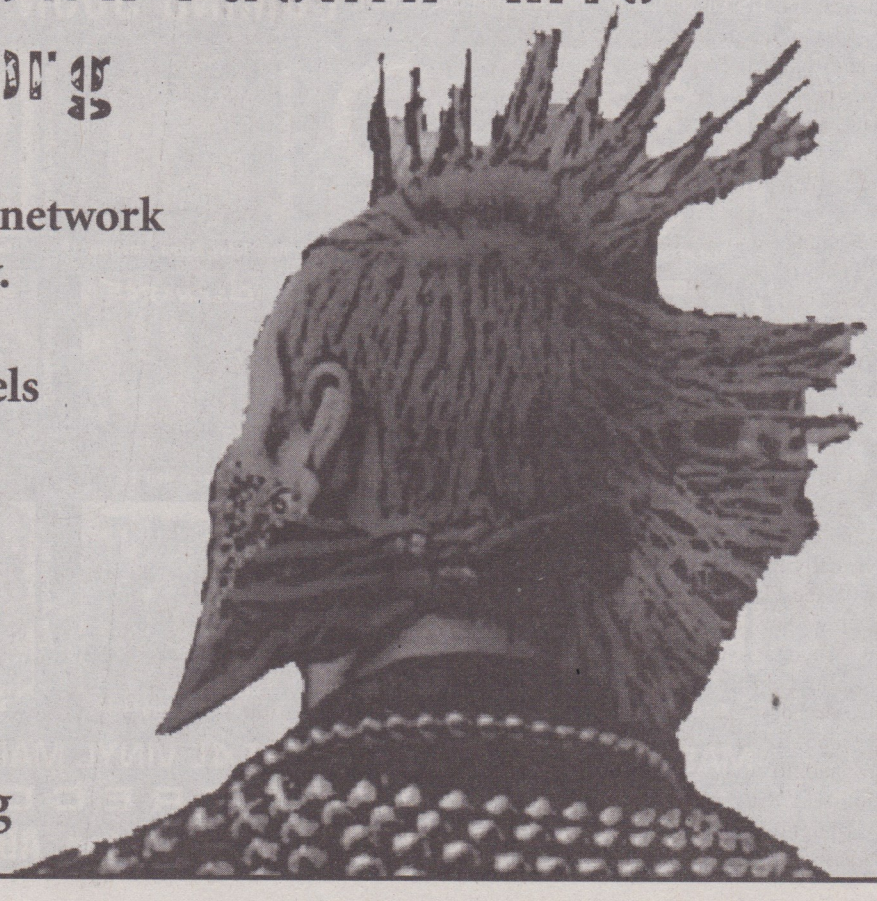

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SÃO PAULO HARDCORE PUNK SCENE REPORT

Text: Eduardo Bokäa and Rafael Yaekashi
Photos: Mateus Mondini and Daigo Oliva

I am Eduardo Bokäa, I run Karasu Killer Records, based in São Paulo, and release records for bands in Brazil and Japan. My partner, partner Rafael Yaekashi, who plays in a *Nipo-Brazilian* band called NOMARES, is from Gifu, Japan. I help with the scene here and play in the following bands: F.O.M.I. (thrashcore, dub with jazz influences, stoner rock, and sometimes soft melodies), CHINESE TORTURA (experimental math-core), and a private, secret project. I will tell you about my view of the HC/punk scene here in São Paulo, where punk is for real!

THE SCENE

The punk-hardcore scene in São Paulo is in a state of renewal. Legend has it that the first punk show in South America was near Pompéia, São Paulo. Others say that the first concert was in the east zone, in a *periferia* ("ghetto") next to the legendary Terror House.

Regardless of that first show, a scene cannot live off of its legends—it lives off of its current actions. And I'm not here to tell you our history. Since the first concerts, first fanzines, the first chords and first hatred and revolt-injected music against the system, state, everything and all, the scene still prevails, sustained by active riffs, fast, beating-hearts, dissonance, and intensity—São Paulo's Underground!

One of the main reasons for a series of changes in the São Paulo scene is the Collective Verdurada. It has been one of the most active collectives since 1996, formed by the punk, HC, and sXe community. It does one of the biggest DIY events in Brazil and South America, which has grown with each year. The Collective is also responsible for other events involving hardcore, politics, lectures, debates, videos screenings, and esoteric art exhibits.

One of the centers of the hardcore-punk scene of São Paulo is the Galeria Do Rock. It is where many of the larger bands' more recent concerts have taken place. It is also the home to a few stores: Decontrol (Fabio's from OLHO SECO), 255 (Ailton and Fausto of Travolta Records), Veganpride (Lauro and Chris), Trezeta Records (Fusco), Estrondo (Renato), Extreme Noise (Marcelo ROT of Absurd Records), and others.

In these stores they sell records, CDs, demos, zines, band t-shirts, patches, buttons, and other merchandise. It's virtually impossible these days to imagine an active scene with the Galeria Do Rock. At a certain point during the year we have a festival at this great place with support form the Secretary of Culture, and other labels are allowed to sell their merchandise: Pecúlio Discos (Boka's from RDP), Cospe Fogo Gravações (Dãr's from DER), União Positiva (Bruno), Usina de Sangue (Fábio's from SICK TERROR), Armadillo Recs (Renato), Ideal Records (Felipe and Maria), 78 Life (Franco), 2+2=5 (Douglas Bäarulhator), Highlight Sounds (Césinha), Scarface Sounds (Shamil), and more!

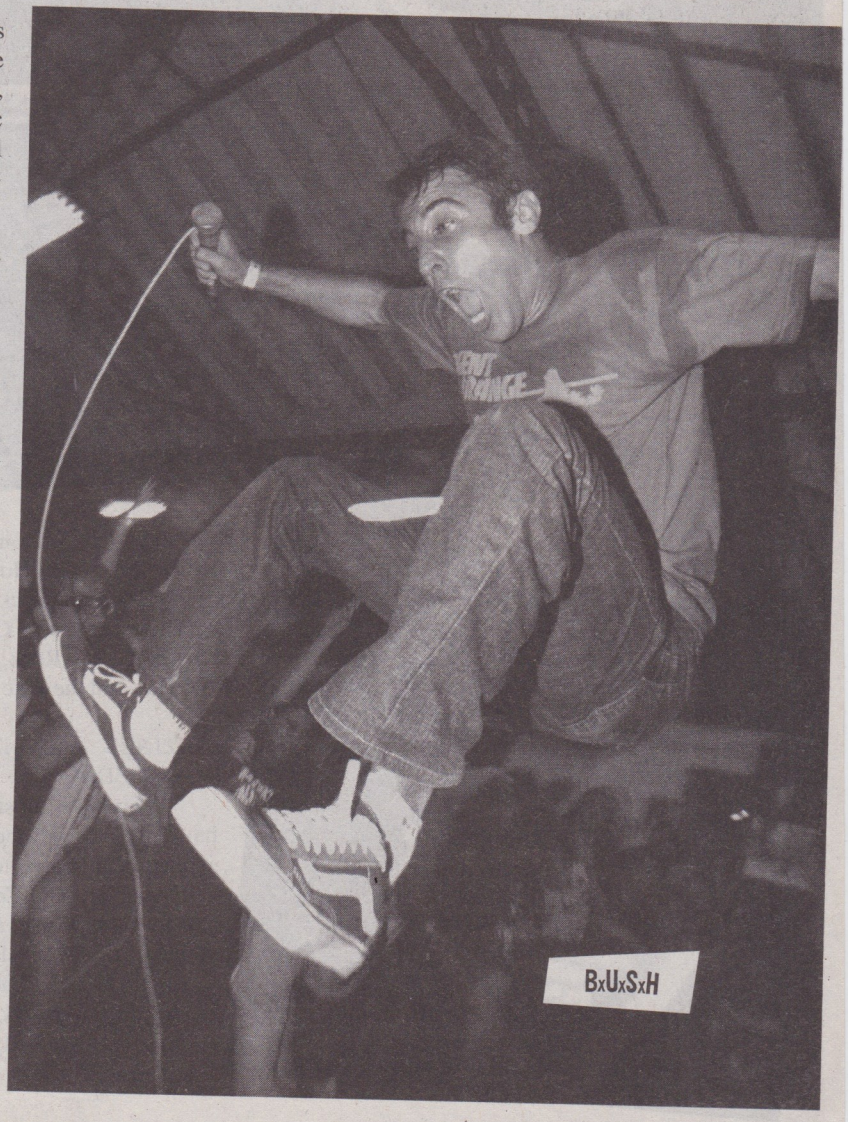
LIVE HOUSES

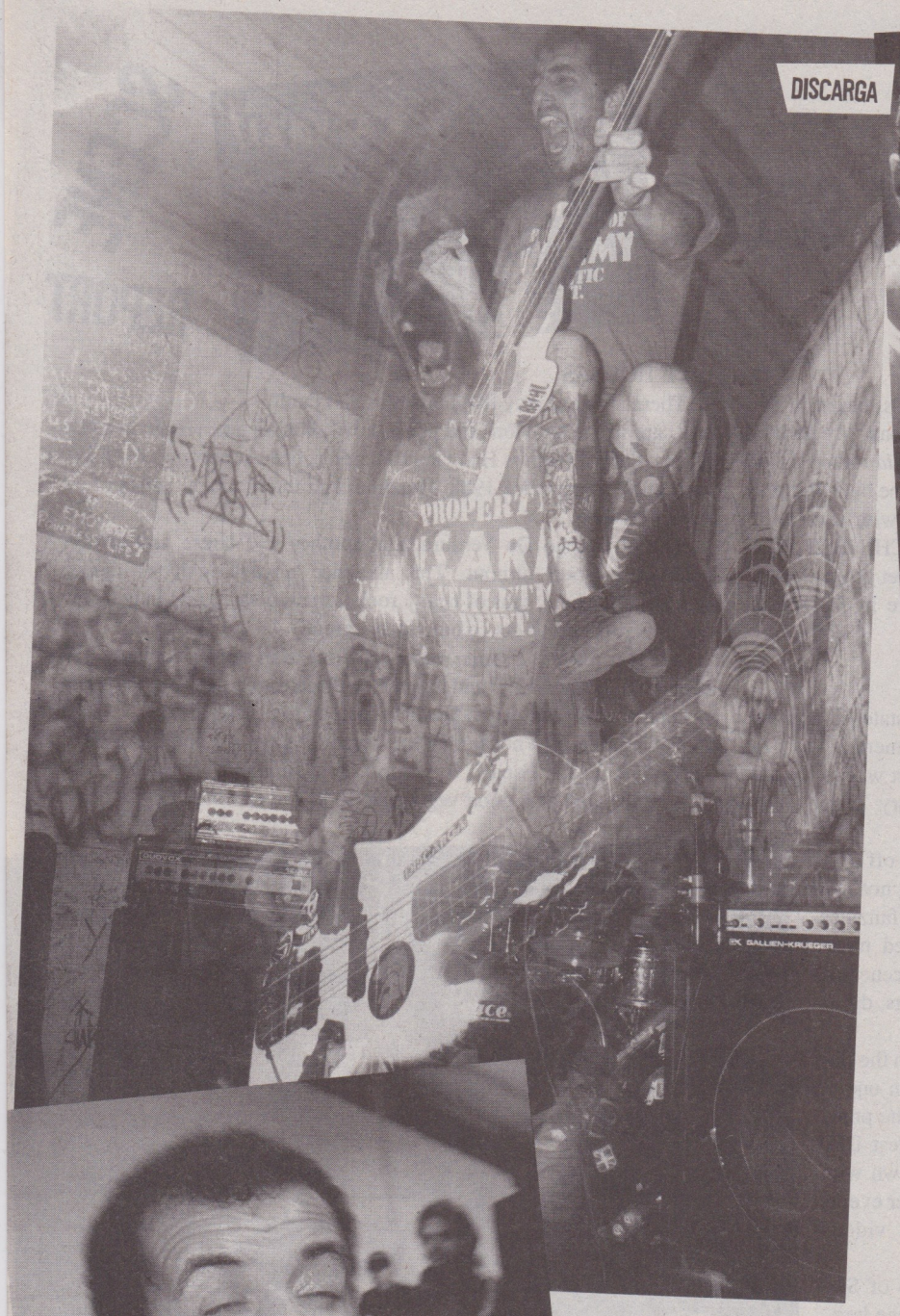
There are not many live houses in São Paulo city catering to hardcore and punk shows, but we take refuge in a few places. One of them is Hangar 110 that has been supporting the hardcore-punk scene since 1988. Brazilian and international bands of all sizes play here.

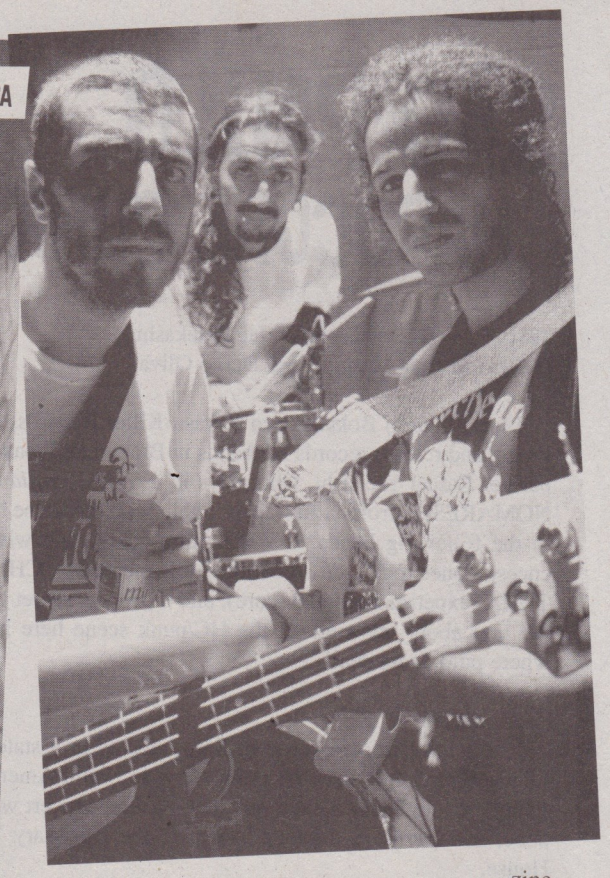
The O Galpão Da Verdurada is another live house and always receives a good turnout. The audience always includes punks, sXe'ers, thrashers, fans of heavy rock, *crazy rockers*, and indie rockers. It is difficult to get to but always great.

Another place is *Espaço Impróprio*, one of my favorite places. It's been around since 1999 and has been a place for people to meet, train, general events, and eat and drink vegan and vegetarian food.

O Germinal is a house that has recently appeared and has a similar climate to the Espaço Impróprio. It is similar with debates, lectures, and also good vegetarian food and *frozen beer*!







Other important live houses and sheds include Tribe House, Black Jack, Blue Beer, Rock Together, Fun House, Inferno Club, Club Belfiore, Arena Rock, Cathedral Rock Bar, and the Juke Joint.

FANZINES AND INDEPENDENT MEDIA

Currently most fanzines have not moved beyond the internet. The most often read, on the internet, are *Zona Punk, Rock Press, Vale Punk*, and other forums of labels. The oldest print zines that are still active are *Megarock, NFL Zine* and *Antimidia*. My favorite zine around is *Fodido e Xerocado*, which is a photo-zine edited by Mateus Mondini and Daigo Oliva. Both of them, as well as Jozzu de Freitas and Rita Gonsalves, take most of the photos for the São Paulo scene.

BANDS

Finally I am to the part of this scene report that discusses bands. São Paulo has an ample and very vast musical scene that increases each week. For being a *mega-metropolis* and one of the most populous cities of Latin America, bands are what we have a lot of. I'll start with the bands who I see play most often.

RATOS DE PORÃO has only grown more amazing and still surprises its fans with how great they are. They still play here and tour around the world. CÓLERA—no words can express the energy of this band. Like a fine wine, as they age they only intensify—the older, the better. Melodic punk rock that touches you deep in the soul.

If I continue writing about older bands I'll be losing out on the main reason to write this report. Let's get to the newer bands!

However, I do have to say that the LOBOTOMIA show was *very* good.

PATIFE BAND –an awesome band with an experimental scene.

DISCARGA –the best São Paulo hardcore band with newer punks heavily influenced by them.

I SHOT CYRUS –extreme, fast hardcore inspired by NEGAZIONE, with many tempo

changes and great instrumentation.
ROT –the masters of grindcore!
D.E.R. –fast, extreme grind ala ASSÜCK versus LAST DAYS OF HUMANITY!
BxUxSxH – '80 s hardcore, not skate punk.
LIFE IS A LIE – nihilist *blackcore* of the beastly lair!
ARE YOU GOD? –. grind along the lines of JAPANISCHE KAMPFHOERSPIELE.
INTIFADA –crustcore vs. death metal.
BANDANOS – crossover is back!
SUBTERA – grindcore days!
O INIMIGO – melodic harcdore and chaos!
BESTA-FERA – *punk rawk* you like to hear at parties!
TRI-LAMBDA – coffee and *nerdcore*!
HUTT – welcome to room 666.
EU SEREI A HIENA – soundtrack from deep of the sea a la THREE.
PRESTO? – grind-hardcore from the chaotic streets of São Paulo.
RxHxD – crossover by members of the PRESTO?
RUÍNA –dense, dense, dense.
AÇÃO DIRETA –hardcore punk vanguard of the ABC.
AGROTÓXICO –hardcore Punk from São Paulo
SOCIAL CHAOS – brave crustcore!
DEMIAN – thrashcore with a pretty lady on the vocals.
QUESTIONS –old school metalcore.
BLASTHRASH – *thraaaaaash* in the best way!
ELMA – plays metal *InstruMetal*.
PARANÓIA OESTE – metal experimental grind of the forest!
INDEXTERITY – hardcore, chemistry, metal and LSD.
ABRAVANEL –Pirituba punk sXe!
TRATOR CAVERA – raw, motorized punk to the bone!
PLAGUE RAGES –old school grindcore.

There are many new bands with loads of energy with new and older members of the scene:
NAIFA – punk hardcore and knife!
F.O.M.I. – dubcore with a jazz influence!
LA REVANCHA – thrashcore knows Dick Dale!
SWCF – good-tempered youthcore and full of energy!
DIARRÉIA BRUTAL – hardcore punk from ABC!
NERDS ATTACK! – nerdy fastcore, pro-homocore!
DISKONTROL – D-beat crustcore.
POSITIVE YOUTH – old school HC, pro-vegetarianism!
XÓDIOX – LACK OF INTEREST-style from Sapopemba with female vocals.
NEW FORCE – fast youthcore, very brave.
NOSSA VINGANÇA – rude hardcore with sing-alongs and delicacies!
HIRAKI – ugly and very dirty power violence.
BUSSCOPS – young punx from Pirituba!
CABEÇA DE GATO – OLHO SECO kicks ass of the Titãs!
M.INE – melodic songs to listen to with your girlfriend!
ACID RAIN – DISRUPT singing in the acid rain.
JUSTIÇA – hardcore made for girls!
VENDETTA – plays old school HC
L'ENFER – terrible songs!!!
O CÚMPLICE –bad boys making metal!
SUBCUT – YACOPSÆ from Roça!!!
CIRCUS SATANAE – circus of the bare city!
ALTO TEOR DE REVOLTA – metalcore a la POINT OF NO RETURN!
LEROY – emotional-HC-metal and raging!
LE BALLET DE FRIDA – ballet post-hardore!
TAIKO – the revolt of HC metal from Roça!
MERCEDES – girls making rock for days of rain.
TROVADORES DE BORDEL – ex-GASOLINES, *surf-brega* in cabaret!
ESQUESITO SOMOS – skacore of the *sayajin*!!!
MxAxCxE – crossover thrash from ABC!
SGUARDO REALTA – hardcore, skate and rugby!
LEPTOSPIROSE – hardcore fast, jazz and raw punk.
OVERLIFE INC – true melodic hardcore.
JEFFREY DAHMER – serial killer metal!
INKOGNITTA – metal from Guarulhos.

It is not easy to write about the entire scene, but I have enjoyed this opportunity to provide this opportunity and hope that people have enjoyed it. Opportunities such as this can add something to people's lives. A scene serves to do this, though it has some advantages and cons. We do not choose to live in this world, but the hardcore and punk scene can help people cope. Hail punk and hardcore of São Paulo and the world!

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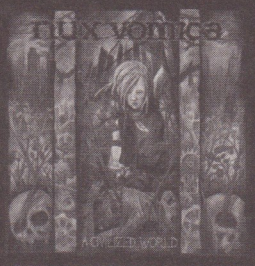

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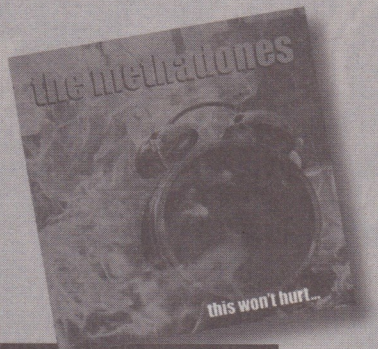

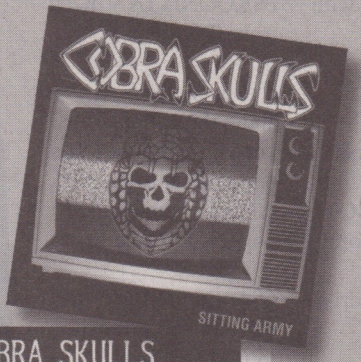

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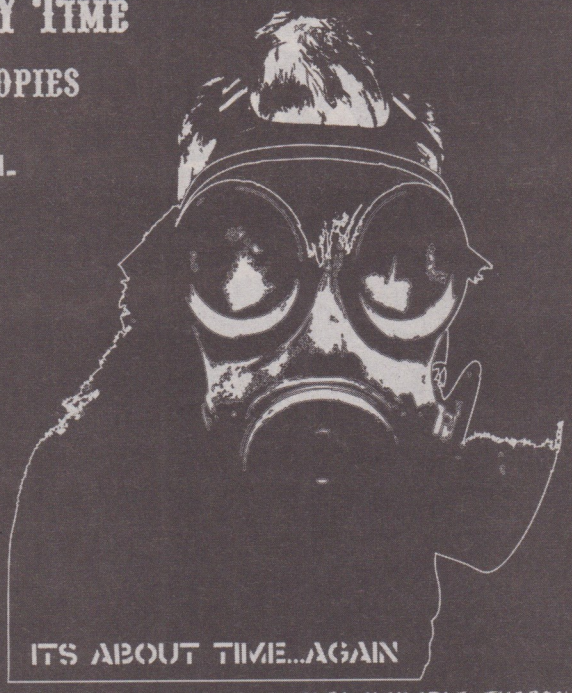

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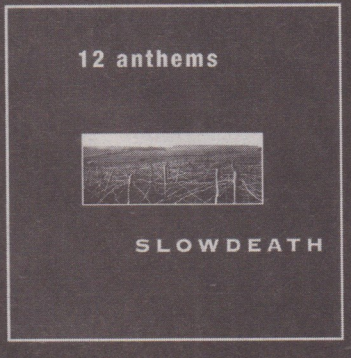

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ALL PHOTOS BY MARIE KANGER-BORN

MRR: Why don't you guys tell us who you are and what you do.

Benito: I am Benito on vocals.

Chris: Chris Huevos, I play the guitar.

Joe: Joe on drums.

Amador: Amador Castro, the bass in your face!

MRR: Tonight is the last night of your mini tour here in Puerto Rico, can you tell us a little bit about how it's been here? The shows? The people?

Joe: Our first show was awesome! *(laughter)*

Benito: No our first show was horrible. If anybody in Puerto Rico is reading this interview, I apologize and we will make it up. I got fucked up and I got the bruises to prove it and I am so sorry, hmm, but that's what happens when you come and visit your friends and you get so exited and things get carried away. I should have paced myself but I didn't, so fuck it! Cheers in the bucket, it's in the past.

MRR: Yeah, shit happens... Can you tell us a little bit about your expectations before coming here? What did you think the shows were going to be like?

Benito: For me personally I thought the shows were great. I think what stands out for me is that people went apeshit for the local bands. Back home, everyone comes out and sees the touring band and when the locals play everyone steps outside. It was ass-backwards here!

Chris: Not ass-backwards in a bad way!

Benito: No, not in a bad way, people actually did like our stuff, but...

Chris: Well, maybe not our first show! *(laughter)*

Benito: Ok, let's get through this!

Chris: We didn't mean it as an insult.

Benito: No, no—in a good way. Everything was different here in the sense that when the locals played, people went completely apeshit, and sure there were people that came to see us and wanted to support us and told us they enjoyed it and wanted to get our stuff, but people were here primarily to see the local bands, and that's a big lesson that I think the scene in the states needs. It's great to support out-of-town touring bands and international HC punk bands, but people lose sight of their local bands and their friends.

Joe: It seems like there would still be the same 200 kids at that show even if just Tropiezo or Juventud played.

Chris: I kinda think as a band, with our scene and the whole

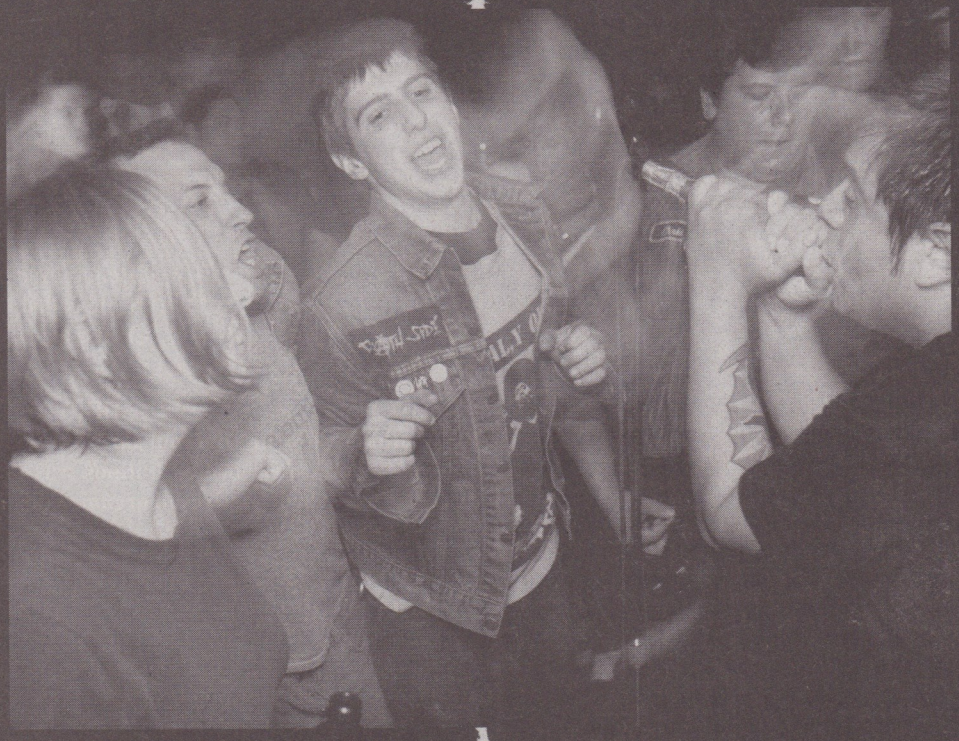
Southkore thing, it's what we try to do back home. My favorite bands are the bands in Chicago, really. I think all these shows here would have been great even without us, you know?

Benito: Yeah, they would have been, and that's a good thing to know and we feel honored to be invited to play here, but the fact that we know that they have a thriving scene here in very home-grown way, like "We back our boys, we love our scene"—this "our scene" type of thing, it's beautiful.

Amador: The fact that somebody gives a shit about their scene like that, you know, not just to see the out-of-town bands but to see everyone is pretty cool. OK, next question.

MRR: You guys have toured Mexico once before and now Puerto Rico, can you tell us a little bit about some differences you see in both scenes?

Joe: I guess we can't really make a side-by-side comparison—we have only been here a couple days and we were there for like two weeks. But, there it was more family-oriented, the whole scene there. A lot of people there have their entire family living at the same house and someone was always cooking you food and there were always family members around.



Benito: Also, a major difference is that Mexico is a Third-World country, and the further south we got, the poorer it got. Like when we were in Oaxaca, we were staying with very poor punks that had nothing to lose and offered us everything. Granted, the Puerto Rican economy is not as well-off as the in US, but it's a US commonwealth and so, in that respect, it's very, very similar to the US and I hate to say this and I don't mean to offend any Puerto Ricans, but you can tell that you're in the States here.

Joe: You can definitely tell that our culture has penetrated more here than it has in Mexico.

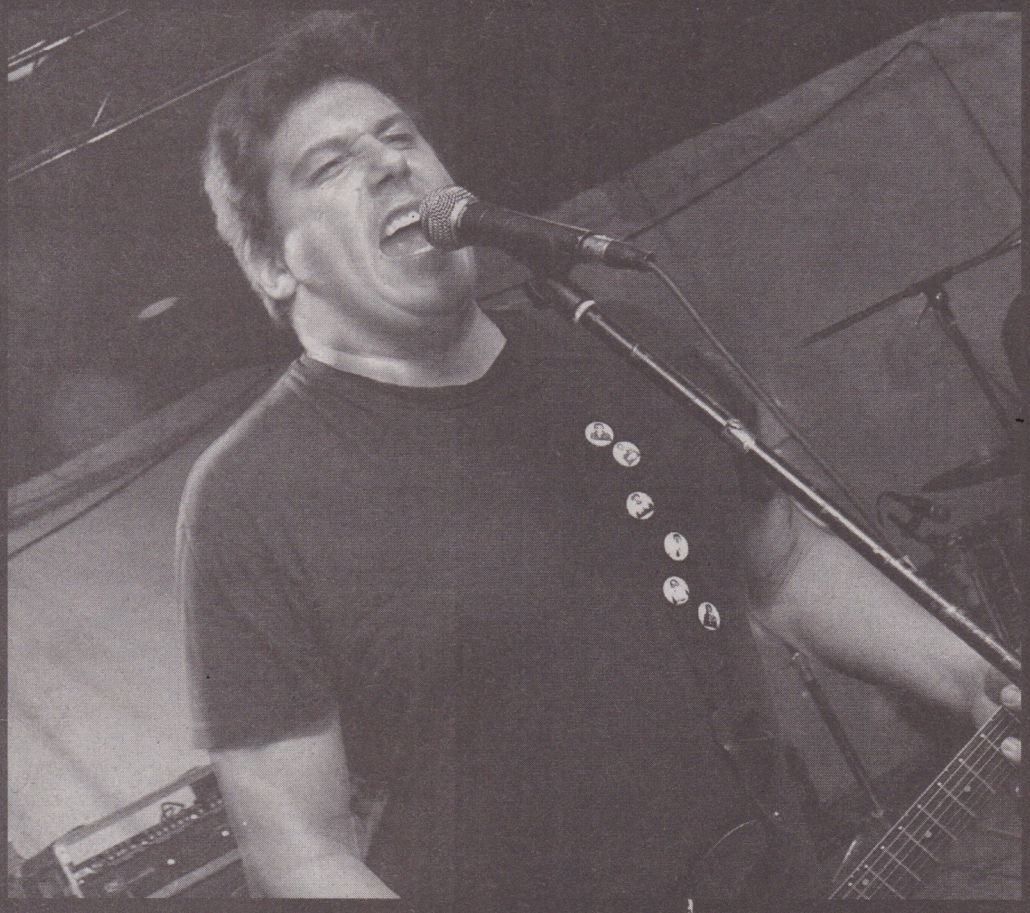
Amador: I got to give Juancito from Juventud Crasa props, 'cus at our first show he told me to give a speech after Benny stumbled off the stage about how hard Latinos have it in the US, 'cus I said something after our last song in Spanish about our song called "Cuidadano de Sugunda Clase," which talks about how you're a second class citizen if you're a Latin American person in the US. I gave like three lines about that, but he was pushing me to keep going and tell people what it was like, but I didn't want to offend nobody at the show, you know, 'cus I was about to say something like "You fuckers have it way easier than our folks had it in the US," you know?

Benito: Yeah, but how well off do you really have it when your culture is being eradicated by direct US influence? I think Juancito wanted to reach apolitical punks that don't give a shit and want to act essentially like they are white. I notice there's a lot of upper-middle-class punks in Puerto Rico that may as well be white, and if they came to the States they would get hit by the reality that were are all brown spics to racist white people.

Chris: When we were in Oaxaca, there was that huge teachers' strike, and in El Centro de Oaxaca there were pictures of dead *campesinos*, and you could feel the tension and you saw the punks waving propaganda flags and you knew they lost somebody, and here I saw graffiti on the walls that said "FBI Asesinos" everywhere, and I was trying to ask people and find out more about it and people we just like "meh, whatever."

Benito: Yeah, in general that's one of the biggest differences between the scenes here and Mexico. I am not super political and I am not into dogma, but I do have strong political points of view I believe in, and here there seems to be a large amount of apolitical punks that are just out to get drunk and get fucked up. I mean, there's more to life in general than just getting fucked up. I don't necessary also believe that punk has to be totally political—to me punk me is a primal scream, an art form, an expression. I don't think every punk band has to be political, but I do draw the line at people who are completely apolitical, that don't even have a fucking thought of their own—that's when it becomes a problem to me. On the other hand, there's also a group of punks here in Puerto Rico who do a lot of good work and are very political, like Tropiezo, Juventud Crasa, and La Experiencia de Tonito Cabanillas—and they use very poetic language. That's one of the things I like about Puerto Rico, that a lot of the bands write a lot of poetic beautiful songs. They use metaphors and romantic language to their advantage, without the typical "Fuck the system, fuck the state" clichés. In my opinion, in Latin America there's too much of that "Fuck the system, fuck the state" shit, and I guess when you're young that's cool, but when you're 25 or 30 years old you better know how to write a better song than that, and people here do, like Tropiezo. Those cats know how to write a fucking great song both musically and lyrically.

Amador: I think it has to do with the backbone and how impor-



tant music is for everyone on the Island. Everyone here plays something, and if you put that passion for music into punk it becomes great punk or great HC.

Benito: Yeah, here punks in general take pride in the fact that they're into all types of music, and that's another lessons US punks need to learn. We've been listening salsa, reggaetón, hip hop, all types of different stuff. And a lot of punks back home, all they listen to is HC punk and that shit gets boring. There's a whole world out there. I think in simple terms, to answer your question, Latin American punks are still grounded in their culture and don't think they're better than the people they grew up with and that's the problem with US punks—we think we're better than everybody else because were punks and we're not!

Joe: Yeah, a lot of people just like to close themselves off in their fucking scene and forget about their community.

MRR: Yes, very true. OK, next question—I know some of you guys are involved in labels and distros and other stuff, do you guys want to talk about what other stuff you guys do besides the band?

Benito: OK, so should we let the secret out that No Slogan is Southkore?

Chris: (laughs) No, we're not!

Benito: (laughs) No, OK we're not. For a long time it was, but now things are getting very exciting again. Suave from 30/30 is involved. Chayo, Sonya who started Southkore is getting back into it too. Eske is full blown into Southkore. Intifada kids are into Southkore, so now we actually have a community of punks and people from the neighborhood back home in Chicago who are getting involved in Southkore. For a while it was coming out of our pockets and everything. No Slogan went straight into Southkore, but thankfully things are changing and people are becoming involved in Southkore again and its really fucking awesome! And that would be a whole other interview and we would have to bring people in from Southkore to talk about the fest and all that, but yeah, all four of us are involved in Southkore.

MRR: Joe, you do your own label also, right?

Joe: Yeah, Skeletor, but it's on a bit of a hiatus right now 'cus I am going to culinary school. I guess it's more tape-oriented and I release more grindy type of stuff.

Chris: DIY you fucks!

Joe: Yeah, DIY!

Benito: And he's also in a one-man band called Freak Jamaican Vodoo Parts, check that shit out! *(laughter)*

MRR: You guys played the Southkore fest in June put on by the label. Can you tell us what your experience as Latinos was playing the fest? And what were the iniciatives to organize the first Latino HC punk fest in US?

Benito: Oh man, it was beautiful! We were able to bring three bands from out of the country—Tropiezo and Juventud Crasa from Puerto Rico, and La Armada Roja from the Dominican Republic. It was great! Our experience playing...I just can't explain it! It was the first US Latino punk fest ever and I think it's long time coming and in my opinion the thing that made me the happiest was seeing how uncomfortable some of the white punks were at the fact that we were doing an all-Latino punk fest—even though white punks claim that they're so open and this and that, they really aren't.

Chris: Hey, but some of them were comfortable enough to come out to see Los Crudos Friday night! *(much laughter)*

Chris: They were comfortable enough to come and show up right before Crudos and not come back the second night.

Benito: And no disrespect to Crudos.

Chris: I love Crudos. I am glad they did it, all those people are the best people, but...

MRR: The festival wasn't about Crudos.

Benito: Exactly!

Chris: That's why they didn't get booked or flyered. They didn't want to be flyered.

Benito: And even though half the people showed up the second

night, it was still intense, it was still a great turn-out.

Joe: It still would have been a great fest without them, it's just that's what drew a couple hundred people that wouldn't have been there, 'cus they were there just to see a hyped band.

Benito: Yeah, and for us to play, that was phenomenal, especially for me. It was in my neighborhood. I grew up in the same neighborhood as Crudos did. They directly inspired me and I think if it wasn't for Crudos I probably wouldn't be into punk rock. And to play a festival like that is great, and months later to see kids in California trying to do the same thing and people around the country talking about doing the same thing—it's great! Again, we made this clear before, but we would like to point out the fact that Southkore fest was not to isolate or humiliate other cultures, it was just to express ourselves and our anger and to show that we have as much to offer as the Anglo community, and...

MRR: Empowerment!

Benito: Yeah, exactly!

Chris: Yeah. Huasipungo played too... I remember seeing them in Pilsen in the mid-'90s and there was like 40-50 people there, and to come back to the same neighborhood and to see how much it has blown up since then—that why Southkore exists and why we as a band exist, and to see that sea of fucking people together was nice.

Amador: And this was not the first Southkore fest by the way.

MRR: This was the first all-Latino one though, right?

Benito: Yeah, this was the first all-Latino one.

Amador: Well, the first one was predominantly Latino, a lot of Northside bands didn't want to show up. *(laughter)*

Benito: Yeah, we will leave it at that... Anyways, the first one was more local, with local neighborhood bands. The second one we were like, OK, we have to bring out-of-town bands and make it bigger and go all out! And it's not just No Slogan, it's a bunch of people behind the scenes. It's the cats from Sin Orden. If Sin Orden hadn't been there helping out with the sound, helping Chris with the sound, none of this would happen. If Chayo wasn't helping the door, if Tito wasn't there—a bunch of people, and I am forgetting some, who, if they had not been there to help out, Southkore Fest would have not have happened. It would've failed. So it's a collective effort from people who are involved in Southkore, and people who are not even part of Southkore helped out and that's why it worked.

Chris: You know what was actually nice? OK, Los Crudos is huge, there's these isolated things that happened—one band gets big and shit swells up around them—but just to have a scene, a fest, and especially on 26th street, just to know that our scene is so huge... I mean there were so many cats from fucking Chicago, and on top of that people traveling and being exited.

Benito: There was a friend of ours that came from Japan for the fest, and for him it was extra treat that Crudos was playing, but he was coming regardless. People from St. Louis and everywhere else. And again, we're not racist by any means you know, there were a lot of Anglo friends that went and were cool with that, it's just that...

Chris: We're not an all-Latino band.

Benito: Yeah, it's just for me personally as a Latino, I can't help but feel every fucking day that there's a certain level of bullshit in the scene, and just people claiming to be open when they're really not.

MRR: You guys are from Chicago, a city known for its HC sound, and especially the scene you guys come from, the Southside Latino HC punk scene, it seems like you guys have you own sound and are trying to do something different. Can you tell us how you guys first came together and what prompted you to do this sound?

Benito: We are an '80s rip-off! *(laughter)*

Chris: OK, how did it start? Uh, Fuerza X played in Pilsen at a time when our bands were falling apart. I was in a crust/grind band and Benny was in Jodidos with Amador, and we were all there at the show and we decided to start a band and we were like "Let's do a fucking Chicago-as-Chicago-can-be band." 'Cus we just felt it's punk rock, it's working class fucking HC, you know? The East Coast has its sound, the West Coast has

its sound, and the Midwest has always been underrated and underrepresented, and it's just working class punk.

Benito: We're just a Bhopal Stiffs rip-off band! It's that "whoa-whoa-whoa" sound that we enjoy and it's a sound that you either love or hate. I think the interesting thing about the band is that we all come from different music backgrounds, but we all love that Midwest Chicago sound. We all love the Effigies, Toxic Reasons, Bhopal Stiffs, Zero Boys, Naked Raygun sound.

Chris: Its funny 'cus we'll go to the coasts and talk to people who are not from the Midwest—they never heard of these bands, and we're like "This is who we're ripping off," and they're like "Who?" We're doing an Effigies cover, and I had a lot of people from NYC or Boston ask me who the fuck are the Effigies? And that's the thing, even though we have that whole Latino Southside influence, and there's a lot of other influences, but we're also fucking from Chicago.

Benito: I feel like me being a Mexican American from Chicago, there are two sides to me—there's the whole Latino punk of Massacre 68, Cólera, and all that stuff that I love but…

Amador: Even throw some Spanish rock in there. *(laughter)*

Benito: Yeah, even some Spanish rock, why not? Old Spanish rock, like Soda Stereo. first Caifanes… *(laughs)* Anyways, that's another interview. Yeah, it's that but its also that love for Midwest punk that you grew up listening to 'cus you're from Chicago and the same thing goes for Joe—he has that crust, grind, and D-beat background but he also has that foundation of the Chicago sound.

Chris: I was in Tras De Nada for a while and I remember playing a show and Pat saying "Whoa, you guys sound like Wretched," which was cool 'cus they didn't compare us to Crudos. But there's this idea that US Latino HC is supposed to sound a certain way.

Benito: Especially if you're from Chicago you're supposed to sound like Crudos. We love Los Crudos, but it's funny 'cus we'll be out of town and we have songs that we do purposely in English and Spanish 'cus that's just the reality of how we speak, but then we have a couple songs in all Spanish and I think it's funny that people say "Oh, this reminds me of Crudos," But we sound nothing like Los Crudos—just 'cus I am brown we sound like Crudos. *(much laughter)*

Chris: When I was in Tras De Nada, every time we played, people were like "Oh, you guys sound like Los Crudos." Tras De Nada sounds nothing like Los Crudos!

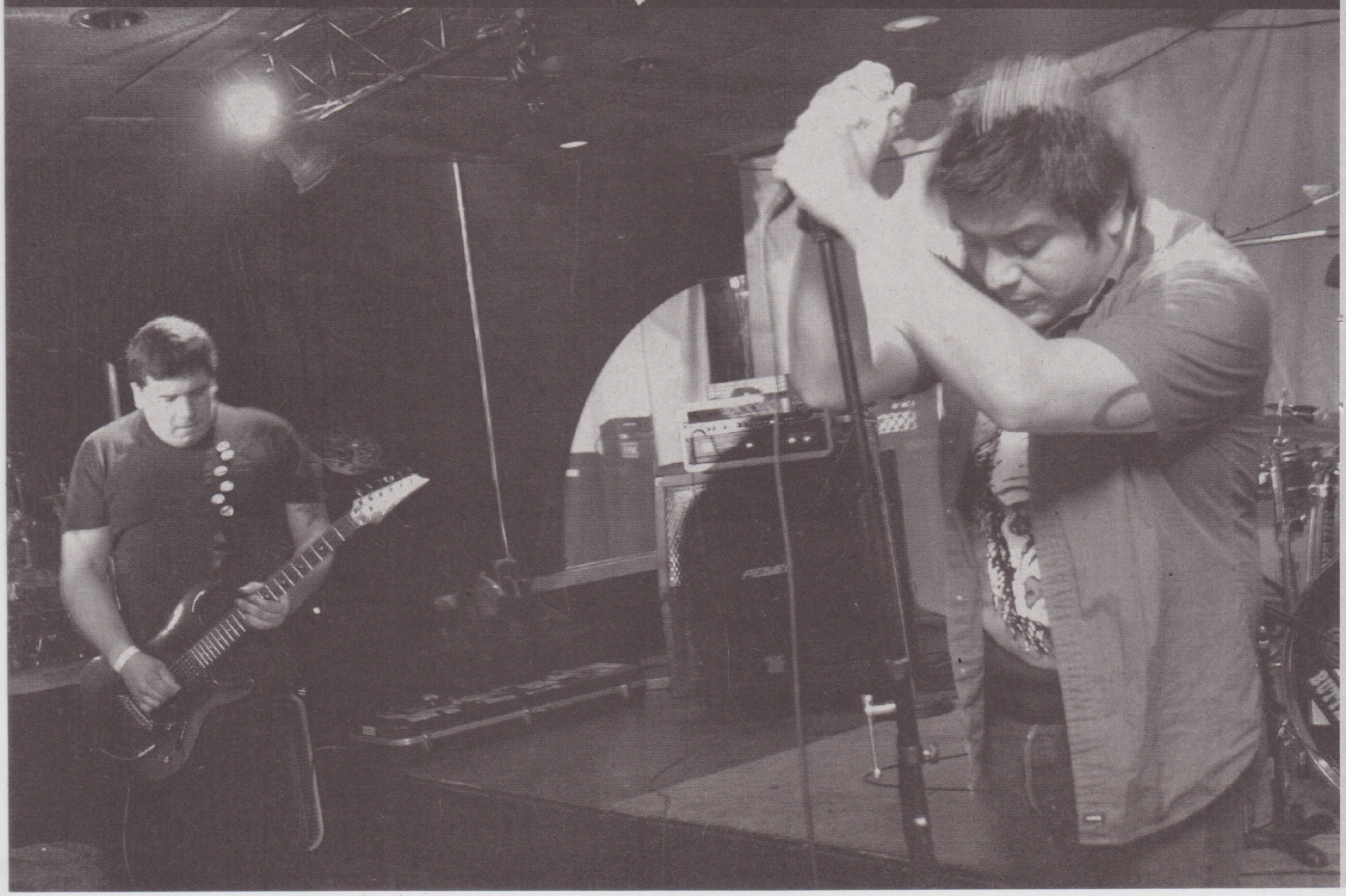
Joe: It's just an easy way to pigeonhole people.

MRR: That's racist as shit!

Chris: It's straight-up racist and people don't see that fucking shit! Punks pigeonholing each other in a racist way and it's bullshit. When I first talked to Benny about starting a band, we made it clear, we said fuck that let's sidestep it all and do our sound that we like.

Benito: Yeah, we not gonna sound grindy, crusty, we're gonna sound like a Chicago band, like an old '80s Chicago band.

Amador: Yeah, songs may last more than two minutes some-



times…

MRR: So what's coming up?? Any future plans? Releases? Tours? Projects?

Benito: We have a couple things coming up—we're doing a split with Chronic Seizure, another great band from Chicago you should check out, we're writing new songs for an LP, and hopefully in Fall 2007 will be in Europe.

Joe: We've only written two songs since Amador moved to California!! *(laughter)*

Benito: Yeah, we'll do the whole tape thing and send Amador a tape in California. If there are any punks in the Bay Area, look Amador up, he's lonely! *(laughter)*

Amador: Yeah I moved to the Bay Area 'cus I wanted to make my parents proud that I went to college and actually got a fucking job doing what I graduated in, whatever, but I'll go back and tell them that I could do it and I did it and whatever…

Benito: Yeah, another thing too is that I have gotten a lot of shit from white punks for going to college, Fuck you, alright! My parents came from dirt-poor nothing in Mexico, starving. Fuck you! Go back to middle class suburbia, we're gonna go to college, we're tired of being poor! I grew up on welfare, it sucks!! *(laughter)*

Amador: Before I left Chicago last December, I got so much shit from white punks, all my Mexican and Latino friends gave me hugs and congratulated me and told me to go for it, but like all these white punks told me I was selling out and that money is not everything, and if they knew how much rent is in the Bay Area and all the shit I have to go through just to live here… I am doing it 'cus I want to say I did it and still come back to Chicago and keep doing the band and Southkore and keep recording bands from the hood, it's more about showing all these white people, like straight-up saying it! *(laughter)* I can do it and they can go fuck themselves 'cus all my life I've been looked down on by all these racist fucks. But…I don't hate white people—*MRR*, Lucho don't put that on the interview please! *(laughter)*

Benito: No, but seriously, it does also become an issue about class. Joe is our honorary Latino—he's brown in the heart, but Joe is Southside Chicago white trash and I have a lot more in comon with him than a Latin American rich kid. It becomes an issue about class too, and in the US poor white people are also minorities. Go cry me a river but they are.

MRR: OK guys, any last words to end the interview? Shout-outs? How can people get in touch with you guys?

Chris: I want to thank Jose! All those cats! Tropiezo and Juventud Crasa!

Benito: Yeah, Jose and all the bands from Puerto Rico that we got play with—Lopodrido, La Experencia de Tonito Cabanillas, Necronazis, Diente de Perro.

Joe: The girl from Cojoba!

Benito: Yeah, Taina from Cojoba that drove two fucking hours to come to our show! Learn American punks!!

Chris: All those punks that came from Ponce also!

Benito: Yeah man, that was amazing—it's just something we take for granted that other people in other countries don't. We want to thank Tropiezo and Juventud Crasa for setting up our Puerto Rican tour and if anybody wants to contact us they can do it at www.southkorerecords.com, Southkore with a K fool!

Amador: And Manolo from Desobedencia Records in Austin, Tejas. He's officially our best friend and roadie and fifth member. He goes on the road with us all the time and last but not least, *La amistad no tiene fronteras! Salud!*

MRR: ***Salud!***

RUIDOSA INMUNDICIA

Some of you will probably have a good laugh now that some German guy is trying to tell you about the highlights of today's Austrian punk scene. In fact, many regions that aren't known for a tradition of excellent punk bands are often good for a surprise if you look closer. Sometimes the sheer hopeless state of your local scene can push you to create something extraordinary. That's what I think Ruidosa Inmundicia did.

So read on what Caro (vocals), Georg (drums), and Seiti (guitar) have to say. Interview by Thomas Franke, translations and editorial advice by Ilja.

MRR: You have been around for three years but your first 7" was just released. Before that, you self-distributed a demo tape and sold 250 copies. That's a very unusual plan of action these days. It seems like new bands put out three singles at once, tour the world, and then split up. Is this a conscious effort in the spirit of the past where bands couldn't just put out records instantly?

Georg: There was no special plan and it's not a statement we want to make. We were just ready to finally release a record. We would often get requests for our music when we played live, so we made a demo tape to have something to be able to play to people or to sell at our shows, and because we feel that they're nicer than CDs. A demo tape is the best format to hear a new band. It's

to make. We could have pressed the demo on vinyl ourselves, but we didn't want to rush things. And we needed an eternity just to get the ten songs for the demo right.

MRR: I think you have a refreshingly different attitude. Most bands seem more intent on stroking their egos on MySpace and internet message boards. The really relevant bands drown in an ocean of mediocrity. Would you agree?

Georg: It's true that there have been vast changes in scene communication in the last years. MySpace and message boards are very popular and of course there's loads of mindless shit there, but you can still find good bands. So it's up to the individual to seek out these good bands. What is really ridiculous is all the false pretension and self-promotion you read on the internet that is so far from the truth that it hurts. But luckily, there are still other ways for communications left.

MRR: How did you get together? The Austrian-Chilean connection is somewhat unusual.

Georg: It all started in Amstetten/ Doislau, not far from Vienna, in the winter of 2002-2003. Seiti, Mundi, and I shared an apartment and it was Seiti and me who had the idea for a straightforward, fast hardcore/punk band. It was going to be just for fun, as a side-project. It took a while to get this going, but when we finally got around to our first practices, it didn't take long for us to come up with the first songs. We saw that things were going good and decided to make it into a real band, so we started looking for bass and vocals. Our flatmate Mundi got interested, seeing as he was listening to the songs daily in the house, and he became our bassist. Shortly after this, we met Caro at a local gig. At this point, she had only come from Chile to Austria recently. She didn't really know too many people and was into doing something with music because she had studied music in Chile and was in a band there, too. She came to our next practice, heard our four songs and just started singing. We knew right then and there that she had the vocals we were looking for. And a short while later, we added her brother Miguel as second guitarist.

MRR: Caro, as a singer, you have a role in the band that isn't unusual for women in punk. I know that you play guitar and write songs and lyrics, but in the punk scene, women seem to be accepted only in a limited range of activity. And I think that men are comfortable in only dealing with women in these specific roles. It might be different in the US, but very few women in Europe do punk zines or labels. In fact, it seems that very few women are really enthusiastic about hardcore, at least around here. Do you have any explanations for this?

Caro: Well, I couldn't really tell you why. I don't even think that I would agree that there are only a few women into punk or hardcore in Europe. I have the impression that there are now more women outside of the accepted "singer" role in bands and I know quite a few women that organize gigs or do other activities which you might call "typically male." Maybe it's because punk is more popular now than it was in the past? But it's true that there is a gender imbalance with too few women involved in punk. I don't have an explanation for this. As for me, I never really had any problems, but it might have to do with the fact that the men I interact with in the punk scene with are very supportive. But there are other sub-scenes in punk where I would imagine that women would have a really hard time. The only way to deal with it is to stand your ground and not take any shit! As for the vocals in this band, I really like to sing, so I don't feel like I'm being pushed into this role, because it's something I wanted to do and have chosen for myself.

MRR: Two years ago I had the good fortune of seeing you play live at the Puntala Rock Festival in Finland. I was really impressed by seeing so many bands, almost all of them Finnish, play one after another. Maybe it's because of the geographical isolation, but there's a vibe of being into it not for some trendy reason but because it really means something to the people in the bands. How did you end up playing there in the first place?

Georg: We played a gig with Valse Triste at EKH in Vienna in June 2004. They liked our band, and we hung out after the gig, and they showed us flyers and told us about a punk/hardcore festival that they had organized for a few years called Puntala Rock. In the end, they invited us to play there. We didn't confirm at first, because we were skeptical, as nobody had ever heard of us and we didn't have any music available at the time. But as we had never been so far north, we decided to take the plunge and go. Luckily for us, we got another two gigs in Tampere and Helsinki to help with gas money. On our trip there, the five of us spent almost 36 hours travelling in a passenger car through Eastern Europe to the Baltic States. And we ended up playing this amazingly good festival and two more gigs even though we had neither demo nor any merch. That's DIY punk for you!

MRR: I have noticed that a lot of people take the easy way out when describing your sound by comparing you to Los Crudos. You also used to cover their song "That's Right, We're That Spic Band!" But are you really?

Seiti: Well, we do have two "spics" in the

band and the lyrics are in Spanish, so I think it applies. But in all honesty, we only covered that song because we liked the music and because we were looking to stretch out our set when we were first asked to play Puntala Rock. We didn't have too many songs back then so playing a cover of a song we all liked seemed like a good idea. Why people always compare us to Los Crudos, I don't know myself. It's certainly not because of this cover song, because very few people caught on to it live. It's always difficult to describe a band's music, and because Los Crudos is the most famous band playing a similar style, we end up always being compared to them.

Georg: But generally speaking, we don't feel like we sound that much like Los Crudos because we didn't start the band to copy their music. It was just a chance thing that we got Caro to sing, and she decided to do it in Spanish, so there was no master plan.

MRR: I don't like the constant reference either but I can see why to an untrained ear the singing style and lyrics might seem similar. But if it's not Crudos, what are your influences?

Georg: There are a lot of different music styles that have influenced us, but in terms of this band, I would say early '80s Euro and American Hardcore. But generally speaking, good punk of all styles and times.

MRR: I have the impression that you are pretty popular in the few countries where you have played, while the majority of the worldwide scene completely ignores you. Do you find that coming from Austria, a country with only very limited international punk standing, makes it that much more difficult to get noticed?

Seiti: Our approach is that we do this band to have fun together, play music that we like, get to see a bit of the world, meet people and so on. And we manage to do just that even though we are from Austria. We have always had help from friends in various countries, setting up gigs and tours for us or distributing our demo tape. It shouldn't matter what country you are from, even if it's Austria! We have had enough of people saying that Mozart and Falco are the only good musicians to have ever come out of Austria.

MRR: Well, in all fairness, we shouldn't forget Extrem, a few decent Deutsch-Punk type bands in the '80s, and now there's Shock Troop, probably the best fake-Japanese HC band going these days...

Georg: Of course there's more than that in Austria. Mentions of Mozart and Falco are a recurring joke we hear from people, which makes us think that very few people take the time to get to know Austrian punk and hardcore bands. So here are a few good Austrian bands to check out. Old: Schund, Böslinge, Extrem, Target of Demand, Stand to Fall. Current: Shock Troop, Brambilla, Kurwa Aparata, Sotatila. Just to name a few.

MRR: Can you tell us something about Sotatila?

Georg: I play drums in Sotatila. Jukka, our singer, and I had the idea for a hardcore punk band, and because Jukka is from Finland, we decided we would play Finnish-style hardcore punk. Two people from Kurwa Aparata were also in Sotatila. Jukka moved back to Finland, but before he left, we went into the studio to record a 7". These recordings were without the original bassist and guitarist because they weren't into it. So Caro and Mundi from Ruidosa Inmundicia helped out on guitar and bass. I'm not sure how we will go on, but I think we want to do more stuff with the new line-up. We did a few gigs with Terveet Kädet in May 2007 on their European tour.

MRR: On the 10th of December 2006, the 91-year-old former Chilean dictator Pinochet died in Santiago, Chile. I'm sure he will go down in history as a criminal mass murderer who toppled the democratically-elected government of Salvador Allende in 1973. It is estimated that a minimum of 3,000 people were murdered during the seventeen years of his reign. Despite all this, it's shocking that so many Chilean citizens seem to have good memories of him, seeing him as Chile's protector from Marxism and the provider of a stable economy. How large is this pro-Pinochet faction of the Chilean population?

Caro: It's a fact that Chile has always been divided. There has always been an oligarchy that ruled the country. But I am glad to say that about fifty percent of the population does not support Pinochet. On the other hand, I'm still stunned by the large numbers of sympathizers. Ten percent of the population are the rich who control the country's economy and let another twenty percent in on the scam, thus creating a zoo of Pinochet sympathizers. The crimes that were committed during his reign are so numerous that nobody can claim that this is some sort of secret. Those that praise the economic gains don't mind that they are based on an imperialist mode of operation, and the fact that there was no serious attempt to alleviate the widespread misery of the poor—these are testaments to the brutal ignorance of the Chilean middle classes. Thirty-five years later, seventeen of those in a so-called democratic society, the political sector is only interested in hiding and obscuring the terrible acts during the dictatorship.

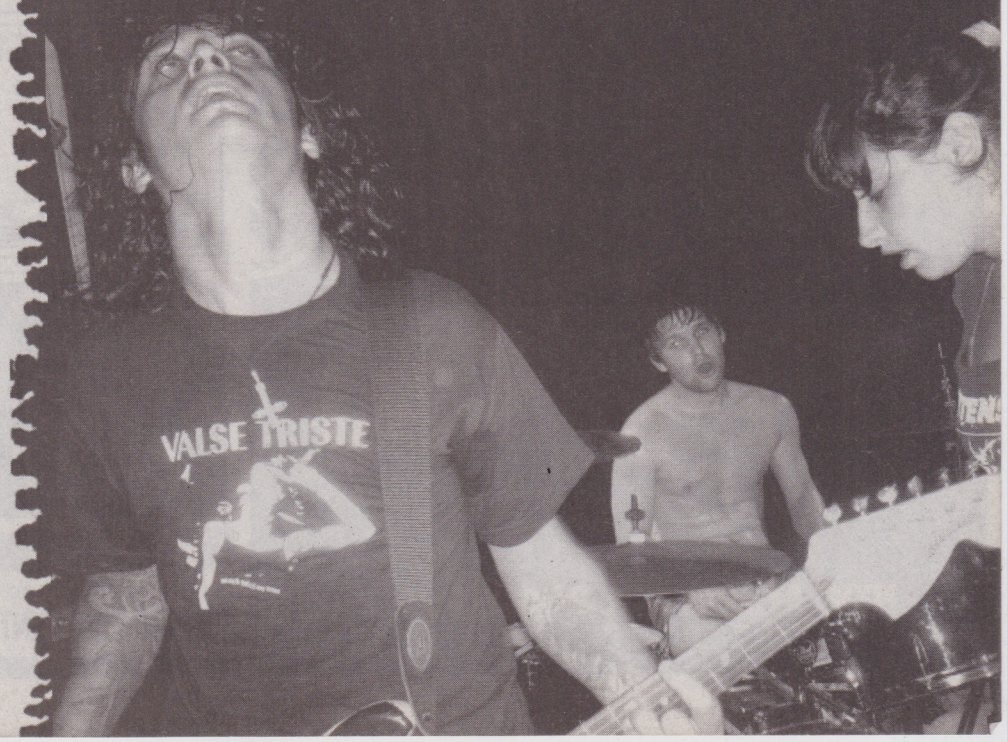
MRR: To what extent were your family and friends confronted with state repression during the military dictatorship?

Caro: My family suffered the most in the first few years. My grandfather was arrested on September 11, 1973 and only released after several months. My uncle was taken to a prison in northern Chile and tortured. Some of my relatives had to go into hiding for more than a year because their names were on lists of so-called traitors. My father had studied pedagogy and was doing an internship in a small school. After the coup, he wasn't allowed to continue teaching. Everyone was accused of supporting communism or hiding weapons or just for not fitting in. If your neighbour didn't like you, he could denounce you as a communist and you were arrested instantly.

MRR: What was life like for yourself? You were still pretty young when Pinochet stepped down in 1990. Do you have any memories of those times?

Caro: My life was pretty uneventful. I went to school. In the end of the '80s, I remember in the breaks between classes, we would sometimes discuss who would be the next president after Pinochet stepped down. I went to a mixed convent school. There were boys and girls, poor and rich, dark- and light-skinned. In our group, where most had dark hair and dark skin, we knew that Pinochet was a murderer. The other group, the blond, light-skinned children, spoke with starry-eyed delight of how "Tata" (literally, "Grandpa"—a nickname for Pinochet) returned their land and property, which the evil Allende had taken away from them. So we grew up together, but were separated by class background. We were children of working-class families and they were children of rich land owners. My mother took me along to a few demonstrations at the end of 1988. My father couldn't come because they threatened to fire him at work if he participated. So he stayed home and looked after us children and my mother went to the demos after work. At one demo, I was subjected to the brutality of the military police. They shot tear gas at us and beat everyone with truncheons. In our group of demonstrators were two friends from school and their parents and we saw the police beating an old man, about 75 years old, because he was wearing a t-shirt that read: "No to the dictatorship!" I was nine years old when this happened. After this, I couldn't sleep and was always afraid for my mother when she went to another demo, fearing that something would happen to her, that she would be beaten and that I would never see her again.

Get in touch here:
www.ruidosainmundicia.net



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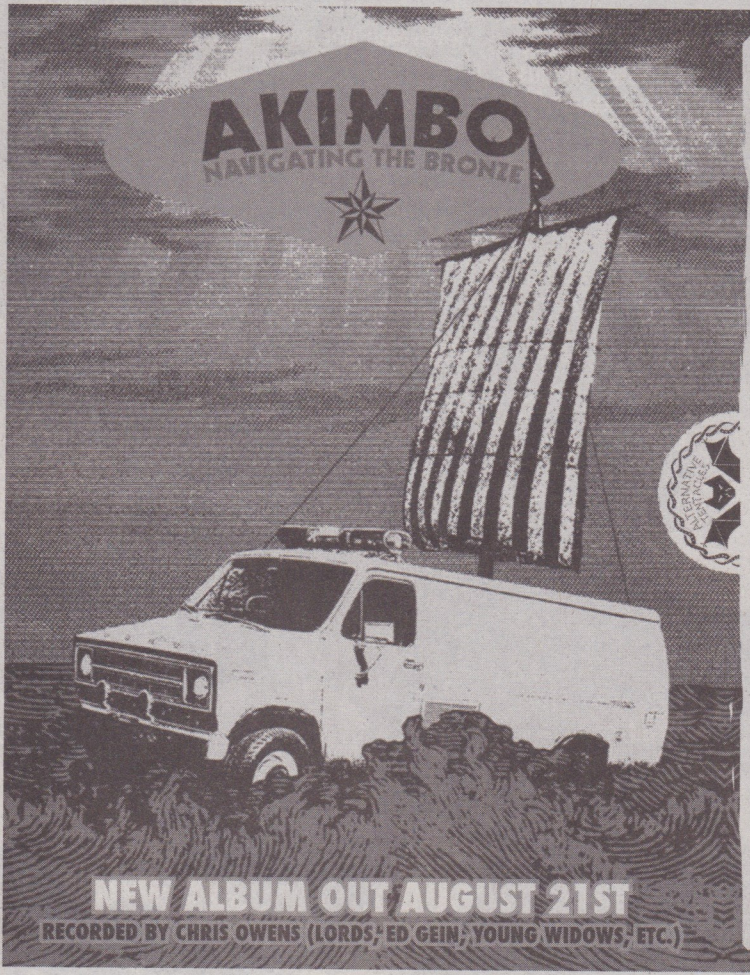

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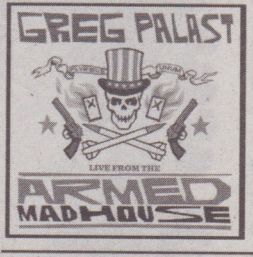

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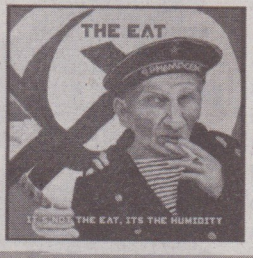

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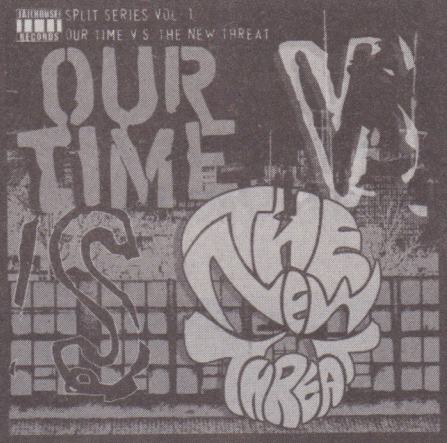

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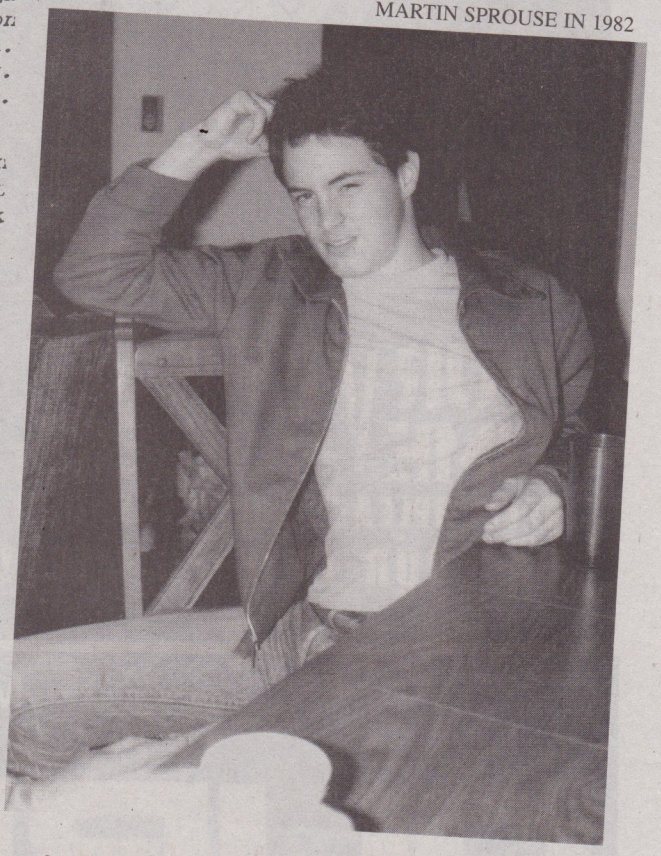
THREAT BY EXAMPLE: AN INTERVIEW WITH MARTIN SPROUSE

From his beginnings with the magazine in the mid-'80s through the late-'90s, Martin Sprouse has had a significant impact on the direction of Maximum Rocknroll.
The following interview was conducted by Martin Sorrondeguy.
All photos courtesy of Martin Sprouse.



MARTIN SPROUSE IN 1982

OK, Martin, why don't you start off by talking a little about yourself-tell me who you are and how you first got into punk.
My very first exposure to punk was in 1977. My next-door neighbor was an art student, and he became punk overnight-like crazy Sid Vicious punk-overnight. I had just seen something about punk on the news, and all of a sudden one day he shows up-he's got a punk rock girlfriend, a Sid Vicious look head-to-toe, messy hair and spiked jacket and harnesses and boots-the whole Vivenne Westwood type of thing. They looked amazing, like the most outrageous thing in the world. He played some music for me; I didn't understand it at all. I was just a skater kid, and I was just thinking, "That is the most fucked up thing I've ever seen." But it was also cool, because he was the nicest guy in the world. This had to be '77. So that was my first exposure, and I had a positive impression of it, but I didn't understand it at all. It was just too crazy. And I was probably just a little too young to get into it, you know? Later on, when hardcore came out in the early '80s, it all made sense. It was kind of connected through skateboarding. Punk and hardcore kind of fused for me, being young and in Southern California where everything was happening. It was like, "This is it!"

Where did you grow up?
San Diego.

You got into hardcore when hardcore pretty much started, so what was your first show? What was that experience like?
It was a local San Diego show, just San Diego punk bands.

Do you remember who played?
No. I remember seeing Black Flag early on, and that was life-changing. It was crazy. Southern California was really violent at the time, but we were young, so it all kind of made sense, but at the same time it was r e a l l y sketched-out, you know? So it had this crazy energy, really exciting, really underground, really small, really young, youthful, violent. Rebellious in all the right ways. You know, when you get older, you over-think everything, everything's theory and process. This was full-on energy, Southern California hardcore punk rock. It was scary too, but in a good way. It just defined you immediately. Everyone that you were friends with didn't like you anymore, you know, because you were a "punk rock faggot." I think that was my name for most of the rest of high school.

When did you start *Leading Edge* zine-how did that come about?
A couple of us who grew up together, we all got into punk and hardcore about the same time. It just sort of happened; it was very spontaneous. We weren't really the fucked-up kinda kids, we were all skater kids. We didn't really become the stereotypical early-'80s punk rock asshole guys. We immediately became friends with people that put on the shows, we started reading the little underground xeroxed fanzines, we became friends with the bands. It became a natural extension for us to do something. We'd go to LA and get these fanzines from all over the place and that's how you'd learn about everything. So immediately, it was like, "We should do it," once we started going to LA. We started *Leading Edge* in like '82 or '83. It was a while after we'd seen some shows. The first issue must have come out the summer of '83.

Why did you do it?

Just to do our own thing. It was obvious to us…'cause San Diego had the military there, so a lot of punk guys were in the military, it had the violence, a lot of drugs, a lot of fuck-ups, y'know? It just had a bad reputation. There were a lot of fights in LA, but there were twice as many fights in San Diego. It just sucked. Out natural extinct was not to be a part of that. We didn't want to be the stereotypical SD "Self-Destruct," "Slow Death," fight-starting, maybe shaved-head, junkie thug, beating everybody up. None of that had anything to do with us-but we liked the energy of the hardcore scene. There were also a lot of young hardcore bands that weren't part of that; younger bands that weren't doing stupid shit, but still playing really fucking great hardcore. They kind of identified with us and vice versa, and we started a fanzine that would represent that, while at the same time respect all the other stuff that was going on. I wasn't just focused on skate punk or straight edge punk or positive punk, we were covering bands from all over.

How did people at that time take to the fanzine?
Some took well to it, others did not. We almost got out asses kicked several times. It was fucking insane. People from the local record store, Off the Record, and people putting on the shows were really supportive of it. The first issue was just a funny little xeroxed thing, it looked like every other punk/hardcore zine at the time, but they were really supportive of us. We sold it at shows, and people understood what we were trying to do. We had lots of artwork and photos in it. It had a heavy graphic look to it. Then there were other people, like these other fucking thug-type guys, who thought we were taking over the scene. The old San Diego guard was kinda gross. There were a lot of good people doing things but it was just fucking drugs and lameness, you know? Mostly drug people who liked hardcore.

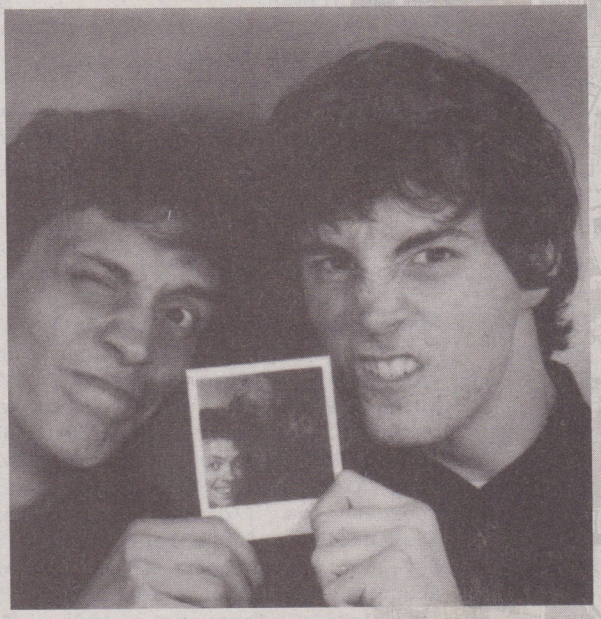
Who else was involved?
I started it with this guy named Pat Weakland-he was a kid I grew up with. Then this other guy came down in the summer of '83, Jason Traeger. Jason was the guy who did all the drawings and stuff that everybody saw. If you remember, we had a lot of crazy-ass drawings. He was an amazing artist. He lives in Portland now. For a time, it was the three of us, then Pat left and it became me and Jason.

When did you first hear of *MRR*?
Right when the record came out. The first compilation.

***Not So Quiet…*?**
Yeah, with the first issue. We were in LA and I remember Pat and I were in a record store and we were like, "It came out!" He knew about it and when it came out we listened to it and it was like...it was really crazy 'cause it was so different than what was going on in Southern California. San Francisco had a whole different feel. It was such a mythology type of thing 'cause you know you didn't really find out immediately how things were. You kinda made up a lot of things in your head, read things in magazines, put the pieces together. In San Francisco things were a little bit older, way more political, way more serious. Nonetheless, when the record came out we found out the first issue of the fanzine was in there, then Off the Record started carrying the next issue and I remember picking it up off the counter and going "Fuck, this is amazing!" This thick, newsprint zine. I think one article had a photo of someone laying on the ground in front of the Bechtel building. That was the first issue that came out in the record stores. I remember I held it up, thinking "A punk rock political fanzine this thick!" It felt like something had just been taken to a whole different level. It's punk, it's hardcore, it's serious, and it's thick, and the cover image was so bad-ass and I was just like "Hmm, makes sense." It was great and it was always right there from the very beginning. I think we immediately began contacting them and doing scene reports for San Diego and stuff.

How did you actually get more involved with *MRR* after you started doing scene reports?
I came up for a visit with Bones, he was the singer for CIA from Connecticut. He came out and visited me in San Diego, and me, him, and some other people, my friend Jeff and his girlfriend, drove up here one summer to the old *Maximum* house and there was an earthquake and that's when I first met Tim. I guess I had already been doing scene reports, but that's when I first met him. It was that first little summer road-trip that I stayed up here for a bit and me and Tim hit it off. I think he had called me on the phone before that and asked me to write a San Diego scene report so we had had contact before that.

MARTIN AND BONES, FIRST S.F. TRIP, 1984



So, how did it happen that you moved up here and started working for *MRR*?
We used to come up here and visit all the time at that point and then-and this is actually a really crazy piece of *MRR* history-but me and Tim were getting along, and me and Jason would come up here, and Bessie who used to play in The Wrecks, who are on the first

Maximum comp-she was from Reno-she would come up here and all of us would hang out. She was hanging out with the 7 Seconds guys 'cause they were always in San Francisco and we knew Bessie. It was just a tight little hardcore community. We were all over the West Coast and we all kind of just met each other all over the place. I guess we had met Bessie when she was working at BYO. Anyways, all of us were in the Bay Area one time and Tim made this proposal to me, Jason, and Bessie, asking us to take over the magazine 'cause his long-term plan was to open a club. That was the very beginnings of what eventually became Gilman.

What year was this?
That was the summer of '84. It was supposed to be me, Jason Traeger, and Bessie, and we were gonna take over *Maximum* together to allow Tim to go find a place to open up this "grand scheme" club run by the punks for the punks.

What was your reaction to that?
I guess I kind of knew it was coming. It just seemed great. I instantly was in. I didn't even hesitate. It was really weird 'cause when you're young, you just kind of go for things, whereas now I'd contemplate that decision for a long time. I've actually been thinking about that decision a lot in my life lately. That was a life-changing decision. It was just a split-second teenage decision but it was a nice thing. I liked that *Maximum* was a group effort and all the people who worked on it were always really inspiring. Every single shitworker was a total character and an amazing person on their own. It didn't matter if they just did a layout for one day. A lot of those people are still doing it, you know? Anyway, it was a pretty amazing offer. I don't think Jason and Bessie were as into it as I was, and ultimately they both dropped out for various reasons.

So they didn't come out as well?
No, they both dropped out of the deal. They decided not to come so it was just me moving up, finally, in the late summer of '85. Tim was moving the zine from Berkeley to San Francisco, so in September we got that house on Clipper Street and we all moved in together. The idea now was that me and Tim would kinda coordinate *Maximum* and the club thing would just start happening also. It was still a plan but it wasn't like he would leave the magazine a hundred percent and it wasn't like I would take over the magazine. It was kind of like I would help out on the majority of the work and allow him to go find this club, which happened pretty quickly after I moved up here. Also, the magazine changed really quickly after I moved up there, 'cause in the beginning the magazine used to be run by a large group of shitworkers, much like it is now, but there were never really coordinators like there are now. Tim Yo was there, but a lot of people would come in here and there and volunteer. They'd have these important workdays on Sunday, which was a pretty amazing thing. Then when I came up there, me being a workaholic I couldn't wait around, and me being a control freak, I wanted to change the whole magazine instantly.

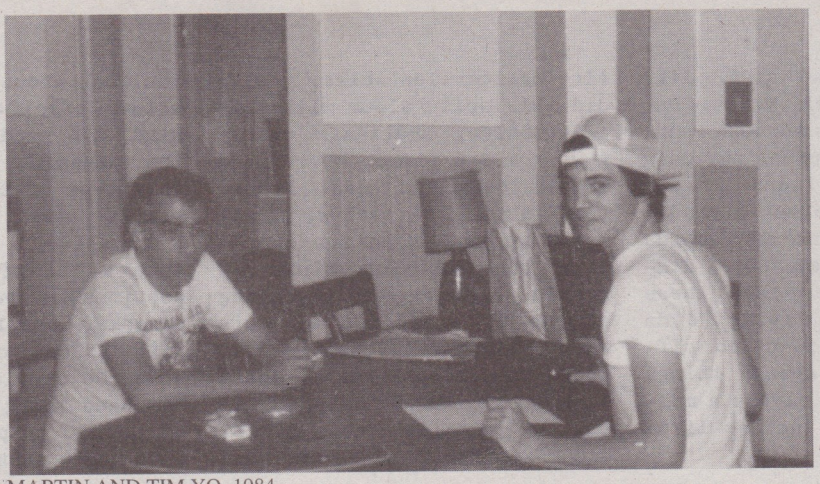
Would Tim pull back on things?
Yeah. At the same time Tim was pretty...He had his own controlling side and we'd butt heads, but at the same time, his take on the magazine or any project he worked on was that the more work you do the more voice you get. He saw my enthusiasm so I was able to do the work. He let me make mistakes and would actually back me up, and like I said, we actually butted heads on certain things but it kinda all worked out. Tim's joke was that I fired the staff. I didn't fire anybody, it was just that I was doing a lot of the work or me and Tim did a lot of the work together and the Sunday work parties kind of fell apart and things changed and it became more of an individual thing kind of like how it is now. People would come in on certain days like, we'd need help on typing or we'd need this done or we'd need that done. It was still very much a community or volunteer thing though; all of us were still volunteers no matter how much work you did, just like it is now. The structure is just different.

So these Sunday work parties, people would just show up on a Sunday and everybody'd just go all-out for a couple hours putting together and laying out the next issue?
Yeah. Then they'd buy food and snacks and eat. That's when I first met Paul Curran. He used to come to those Sunday meetings at the old house in Berkeley. A lot of the old people as well. Then it was transferred to the Clipper Street house and it disappeared pretty quickly after that.

That's interesting, 'cause we do "new issue days" on Sundays when every copy of the new issue is packed up and shipped out to distributors and subscribers . We do the whole food thing and people help stuff envelopes and all that, but I couldn't imagine doing the whole zine like that.
It was also a lot smaller then. Tim would have layouts ready for people or typing ready for people. He'd spend the week getting ready for the Sunday thing and just jam on it. It was pretty interesting. Then when both of us were just working so much it didn't happen that way cause me and Tim were definitely

LEADING EDGE CREW, 1984

workaholics. Again, we didn't do all the work. Shitworkers, the staff of *Maximum* was always there. They really brought that whole thing together.


MARTIN AND TIM YO, 1984

What were some of things about *MRR* that drew you to it that you liked so much about it?

It was global. It was one of the first zines that made you realize that punk was happening on a global level. Very few magazines do that, even today, and that's pretty amazing. We were doing that before anybody else. Where else were you gonna hear about mohawk punks in Brazil in 1983? Nowhere. Then you find it and then you start hearing music, and Jeff Bale was bringing in all this crazy stuff and you first got to hear about Finnish punk through that. The global aspect of it was amazing. The political side of it was amazing. They would do an article about the government or Bechtel or something like that, or something like the draft. I thought that was great. Also, just the resources that the magazine had-they were able to put out that record. All the bands went there, all the records went there. You could find out what's going on. Also I think Tim had long-term plans. He was always thinking twenty steps ahead of people. It was kind of exciting being involved in something like that. You knew it wasn't gonna be some sort of stagnant, "Yeah whatever, let's just do this" thing. It was dynamic. It was doing something but it was all in the punk world. That was the stuff that drew me there.

How did some of the magazine's policies come about?

It had a lot to do with Tim Yo; a lot of that stuff was already in place before me. It wasn't really like some sort of ten-point program or some sort of manifesto-there was nothing like that. It was kind of simple and common-sense, much like how the magazine now runs-not a set of rules but kind of a common understanding. The volunteer thing wasn't very complicated to understand-you volunteer at this magazine, you get benefits. You get free magazines, you get some records, some exposure, but the money is used for other things. If you don't wanna volunteer it's alright, but the more volunteering you do the more voice you get in the magazine. You can kind of help change the magazine or guide it in a certain way, knowing it's not gonna go to one extreme or the other, but you can start becoming a part of it. It's very open. All of that stuff is kind of given and had been decided beforehand but always kind of made sense. Much like how Gilman still kind of follows by the same rules as when it opened. That's one of the most beautiful things in the world. This super-rebellious, super-independent, super-fuck-you to everybody else thing, and being very productive at the same time. Not giving a fuck, not reacting to anything, doing your own little thing and going a hundred miles an hour. Some of the more funny policies like what is punk and what records would get reviewed and what ads would run, all that...that came later. But the whole culture and all that, if that's what you were getting at, all of that was already established and understood.

Yeah, all of that was established before you got here, but how did some of the other stuff you mentioned come about?

It was pretty organic and obviously it changed as time went on and the situation demanded it. When I came to the magazine there was no major label punk-a lot of the '77 bands that had signed to major labels were already gone, so it wasn't an issue. It came up later in the '80s when some of the bands started doing things. That became...it was just that we felt that major label corporations and punk just didn't mix. I remember when Hüsker Dü put out *New Day Rising*. The guy behind the counter at the local record store said, "We're selling Hüsker Dü records to college kids. This is college rock." That's the first time I ever heard that phrase. College rock? Hüsker Dü? I couldn't understand straight kids listening to Hüsker Dü, and there it was, the beginning of the end *laughs*. Then when Hüsker Dü signed to Warner-that was probably the big thing. Tim called Bob Mould and had him do an article or column about it. So, yeah, I think that was the first time the major label thing started coming up. I think it was somewhat of a natural policy, but something like the magazine's re-definition of what was and was not punk-that would definitely change as punk music would change. When I came up here in '85 a lot of the hardcore from the early '80s was gone and people were trying different things. The magazine would have to deal with a situation like-a punk person would put out a country album and they'd be bummed out that we didn't review their country album just because a punk rock person did it. The whole idea was very simple, it's a punk rock magazine, we're gonna review the things that we cover in the magazine, not anything else. Just because something's DIY doesn't mean it gets reviewed in a punk magazine.

It's common sense stuff like that and we stuck to it. But there was always enough punk that was falling under our definition or our focus or our scope or our interest already, there was millions of records coming in every day. So it didn't really matter that these other bands were trying to do major label stuff or do different music or change things around. There was always a million other bands that we liked that were there.

Alternative Tentacles. Jello did this split album with this alternative, smart-ass county guy from San Diego. We refused the ad, because it was a record that we wouldn't review, so why would we run an ad for it? We only run ads for stuff we review. That was the beginning of one of a million blowouts with Jello and AT. Not to just focus on Jello, I really don't want to get into that, but it was an example of him not understanding what we were

But what about within the magazine itself-was there any kind of head-butting within the magazine because of all this type of thing?

All the time. Every week. It's a big staff. A lot of people like a lot of different conceptions of punk. Just as an example, people butted heads with Bruce Koehrs 'cause of some the stupid shit he likes. The band thing, the definition of punk, people will always butt heads on that. It has been

MRR HOUSE, 1987

Was there a feeling of "well, fuck you" from people you once supported and then didn't for whatever reason? Was there resentment toward you, because maybe they felt you turned their back on them?

Yeah. I'm sure people didn't agree with our definition of punk. They thought punk should be broad, and we shouldn't exclude certain bands. I'm sure that argument happened long before Hüsker Dü went to a major. The perfect example is the blowout with Jello and

doing. Him feeling like we were turning our back on him, that we should be open to everything that was punk-related, DIY. Jello had and still has very eccentric taste in music, and supports tons of things in lots of different genres, where *Maximum* is very focused. Some people don't have the same definition as us, but they keep putting out records, and they keep doing their own music, and *Maximum* keeps on doing our own thing. It didn't stop us at all.

there since the beginning of *Maximum*, it will always be going on 'til the end of *Maximum*. Some things were definitely instigated by Tim. I saw Tim purge his record collection twice. He re-defined what punk was to him. He listened to every single record in his record collection-the famous Tim Yo dropping the needle thing and if it sounded like crap he'd get rid of it.

When we were talking before, you said Tim was 20 steps ahead of everybody in the way he

thought, that his process was different than a lot of other people. Where was he trying to get?

I meant it more like-he was a strategy guy, like him playing Risk every Wednesday. Everything he had touched or was doing was structured but needed to go to some other avenue. It wasn't like punk rock domination, it wasn't about getting money or power, but it had to do with living by example. Like, start an independent mail-order, start a club, start a magazine, start a radio show, and do it all with the same ethics. It wasn't like a master plan, but more like logical steps: radio show, records, magazine, special issues, club, record store, distro, and helping community projects out. It was just a very logical step, and he was definitely thinking 20 steps ahead; he understood where the next thing to go and he jumped right onto it.

I've always known *Maximum Rocknroll* as a zine and Tim being a person who helped a lot of people out. Can you talk about a bit about that, 'cuz a lot of people never saw how much *Maximum* was helping other people and projects out.

It'd always be at the end of the year when the magazine was making lots of money, we'd give the money away. And a lot of times that's where people who volunteered at the magazine-it's not like a paycheck, but it's like here, we got an extra $10,000 at the end of the year, let's give a bonus to all the shitworkers on the magazine, and if we had more money than that let's go a little further. Let's give some to everyone that did a scene report or an interview or anyone that helped out with distribution. No one expected it at the end of the year, the amount differed every year, sometimes we went really far with it and gave money to random fanzines that we liked or thought were doing good things. Y'know, send 'em some money, like $100. It was just about spreading the wealth within the community. That was part of the amazing thing about the volunteer aspect: nobody was taking a wage, so all costs were covered and there was a lot of money left over to use. That's how Gilman started, with money from *Maximum*.

Did you feel like, once you started working here, and after you had been here a while, it changed your perspective of punk?

Well, obviously, yeah. I moved here when I was 19. I stopped working on the magazine in, '99, 2000 maybe? I grew with it. I'm sure it would have been different if I had stayed in Southern California. *Maximum Rocknroll* was like my school. I never went to college. I learned through experience, and I got to do a lot of things that other people didn't by being involved with all of these projects. Being around all these people, and meeting all these international people who used to come and visit the house and the magazine was amazing. And also be involved in these great community projects, helping start those things was a pretty amazing thing as well-it shaped me. I don't know if it really *changed* my perception of punk. It definitely matured it, and educated me.

How has that changed after you left the magazine?

Personally, I stayed on at *MRR* about a year after Tim died-not just me but Timojhen Mark, who was a big part of the magazine, and a few others. People who would stay here and-not watchdog, because the magazine was pretty much operating on its own-but be there and be sure things were going the way it was. It was set up already to do that, the people who were doing the work were really pulling it together. After that, it really started when Tim died. It was time for me to go. Me and Tim worked really well together. His dying was a life-changing event. The new kids were coming up, they had the same ethics as we did for the magazine, but they understood all these new versions of punk. It was great. It felt like they should be the ones covering it. My taste in music had changed a little bit. I still loved punk, but I didn't really like some of the new stuff that was coming out. These people did, and I understood and respected that. It's great that they were there and taking it over. *Maximum* has a great sense of community. Obviously I'm still friends with some of these people, but I miss that family. I don't have it now. I can still see people all the time, but everyone's getting older and growing up, it's weird. But it's great that I still run into old *Maximum* people, punk people, quality people. Just seeing Bruce now, crazy Bruce…

I'm going to jump around a little bit. To this day, *Maximum Rocknroll* is very controversial to certain people, in a lot of different punk circles. Why? What is it that gets under some people's skin?

I think early on, people thought it was a power struggle, with us trying to take over things. But really, it wasn't. Take over? It never was. It was a myth of a thing bigger than it really was, more powerful than it really was. I think people hate *Maximum* because it calls people on their shit. Be it skinheads, fuckin' stupid, dumbass, really bad punk rock, shitty labels... *Maximum* called people on their shit and stirred up shit, you know? I think that was kind of a Tim Yo thing, too, through the radio show. Calling people on their shit, and people hated that. A lot of times, people want to listen to punk rock music for it just to be punk rock music. That's never gonna be part of *Maximum*. *Maximum*'s always gonna be the message, the community, the music-all that together. Another thing that people have this wrong idea about-*Maximum*'s really a music magazine. Tim Yo loved punk rock music more than anything. He had his politics, his feisty side, his troublemaker side, his own personal politics, but he just loved fuckin' punk rock music more than anything. You'd see that inherent enthusiasm of it, like, him playing air guitar every time; at 50 years old and he's playing air guitar to some new young kid punk rock record, and loving

it. He just loves fuckin' music. *Maximum Rocknroll* is a music magazine. People forget that.

What were some of your favorite things about *MRR*?

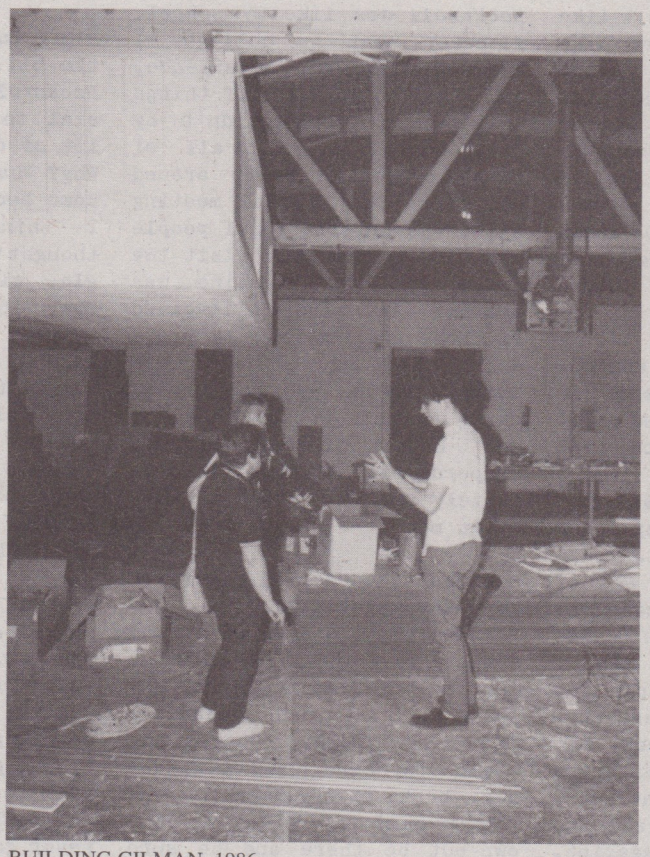
I like the photo issues. The first photo issue we did with Murray Bowles, that was pretty amazing. Murray is an amazing guy. He still goes to shows now! Here is another super-passionate community guy, he loves the music, goes to every fucking show, takes amazing photographs all the time, gives 'em away to kids, knew everybody's name, went to house party shows... That was a pretty amazing thing, working with Murray. And Murray's such a quiet, humble guy, and he did this crazy, beautiful photo zine. Then we did the international one after that...

Welcome to Cruise Country...

Those were really fun. Of course, the Gilman thing was amazing. That happened pretty early on after moving up here. Being part of Gilman for those first two years, seeing those bands, that was another-and I hate to use such a corny fuckin' Berkeley word like "organic"-but that was just something that happened very naturally and beautifully. That was a great thing that happened there, and it's still happening now. That's where *Threat By Example* came out of-a counter-culture that had nothing to do with normal business, normal ways, anything. It's still there and staying around longer than anything else.

That's funny, because when you talk about it, it almost seems like the zine was secondary, that the experience was primary.

Definitely the zine was a key part, because we worked on it every single day, and I was definitely a zine person. I'd rather work on a zine than help with punk shows. I don't wanna give the wrong impression. I was there at Gilman, but I'd rather be home doing cover layout or something, so that was definitely my focus, all things printed. One thing that drove me crazy was those super shitty, badly drawn headers that used to be the scene report headers, drawn in 1983 by someone with a ballpoint pen. It was so fuckin' ugly. That shit drove me crazy, and



BUILDING GILMAN, 1986

Tim goes, " in a squawking, mocking tone I love them, those are great. That's punk! Throw it in there." And my whole thing was, punk wasn't sloppy, didn't have to be sloppy. It wasn't trying to make punk clean, but I didn't think punk had to be drawn with a ballpoint pen. That had its place, but at the same time you could do something graphically interesting, too. Graphics was more my thing. I still liked going to shows, but I was way more a behind-the-scenes kind of guy. Anyway, the magazine had started before I'd even come here, so it was a community thing that I put my own voice in. It was always a by-product of a lot of people, a lot of different voices. It was great and rewarding every month, but we still had our monthly parties when the new issue came out, everybody helped put it out. It helped stir up shit; it was amazing. We started putting the covers on the wall, and we'd just see another issue done, and we were onto some other issue. Time went by really fast, because that's all we did. Somehow I lost...You how people do drugs, they lose fifteen, twenty years of their life? I did fanzines. *Maximum*, Gilman, somehow I lost fifteen, twenty years of my life. I don't do drugs, but I don't know what happened. It was a really strange thing. All of a sudden I was like, "I'm old?"

OK, you brought up before something that was a segue into the book *Threat By Example*. How many books did you release?

Uh, Pressure Drop Press released five printed projects.

Were they all your books or were they other people's?

Three other people's books and two of mine. *Threat By Example* came out of me wanting to do my own thing cuz *Maximum* was never gonna totally be my magazine. I could definitely have my input on it graphically, or content-wise, but it would always be a group thing and it would never fulfill me 100 percent. I think in '88 after being in San Francisco for a while I decided to do this book, and wrote out a list of people who had influenced me that were involved in the punk rock scene and had them just talk about what inspired them, what made them who they were and why they kept going. And basically why their life is a "threat by

example." I stole that line from Noam Chomsky. They are showing how its done and anybody can replicate their example, and that's a threat, as subtle as it is. Some people in the book were famous in the punk scene, some people were just more my friends. It was taking a fanzine idea and putting it in book form. It came out in '89. I didn't interview anybody; I made people write their own things, which is a really insane, weird idea. I don't know why I did that. I guess I wanted it in their own words, but it wasn't really the best approach. It was really hard to get these people to do things. But all these people were writers, so they could do it. So it wasn't interviews, it was artwork and people writing their own life stories.

You said, after Tim passed, there was a point when you decided it was time to move on. Did you feel, with his death, that there was a disconnect for you?

With *Maximum*? Not in a bitter way. I felt really secure, like we'd put a lot of work in before he died to make sure it would keep going on. We'd selected some people that would do it. Some of those people worked out, some didn't. We went through this long mode of trying to figure out if we would keep it going. I remember voting that we should close *Maximum* down after Tim died. Which is funny, because *Maximum* has obviously kept on going, and it's doing great. But there was a time when I was voting because I thought, "Ah, it's not gonna happen." We couldn't find anybody, or somehow I just thought we should close down. But there were enough people who wanted to keep it going, and not just to replicate something we had done in the past. Not just be true to Tim. The most important thing was to keep a *new* voice going that was still based on the same groundwork as *Maximum*; that was the most important thing. If anybody just mimics what we've done in the past, it's just gonna come off as cult-like and corny, and it's not gonna hold up. Incidentally, after two years of Gilman, I also voted to close Gilman down too. *laughter* To get back to your question-I came up here to work with Tim on the magazine. But me and Tim were really good friends, so our relationship is a deeply personal thing. That was a super crazy thing, his death. As was being here-it was all happening, and I was watching the whole thing go down. I was right there. It's not that I was grieving so much so that I couldn't be here. There was new people here, the vote was done, it was really strong, the foundation was here, so after a year, watching it happen, I was able to walk away. It's been painful but at the same time it was time for new people to take care of it. I never regretted the decision. Like I said, that was the most life-changing thing that's ever happened to me, dealing with Tim's death like that.

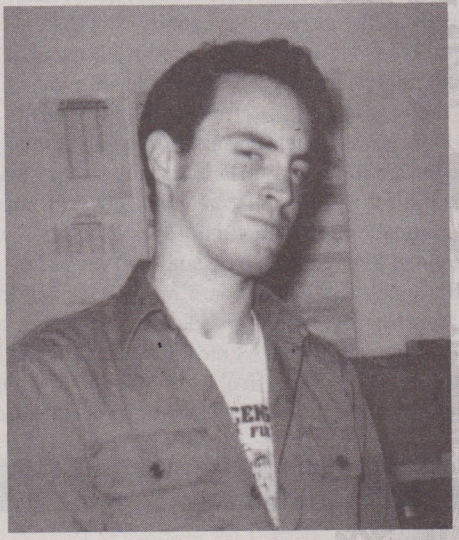
Can you believe this is the 25th anniversary issue of *MRR*?

Well, coming from someone who at the time felt it should have died when Tim did, yeah it is weird. And I think it's great. If it didn't have a credible 25 years then I would think it was really bad. It is weird 'cuz when you are doing it you never think of what its longevity is going to be. I never thought about that, I just did it day-to-day. Then all of a sudden 15 years have gone by and I'm like, wow! You still keep going. 25 years ago doesn't seem that long ago, to me. I remember all these events vividly. It seems just like yesterday, when it is really a long time ago. I don't know if I ever grew up. I don't think I am living in the past. I don't cling onto it but it's nice that it's not such a distant memory. I am glad *Maximum* is still around and that it didn't close when I wanted it to. I am proud of it.

Do you still feel punk and MRR are still viable, today?

Yes. Why wouldn't it be? Punk's still alive. I get more embarrassed when...what makes it viable, but makes it kind of gross at the same time, is when people repeat history. That totally bites me. And of course now that's happening more than ever, 'cause punk bands never fuckin' break up. So you see 50-year old guys playing songs from 30 years ago. That's one of the most embarrassing aspects of punk, to me. Or doing reunion shows, whatever. What I like about punk is that there's always new generations rebelling against the older generations. They might like the older stuff, but they're making their own new version of it. It's not like re-inventing the wheel-they're not bringing xylophones and saying, "This is punk now." It's the same, basic, three-chord stuff, but it's their own version of it that comes out naturally. It's happening all over the world, and it's great. When people just rehash old stuff, that's the fuckin' worst thing in the world. If punk was just a bunch of old fuckers singing about the old days, then it's dead. When there's no new ideas, it's dead. When there's no new fight, it's dead. If it sounds like shit, or it doesn't make you rock, it's dead. When you see young kids-and they don't even have to be young-but new music coming out that sounds different, is different, and still making trouble and calling assholes out on their shit, it's beautiful. That will never get old, ever. And the magazines that represent that, or the websites, or whatever medium, it doesn't matter, all the content that *Maximum* has to offer, or that view, covering that stuff, it never gets old, it never loses its importance.

MARTIN, 1991



the following article written by Tim Yohannon
was reprinted from Martin Sprouse's 1989 book
Threat By Example,
with kind permission from the editor

TIM YOHANNAN

In 1977 Tim Yohannan started a weekly syndicated punk radio show called *Maximum Rocknroll*. In 1982 right after *Maximum Rocknroll* released its first compilation record, Tim helped start a 72-page monthly fanzine that was also called *Maximum Rocknroll*. The fanzine covered the international punk scene and social and global politics. In 1986 Tim was one of the main organizers of The Gilman Street Project, a volunteer-staffed space where weekly shows and events were presented. Today the radio show still plugs on, a few more records have been released, and the fanzine is up to 144 pages.

Tim is a person who has dedicated his life to people's ability to creat functional alternatives to the ugliness in the world.

—Martin Sprouse

Maybe I took too much acid. Somewhere along the line something snapped. Reality, as I had known it, melted...and would never be the same again.

I was born the day WWII ended, lulled into life by the postwar bliss of the Eisenhower era of the '50s, the hazy days of television's birth. My consciousness was shaped by cowboy shows, Beaver Cleaver, Little League, Boy Scouts and anticommunism. Mowing and weeding the lawn was one of my chores, and I used to fantasize that clumps of dandelions were Communist cells, and I'd hurry around rooting them.

I led three lives—probably a lot more. One of those lives was as an all-American kid. I spent two years living in Greece in the late '50s, while I was in junior high school. I hated it there. What kind of shithole was this that didn't have baseball, TV, cokes, burgers and rock 'n' roll? But it was that selfsame rock 'n' roll which eventually led me out of the cultural and political desert and opened my eyes.

My generation was really the first shaped by the mass media, the first rock 'n' roll generation. White folks rockin' to the "jungle beat." A sign of the times. And while the civil rights movement had some impact on me, it was really the integration of culture that made the biggest dent. Kids all over the country now had a collective consciousness. It's even better today, as kids all over the world share a collective cultural identity-where they have more in common than not- but that's another story. I remember well at the age of twelve realizing how powerful and special we (my age group) were, that we were like the Children of the Damned only in a positive way.

I packed it off to college in the early '60s, still inculcated by my cultural/political brainwashing, but several factors seemed (in retrospect) destined to wipe that smug smile off my face.

One was a physical distinction. I'm of Greek and Iranian descent, and the fact that I was short and dark and maybe a bit wilder than most of my contemporaries set me apart, even though I wanted to be accepted as one of "them." Also, I was brought up without a religious background. All the kids I knew were Wonder Bread, god-fearing types. They let me know I was gonna sizzle for my lack of due respect for their Lord. Oh well.

Another factor was that the brainwashing society did on us worked too well. We really did believe in justice. At the time, we were all frantically pro-American because we believed that our country did wear a white hat and did things for the "right" reasons. But when the fog lifted briefly in the '60s, we turned our idealism full force on those who had conned us, with all the painful vengeance of our naïveté now violated. We were pissed!

All the kids I knew were Wonder Bread, god-fearing types. They let me know I was gonna sizzle for my lack of due respect for their Lord. Oh well.

The outrages of racism became clear to many. The assassination of America's youngest president, his brother, and MLK ripped the fiber apart. The Vietnam War was the icing on the cake; no one with the slightest sense of right and wrong could go through those catastrophes without seeing just how hypocritical and diseased our national morality had become. It was a painful period, once the mask fell off but there was no turning back after that-or so I thought.

Most of my friends from that era are no longer angry, no longer insulted by the way in which we are treated by our political and corporate "leaders." They've been bought back in. Maybe they're still socially "liberal" and emotionally conservative, or outright reactionaries, but in either case they've opted for the physical comforts, the family life-they've turned off the sources of pain. It didn't happen overnight, like *Invasion of the Bodysnatchers*, but was a slow process of making unchallenged compromises and rationalizations" I wonder why I didn't go that route. I'm not that "special."

One possible reason is indeed that "I took too much acid." I had

this theory that I could deprogram all my previous conditioning and remake my psyche, that if I blasted my ego into oblivion, I could reconstruct myself as I wanted. I did too good of a job, and found myself on the brink-open to all the screaming input this world throws at you (which we learn to largely ignore) and with no safe way categorize and rationalize it. It was scary, and I had to try and piece myself back together again. Hey, if I got myself into this mess, I could damn well get myself out of it. It took years, and support from a few loving friends. I wouldn't "commend this course to anyone, but I learned a lot from the war within myself, mainly about psychology, my strengths and weaknesses, and the unshakable conclusion that peace and happiness for myself can only come about with peace and happiness for everyone. I could no longer escape back into greedy individualism, but had to strike a balance between maintaining my own sanity and then giving what I had left to share.

The key is, first, having a dream. Second, it's important to communicate that dream to others to see if they share it or are a part of it. And third, motivating myself to motivate others to joint action.

There were a few incidents that also shaped my thinking. One hearkens back to my teens: a very clear understanding of why there was no fucking way I would allow myself to become like "them" - them being the boring ass "adults" who settle down and check out-hard to tell when their old hearts really stop beating. I set my sights on that picture and check in with it periodically. Youth may not have vast resources of information and experiences from which to draw, but it does provide a relatively bullshit-free perspective—one which I trust more than most intellectually-reached determinations.

"People's Park" was another event that shaped my consciousness. It took place in Berkeley in 1968. Berkeley was radical then, a center for antiwar activities and a gathering place for disenchanted and hungry youth. People's Park was real, a firsthand learning experience (which I shall describe shortly), which is not to say that the impact of the Vietnam War wasn't, though it tended to be more a lesson in civics. It got personal, though, when "they" wanted to ship my ass off to kill or be killed by those people whose right of self-determination (a great "American" principle, or so I thought) I was rooting for. Fuck that, no way. So, I decided to prepare for my physical. I ate one small meal a day for a year, and the whole last week prior to it ate nothing. I got down to 103 pounds, 4 pounds under the minimum weight. I stayed up the whole last night, took every drug I could, rubbed shit in my hair, had a turd in my pants, and pissed down my leg throughout the whole exam. And saved my beliefs.

I've digressed. Back to People's Park. Then-Governor Ronald Reagan was at war with the Berkeley Kids. He really didn't like it when hundreds of us decided to clear out the trashed square block of University of California property (that served as a parking lot and was full of abandoned vehicles) and turned that place into a community-controlled open space. The place grew as weeks went by, hundreds of us turned into many thousands, people of all ages and races working together to create something. People planted trees, hoed gardens, brought in sod, made paths, cooked meals and fed everybody, made music-in other words, we defied the media image that we only hated and were lazy and destructive. I learned, for the first time, what democracy really meant. All decisions on what to build-be it a child-care area or a stage or a swimming pool-were reached by consensus of all participants. I understood clearly what taking control of one's life and environment meant. Ronnie couldn't hack the idea catching on. So, he sent in every police force in the Bay Area and the National Guard. People were killed and many were wounded as result of weeks of rioting as we tried to regain the land. Their force couldn't break us. It wasn't the park itself that mattered (although we did regain and keep it two years later in a spontaneous reaction to Nixon's bombing of Cambodia), but the idea of self-determination and the realization that work doesn't necessarily suck. In fact, I found that work was a joy if it mattered. It was creating, and that is basic to human nature—as opposed to the forced labor that most of us eventually talk ourselves into accepting cuz it pays the bills and buys us off.

People's Park has a lot to do with what I do now, be it Maximum Rocknroll or The Gilman Street Project. The latter, in some ways, is an extension of that experience—a way to show other kids that it is possible to be creative, to learn responsibility and decision making, to find the value of work without the pay incentive-that all benefit one's self as well as a larger body of humanity.

I enjoy people sharing my experiences—not these recountings, but the lessons I've learned. I enjoy being able to provide material, resources and opportunities for others to experience growth, to see that there are alternatives to "growing up" and "selling out", that one can live by "alternative" values and have dignity, that money and prestige aren't really the important factors in one's self image, that we don't have to give into "their" way of doing things.

We don't have the numbers or power to meet the strength of the industrial state head on, so we must be clever, must know our limitations, but not ever give in to defeatism.

One of my few talents has been organizing, be it as a kid getting ball games together or getting local hoods together to fuck over some neighborhood prick; as a young man in initiating riots or rent strikes; or as an "adult" in providing vehicles for people to have an impact so they can experience small victories in life that may lead to larger attempts later at overcoming apathy. The key is, first, having a dream. Second, it's important to communicate that dream to others to see if they share it or are part of it. And third, motivating myself to motivate others to joint action.

And this is where the dreaded word "politics" comes in. By my definition, it means any thinking or actions that involve groups of people. Then it's politics. Politics is part of human nature, a necessary evil, perhaps. I engage in politics, not because I'm good at it or because I love it, but because there is no way around it. Everything we do is political when it interacts with others. I know enough about my motivations to largely trust my actions, and have learned to trust

others over a course of time-not on what they say, but on what they do and how they do it. And I hope that is how I am judged, too.

Some people feel I'm too manipulative at this. Maybe. I do know how to get a lot of decisions my way. That's partly due to my confrontational East Coast upbringing. It's partly due to the fact that I'm usually older than most of the people I'm involved with and have the advantage of more life experiences (both victories and defeats), as well as people deferring to my age. But I think it's more due to my persistence, my learned skills at give and take, and my ongoing fire inside. I'm still angry. I don't like being treated like a moron by the powers that be. I don't like seeing most people who are born into this world have no chance to ever discover 1/100th of their potential while a few others get theirs and then some. It still pisses me off, and somehow, over time, I've gathered enough skills together and learned enough patience to channel that anger into constructive avenues for myself and others.

I used to think "we" could change the world. Maybe not, although the winds of history have a weird way of shifting dramatically, and what seems impossible today may seem very likely tomorrow. I try to remember that we're living in a period of historical depression where change for the better seems unlikely. But, like with personal depressions, it's not always going to be this way, even though you think so at the time. I'm lucky enough to have grown up in an era where change seemed not only possible but was downright demanded. I have lived through that contrast, whereas most of today's youth have only known strife and lowered expectations, have been born and bred on cynicism.

But even if things don't change for the better, I want to get through life knowing that I have my dignity. This is not a false pride built on race, religion, or country, but a sense that I tried my hardest to remain human, that I was able to give as much of myself as sanely possible-both good and bad-and that I can look at myself in the mirror and say I stayed true to those childhood insights. One can't go it alone, though, and it's the act of seeing others struggle with these same problems that inspires me onward-be it a people rising against repression against all odds or be it an individual giving enough of a shit to look at his or her fears and then taking the next step of self-confrontation because it's the right thing to do. It's people like Martin who make me feel that our stupid human race is capable of so much more, that gives me encouragement. Maybe this is a good time to insert a quote from one. human who made a big impact on me, Ché Guevara:

"At the risk of seeming ridiculous, let me say that the true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love."

I don't think I'm great or a revolutionary by any means, but as a fairly normal schmuck, if I can keep up the struggle to remain human, then so can everybody else. I try to live my life, in a way, like his—being a guerrilla. I try to pick my fights, have learned how to retreat and reemerge fighting elsewhere. We don't have the numbers or power to meet the strength of the industrialized state head on, so we must be clever, must know our limitations, but must not ever give in to defeatism.

Oh yeah, if you really want to know what I think life is all about, then read Joseph Heller's *Catch 22*. In the midst of man's complete inhumanity to man, in the midst of the insanity and depravation and absurdity of war, it's inspiring to find some fellow retards who are both sickened and yet maintain a very twisted sense of humor (which is one way I try to maintain my sanity and blow off a lot of bullshit), who can give up but then still find the will and hope to rebel. My bible! Let me leave you with a section of the book, where Yossarian, the protagonist, is talking about his feelings on the subject of God. Here goes:

"And don't tell me God works in mysterious ways," Yossarian continued... "There's nothing so mysterious about it. He's not working at all. He's playing. Or else He's forgotten all about us. That's the kind of God you people talk about—a country bumpkin, a clumsy, brainless, conceited, uncouth hayseed. Good God, how much reverence can you have for a Supreme Being who finds it necessary to include such phenomena as phlegm and tooth decay in His divine system of creation? What in the world was running through that warped, evil, scatological mind of His when He robbed old people of the power to control their bowel movements? Why in the world did he ever create pain?"

Pain? Lieutenant Scheisskopf's wife pounced upon the word victoriously. "Pain is a useful symptom. Pain is a warning to us of bodily dangers."

"And who created the dangers?" Yossarian demanded. He laughed caustically.

"Oh, He was really being charitable to us when He gave us pain! Why couldn't He have used a doorbell instead to notify us, or one of His celestial choirs? Or a system of blue and red neon tubes right in the middle of each person's forehead. Any jukebox manufacturer worth his salt could have done that. Why couldn't He?"

"People would certainly look silly walking around with red neon tubes in the middle of their foreheads."

"They certainly look beautiful now writhing in agony or stupefied with morphine, don't they? What a colossal, immortal blunder! When you consider the opportunity and power He had to really do a job, and then look at the stupid, ugly little mess He made instead, His sheer incompetence is almost staggering. It's obvious He never met payroll. Why, no self-respecting businessman would hire a bungler like Him as even a shipping clerk!"

Lieutenant Scheisskopf's wife had turned ashen in disbelief and was ogling him with alarm. "You'd better not talk that way about Him, honey," she warned him reprovingly in a low and hostile voice. "He might punish you."

"Isn't He punishing me enough?" Yossarian snorted resentfully. "You know, we mustn't let Him get away with it. Oh no, we certainly mustn't let Him get away scot free for all the sorrow He's caused us. Someday I'm going to make Him pay. I know when. On the Judgment Day. Yes, that's the day I'll be close enough to reach out and grab that little yokel by His neck and..."

Yeah, kick ass!!

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS...

WITH ARWEN CURRY

Editor's Note: The following interview with former MRR coordinators Arwen Curry and Golnar Nikpour was originally intended to run in the columns section of the 25th anniversary issue, but I decided to place it alongside the Martin Sprouse interview and the Tim Yo piece from Threat By Example *since I felt that it balances the earlier history of the magazine with a more recent prospective.*

Golnar: Why don't you start by telling me what made you decide to apply for the coordinator position in the first place?

Arwen: I didn't expect to be approached, actually. It was 1998, I was in my early 20s, I was doing a lot of shitwork around the magazine, and I had a lot of energy. I felt very honored to be part of it, having just moved to the city. But I didn't have any doubt that I wanted to do it. I mean, I spent a week thinking about it, but it was a week like the week after you fall in love. I was walking around on a cloud asking myself if I could pull it off.

Golnar: This was before you applied, or when they offered you the position?

Arwen: Before. I was approached by (then coordinators) Jacqueline and Mark Murrmann, who suggested that I apply. And if they hadn't suggested it, I don't think I would have considered myself a candidate. I just didn't consider myself experienced enough. It was one of those roles that seemed like it belonged to someone much older than me who had been there much longer than I had.

Golnar: Did you know Tim Yo personally?

Arwen: No, I never met Tim. He died the same week that I had an appointment to meet him to become a record reviewer.

Golnar: So were you the first coordinator who had never met Tim?

Arwen: Yes, I was.

Golnar: Who interviewed you?

Arwen: Timojhen Mark was there, and Martin Sprouse. George Impulse, Jacqueline, obviously. And, Allan and Carolyn. You know, I don't remember if Floyd was there, actually.

Golnar: How could you forget if Floyd was there?

Arwen: I think Jeff Mason was there. It was a bigger crowd, and it was a crowd that was noticeably closer to Tim. There was a very real sense of, could this person carry on with the project that Tim had started in the way that he wanted it done? Is this person going to know what the magazine is all about? I was asked a lot of questions about whether I could rabble-rouse, if I could stir shit up. *Would* I stir shit up?

Golnar: OK, let's move away from the beginning. What is it that you struggled with the most as coordinator?

Arwen: There are so many things-you're responsible for so much, you just know that there are things you could do better. I realized after some time that there would be these crises that came up and they would really seem devastating. The truly hard part of being coordinator was not all the work. The really, really hard thing was being the one responsible when things were going really badly, like when something traumatic or dangerous was happening at the magazine. By this I mean, when we stopped having so much money, or when we didn't know if we could keep the whole house, or when we had some serious conflict within the magazine. Or when we decided to part ways with Mordam.

Golnar: Do you want to talk about leaving (former and long-time distributor) Mordam? Do you think that in the time that you were coordinator that was the central or definitive drama that happened?

Arwen: That really felt apocalyptic to us. I guess that some of what followed from that-having less money and less stability and having to adapt to that-was quite traumatic until we adapted to it. Just adjusting to the idea that we were scrambling for money all the time. When I got there, there was enough money. Not a lot of money, but money enough not to worry about it. But I don't know if I would say that was the central thing. Over the years, at times when the money situation felt really desperate-yes, I guess that was the worst. We used to be able to give away when we had extra to shitworkers and other projects at the end of the year, and I remember when I had to tell them that those days were over. Everybody was really graceful about it.

Golnar: But the split with Mordam was pretty traumatic.

Arwen: Yes, it was quite serious. And it's easy to forget about now, but these were institutions that grew up together. Mordam started after *Maximum* and with some money from *Maximum*, actually, and these were all people who had been friends in the beginning. So the rift was emotional, and of course these were also very powerful personalities. And we knew all these people at Mordam-because all these people were engaged in it, they weren't just employees in this business, they were people who cared about it.

Golnar: Some of them are/were shitworkers at *Maximum*.

Arwen: Exactly. There were sort of gradual things that happened. There was the issue of a contract, there was a lot of discussion about what would happen when things went onto a digital platform with the internet, which was still a new thing. I mean we were beginning to communicate all on email, but the idea of downloading music on the internet was not...

Golnar: Wait, were you coordinating the magazine before...

Arwen: (*Laughter*) No-there was email. But we didn't do *most* things over email. It wasn't...you know, attaching a file to something was sort of problematic.

Golnar: Things have changed in that regard even in the few years I was coordinator. We used to get tons more photos and submissions in the mail, like every week, and basically everything comes in digitally now. It's rare to get something in the mail. I remember in harassing you for a late column once, I text-messaged you about it and you were like, "Novel use of new media to harass columnists!" And I was like, whatever, it's just a text message. *(laughter)* But back to Mordam. Was there a sense that this was the right thing to do, whether or not it killed the magazine? When you left Mordam, there was no money coming in for some months, because of the way that distribution contracts work. I learned this when we were struggling with what to do about (subsequent distributor) Indy Press/Big Top not paying us; we were caught between not being sure if we could afford to go to new distributors, who wouldn't be obligated to pay us for six months, or waiting around and maybe never getting paid for another issue of the magazine again with Big Top.

Arwen: Oh, yeah. It was very hard, and we didn't really recover from it. There

are not windfalls of money that just drop on the magazine. So it was definitely a decision we made knowing that it could be fatal. But you know, why have this magazine if it isn't going to be run in that way? We did it with optimism, saying, "All right, we'll make this work."

Golnar: When you're making a decision that involves saying "Your values no longer reflect our values," that's a very personal thing. And Mordam's values-starting to distro major label-affiliated stuff, being more and more driven by profit margin-were no longer *Maximum*'s values.

Arwen: Right, and it wasn't an easy call. There are times at the magazine, when a major label rep calls or something, when it's easy to tell people to fuck off because they don't have the same ethics and they're coming from a different place than you. But when those people came from the same place as you and then you have to part ways, that's more intense.

Golnar: How do you think your relationship to punk would've been different if you hadn't been working here?

Arwen: I feel like I would've played in bands and gone on tour a lot more, and done my own zine a lot more and a lot sooner, and maybe taken them further. On the other hand, I don't know if I would've had the confidence to do those things as wholeheartedly as I ended up doing them.

Golnar: What was an average day like as coordinator? Or an average week? Or an average month?

Arwen: I feel like there were so many different eras. It's definitely a monthly thing, so rather than a daily cycle there is a monthly cycle. There are times in the beginning of the month when you're starting the new issue when you actually get to talk to people, relax a little bit. You do the work, but there is a bit less of it, so you catch up on things, plan the new issue. And there are days at the end when you get to that point of exhaustion when you really are close to tears *(laughter)*. I drank a lot of coffee *(laughter)*.

Golnar: There were other big conflicts the magazine dealt with in our eras. We were forced to fire a fellow coordinator for stealing...let's talk about that.

Arwen: Shortly before I left and you were hired, but before the whole thing with (former coordinator) Mike kind of blew up, I told the Board (ten or so of the most involved, long-running shitworkers) at our regular monthly meeting that there were some things I wanted to call to their attention before I left. I wasn't at all happy with the way that Mike was dealing with money. There wasn't anything we could prove at that point. I suspected him of stealing, but I wasn't ready to make an accusation. It had been something that (former distribution coordinator) Clara and I had been observing for several months. I confronted Mike about it. We were trying to figure out if it was the difference between whether that was kind of loose-mindedness about which pocket the money went in-a sort of general flakiness-or whether it was something more. I went out to lunch with Mike and told him that I was going to tell the Board this, and that he should get his shit together. I said, "This is what this looks like, and you should clean up your act." This was somebody I worked very closely with, who I had been good friends with, and you know, you just don't throw things around like that lightly. We tried to solve the problem-and maybe coordinators had a tendency to do this-we had a very internal circle try to figure it out. Eventually we moved away from Tim's accounting system with the cash, which was absolutely based on trust, to trying to have every single transaction meticulously accounted for.

Golnar: When I started, there was always money missing, a *lot* of money, like hundreds of dollars. I thought, that just doesn't make any sense, like how can that possibly be? Remember, I had only been here a couple months at this point. I thought, "If Mike is stealing, someone must have noticed it by now." But coordinators have absolute access to the cash; if one of them wanted to steal, and was smart about it, it would take a *long* time before anyone could know with any certainty. And then I caught him lying to me about an ad trade, which wasn't the biggest deal out of all of the things he was doing, but was definitely something where it was like, OK, you're just lying to us now, why should we believe you when you say you're not stealing? I confronted him about it. I said, "Mike, you need to explain to me what happened and why it looks to me like you basically stole this money. You also need to explain to me why you were lying to me." At this point, there was constantly cash missing-*someone* was taking money. Even then, when I first found out about the ad trade, I felt this weird need to protect him. It was like, "I won't tell Clara if you can make it make sense to me," which is absolutely the wrong thing to tell somebody that you suspect of stealing. But it's impossible to believe that someone you cared about or trusted was doing this horrible thing. I mean, Mike was the person who...without him I wouldn't have been coordinator to begin with; he was the one who encouraged me to apply.

Arwen: Sure.

Golnar: Eventually, we went to the Board and called a meeting. We met with Mike, and it was pretty gruesome; he was all, "I guess I've forgotten to put change back. I'm bad with money..." and we were like, dude, that is a *lot* of change to forget about. The whole situation was just really sad. I remember Allan saying something like, "Mike, just give us one glimmer of evidence to intimate that you might not be stealing despite all the evidence to the contrary, and we can resume this conversation tomorrow," and he had no response. It was extremely depressing. But it was the end of a trauma, in a way. Afterwards, I recommitted to working hard on something that I cared about, because what really pulled it together for me-I was so new and had to coordinate the magazine on my own and was not that confident about it-were the people around who pulled together in this time of crisis. It was when I realized how much people really care about the magazine, almost to a fault.

Arwen: Tell me about the process of being accustomed to living there, and when did you feel it was really your space?

Golnar: Well, the way the house is broken down, the kitchen, the living room, the back rooms, the bathroom, that's all *Maximum Rocknroll*-anyone has access to it who has access to the magazine. And then coordinators live upstairs, and that's where you live and it's private. So there's always a sense that, OK, if I'm going to go downstairs I have to get out of my pajamas and look halfway presentable and be ready to work, because even if I'm just going make myself some oatmeal, there could be ten shitworkers down there with ten different questions or problems, or the phone ringing. So in that way it's never really your space. I think the way I felt about living there got better and better the more confident I felt about being coordinator. The closer you feel to the magazine, the more the house feels like your space.

Arwen: What made you decide you wanted to leave the coordinator position?

Golnar: In the end, the things that were the most difficult for me to fuse what I wanted and what needed to be in the magazine weren't really related to *Maximum* but just punk in general. I also started feeling more like there were just so many things in the outside world that I couldn't really work on or focus on and didn't have time for because I was just constantly working on this one

project. Punk is amazing. But it doesn't have a sophisticated way to talk about race, or gender, or class, or sexuality, and I started feeling like I didn't want to have the same conversation again and again for the sake of these people who just couldn't catch up, you know? And I wanted to put myself into the magazine, which I did-that is how I deal with these topics. But you know, there's just a certain point where I wanted to work with people who were all on the same page as me, or who were interested in...I don't know how to phrase it...

Arwen: OK.

Golnar: I'm not sure where the question in this is, but...I got asked a lot by my friends who were not involved, or were only peripherally involved in the punk scene, how I managed to be a part of something that is so male-dominated. I remember one instance maybe a year or so into being coordinator when I was dating this girl who was like, "So, it's mostly guys that work at *Maximum*, right?" And I was like, "No, definitely not, it's about fifty-fifty." Like, I really thought that that was a case. Then I went home and looked at the shitworker list and it's like, for every five dudes there is one woman. It was so weird! How could I not have realized that? It's because I'm so used to being in punk spaces. Women's voices are strong voices within those spaces, especially if you're listening for them, but they are definitely far fewer.

Arwen: I've always had friends while I've been at the magazine who had been involved and who decided to not be involved, because their work in creative spaces that were feminist was more important to them, and they felt that that wasn't compatible with *Maximum*. And there were plenty of incidents-things written, things people said, or things that went on while I was there that made that argument pretty well. And the issue of race, in talking about getting used to what you see. You know, I went to high school in the Bay Area, and I always had friends who were from different backgrounds, and in the punk scene? No. Even in the middle of the Bay Area. But you get used to it, your senses get used to it. It's a little bit sinister how that happens.

Golnar: But still, punk is really important to me. And I don't want everything I do in punk to be sophisticated or political-I *like* that punk is simple and dumb and fun. I think one of the things that's kept me involved in punk in spite of its shortcomings is that I never really expected to be perfect. The way that I've always related to it has always been a personal thing, and it continues to be. Punk music expresses the sort of alienation and frustration that I feel. I can't reasonably expect the punk scene to be a perfect place, and it doesn't have to be-though I will call people out on their shit when I have to-but there definitely are aspects of my life or my experience that punk has never spoken to.

Arwen: What are those things?

Golnar: It's difficult to articulate; it's just kind of the difference between feeling like you're explaining yourself to people, or feeling like they just kind of intuitively understand. And I don't want to boil it down to some commonly understood points of identity, because I don't think that is very useful, or necessarily what I'm talking about. You know, there are a lot of nerds in punk, but there's also a lot of anti-intellectualism, anti-...I don't know, wanting to have a deeper understanding of things. And that's fine. I think it's important for punk to be a place where you can go and not understand, it's just this primal, visceral thing, and so to turn it into something else, where it's supposed to deal with all of the world's problems, is counterintuitive to what it is.

Arwen: And usually doesn't work. And yet sometimes the drive to make punk a place where you'll be a little better understood expands it. Like, if you say I'm actually going to give people credit that they're actually going to understand what I'm putting in this song.

Golnar: The one thing I have to say is, I felt really at home at the magazine, because it's this weird collection of freaks-interesting, creative, unique people who run a really wide spectrum-doing this weird thing really passionately. So on a day-to-day level I felt really at home and at peace at the magazine, but whenever confronted with the punk scene at large I always feel a little bit alienated and like somewhat of an outsider. Don't get me wrong-I have met the best, funniest, smartest people I know in punk, but still. I think it's good to have someone at *Maximum* who feels like somewhat of an outsider, for whom the punk scene isn't the whole world. Because it *isn't* the whole world. But part of my decision to leave had to do with feeling like, OK, I can't put *all* of my energy into the punk scene, because it's kind of the law of diminishing returns-there's only so much I'm going to be able to get back from it without running myself into the ground.

Arwen: There comes a point-and this actually happened quite a while before I decided to leave-when you ask yourself, is this my place? When you achieve the point when you're moving with sureness, and you're confident and calm and energetic, when you go, "OK, now I can start to do things. I can start to turn this into something it hasn't been before. I can really put the energy I have and the ideas I have into it. So is this going to be what I do that with?" There gets to be a point where you're like, OK, well, if I don't leave soon to go pursue other things in my life, then I've got to put all that into the magazine. And I made that decision in my late twenties, that it wasn't enough, that it didn't cover all the dimensions of experience that I wanted to cover.

Golnar: But yeah, I mean, there's part of me that regrets that I couldn't be coordinator forever, too. I kind of knew that I couldn't be at *Maximum* forever, but there's a large part of me that wanted to be. I don't know, you get this thing back every month, and you're really proud of it, and you work with people you care about, people who really surprise you with how amazing they can be. And it was definitely a heartbreaking decision leaving. There's nothing like it.

Arwen: There's part of me that wanted to be coordinator forever too, and still does. The possibilities can seem so endless. You have this line of communication all over the world to people who care about similar things.

Golnar: Right, and here we are doing this 'cause of *Maximum*'s 25th anniversary, and it's incredible to have been a part of even three of those years. There are how many thousands and thousands of people that are part so the *MRR* community? I mean, it's crazy, it's overwhelming.

Arwen: It's the great satisfaction of working with other people who you really like on a creative project that everyone is putting a little bit into and everyone is taking a little bit out of, and then it comes out every month, is really powerful. I mean, that experience around the house is really powerful.

Golnar: It's a really intimate thing, You live with people, you work with them, you're friends with them, you fight with them, you go out with them, you see them at shows, it becomes kind of this...I think for a lot of people it's a relatively functional family model. It's what makes you become so fierce and loyal, you want to protect and defend this thing that you care about, because it defends and protects you when you need it to.

Arwen: So what are you going to do now?

Golnar: That's a good question. I'm still going to be as shitworker at *Maximum*, I'm still going to write a column, still going to do editorial stuff and layout. There are a lot of things I want to do. I'm really excited, now that I've done *Maximum*, I can go and do a zine! I'm looking forward to doing all the things I did before, but doing them better, you know? Now I have this experience and I feel like I can trim the fat from anything that I do. Like, I have no reason to put up with any bullshit for the rest of my life because there's no reason to do something if it's not your own way. I think we all learn that in punk-it might be punk's most important lesson-but shit, you're thrown into that fire and you really have to trust yourself to know the difference between what you want or don't want for yourself or for the project that you're working on. I know that I'm not immune-I mean, I'm constantly wracked with self-doubt and confusion still, but now I feel like I can work on something and really know whether it's turned out the way I want it to, and not go, "OK, I finished my zine, I hope people like it." I'm just like, OK, it's done, I'm happy with it, and let the chips fall where they may.

Arwen: Sure.

Golnar: I think one of the really important things that I feel right now, one of the things that has always frustrated me about punk and counterculture in general is that people would use their time in this community as a stepping stone to more normal, lucrative work that is antithetical to the ideals of our community. I think *Maximum* is a really inspiring institution insofar as it has really done things on its own terms and maintained them and has completely succeeded on its own terms. And so to take that and to try to apply it in my own life is daunting. *Maximum* really has an ego about it. It's difficult to know how to maintain that for yourself and to not be a shitty person.

Arwen: It's structural with *Maximum*; it's been built into the way it works. In your own life, there are a lot of easy, little compromises when no one's looking that are hard to ignore, that when you're at the helm and people are watching you, you can be invigorated to be this ethical person. But then, it's not hypocrisy; it's actually a place to draw from. It's like, if I was this person then, against these odds that were so hard, then I can be this person in my own life.

Golnar: I always knew, but now I've actually learned in terms of my experience with the world, that in order to be an ethical person, you have to think about ethics *all the time*. You have to question yourself all the time. You have to believe that you are capable of making a fucked-up decision. Or doing something for comfort, for ease, or for fear. And at *Maximum* there were so many things that I had to do that I didn't want to do, but I learned to deal with all these little decisions that we make and forced myself not to cut corners when it came to ethics.

Arwen: And there's something too about being in that position where you lose layers of intimidation that you've had. There are people who are more established, who are more comfortable with themselves, who are more comfortable in their roles, and when you get there and you realize that now you are in that position, and now you are obligated to speak up, because now you are the opposing voice to some voices which are intolerable, really, and no one else is going to say anything if you don't say it.

Golnar: *Maximum*'s model for how it expects you to do things is really different than the kind of regular world, where you're trained for a long time to do a job that's not very hard to begin with and you have to kind of adhere to these certain guidelines. You know, a lot of my training was from fellow or former coordinators, but more of it really was just doing the job. And that's not how most of the world functions. Like here, here's the hardest job you'll ever do. Good luck! Here's the keys! Here's where we keep the paper. You know?

Arwen: And don't fuck up!

Golnar: I like how at *Maximum* it's more about accountability to a community and making this little tiny microcosm of a world that you have operate in an honest way. There were definitely times when I felt like I had to do things in a certain way, otherwise I would be letting down the people who were at the helm before me, and on the same token, I drew inspiration from those same sources. Dealing with Big Top, I thought, well, this is difficult, but it can't possibly be as hard as having to leave Mordam, so I'm just going to deal with it, and I'm going to make these phone calls, and we're going to figure it out. And you know, me and Martin (Sorrondeguy) have this running joke where we realize that something stressful has happened-the truck has died, the printer's broken, somebody flakes on their work, the distributor goes bankrupt-and we're like, "Fuck!" But then one of us will be like, "Well, we'll figure it out." As coordinator you know that at some point something is going to happen where it is just not feasible for the magazine to function. But you just kind of reach this calm about it. You'll figure it out.

Arwen: The way that I had that kind of voiced to me was by Martin Sprouse. I guess it was in those first waves of panic about Mordam, although it could have been something else. And he said, you know, this will pass too. And it sounds hokey, but it's like, after cresting these waves of crisis a couple of times you realize that you're going to get past it, and you also realize that, exactly as you said-one day you're not, and that's just how it's got to be.

Golnar: Sure.

Arwen: At some point there will probably be a time when it's time to close shop and pass on what we've learned to other organizations, to other projects. And every time something has happened, I've asked myself whether the magazine was still relevant and I think honestly have answered that *Maximum* was still worth doing, and was still changing people's lives. And it still is. I just realized that I've been a shitworkers for ten years. The magazine is 25 years old. That means that there's ten years post-Tim.

Golnar: I think a lot of people assumed that the magazine wouldn't be able to go on without Tim. It's almost existed as long without Tim as it did with him. I've even wondered if me and Tim would like each other. I have no way of knowing. I think I'm running his magazine, but I also have no idea if he would do the same things I do or do them in the same way or make the same kids of decisions. I know that he wouldn't in a lot of cases. It's strange to feel. I mean, you're in someone else's house, his handwriting is all over everything. Think about it-we talk about all the crisis points we had-Mordam, Big Top, Mike-but what could be a bigger crisis than the person running it dying? And they didn't miss an issue, you know? Tim dies, and the next issue came out two weeks later, as though, whatever, no big deal. People were grieving, you know. That's unbelievable to me. I think about how fucking rad it is that Maximum has been around for 25 years and because of that, there's all these people who form the bedrock of this thing-I mean literally countless people, shitworkers, contributors, coordinators and readers. Obviously the magazine had had its ups and downs and its problems and continues to, but it provides a little glimmer of hope in our lives too, in my life personally. It still inspires me.

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31 - SANTA ANA, CA

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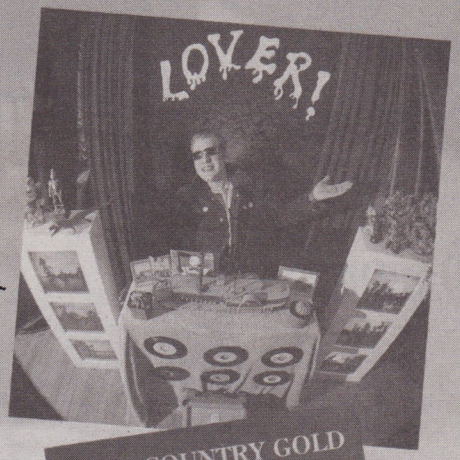

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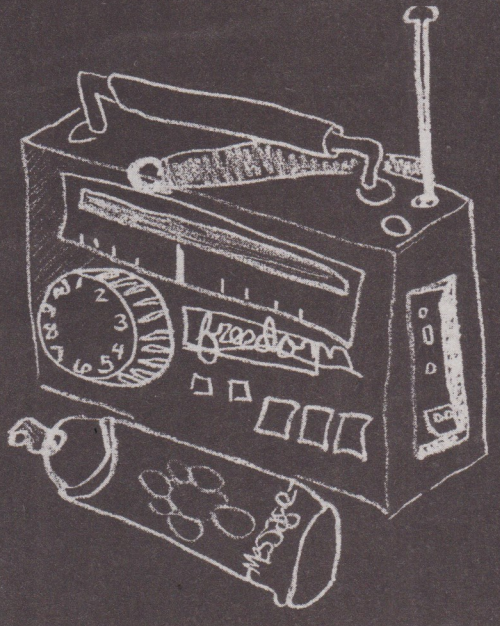

DIGGING THROUGH THE ARCHIVES

25 YEARS OF PUNK PHOTOS

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STEPHANIE M. SAARINEN
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MORTON JUL LARSEN

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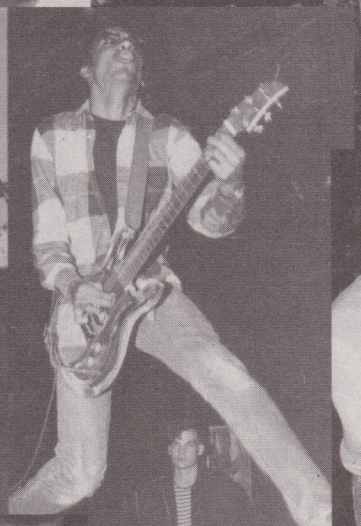
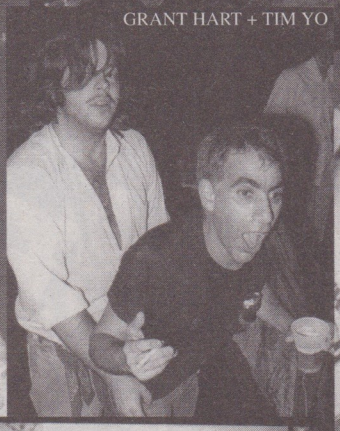
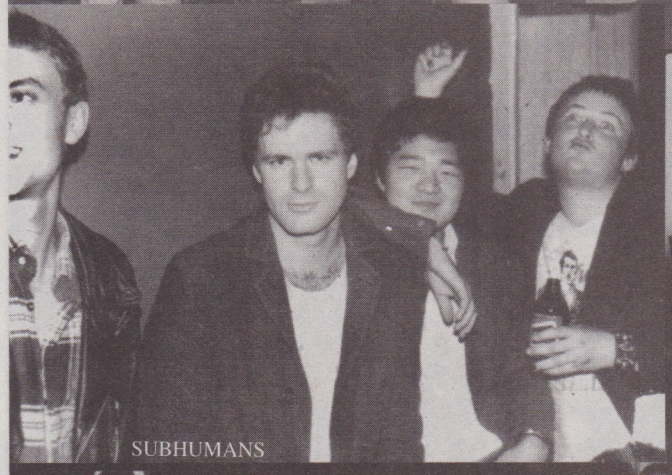
OFFENDERS





GRANT HART + TIM YO

NEON CHRIST



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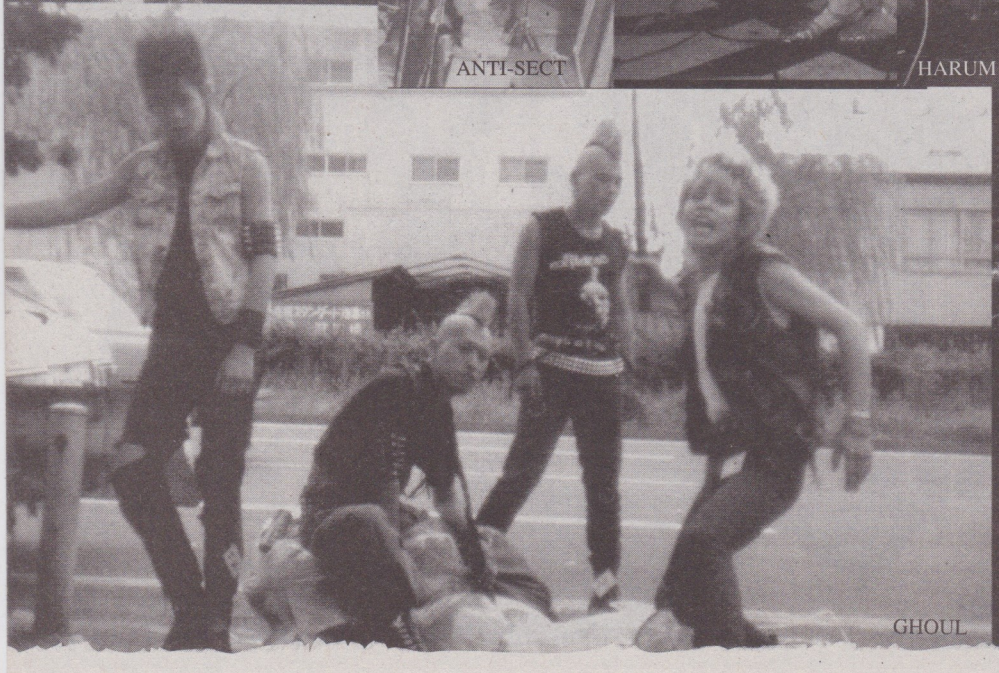
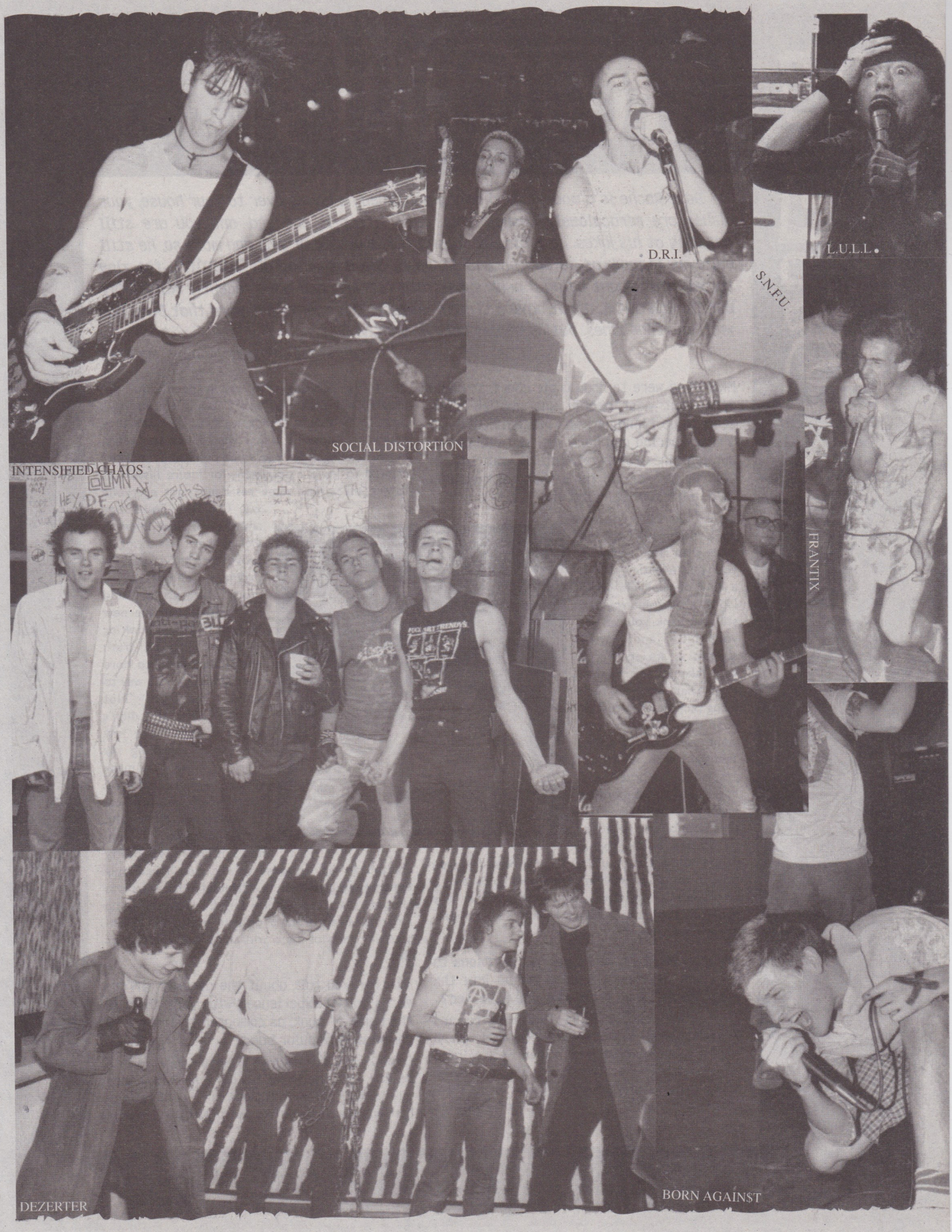


GHOUL

PAXSTON QUIGGLY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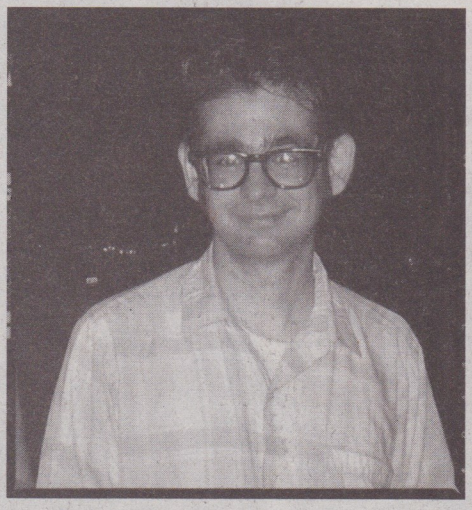
IT'S DAVE ROCHE!

Dave Roche is a modest hero among men. When he comes over to your house, your dishes are miraculously washed, your cat's litter is changed, and you are still laughing at his jokes. He typically doesn't ask anything of you, and more so, he still believes in punk as he approaches 35. He is the author of On Subbing, *the zine turned book about being a punk substitute teacher, and more recently* About My Disappearance, *about having Crohn's disease. MRR agents got word that Dave has written other zines, but he denies this fervently.*

Interview and introduction by Joe Biel.

MRR: If we were to draw a pie chart, it would seem that most people who publish zines seem to be teenagers who publish heavily in a short period and burn out. You started to publish zines relatively late in your life, in 2001 or so? Do you think that has anything to do with your sticking with it?

Dave: I think so. I got into punk relatively late and zines even later. I think in your mid-twenties you hit a kind of punk life crisis. Up to that point you can still quit punk, you can get your MBA, and play it straight in society. But if you take it any further than that, you're stuck being punk for the rest of your life, whether you want to be or not. Teenagers can afford to get jaded or bored and move on to something else; they still have all these options to explore. At my age, quitting punk would be more than just putting my Naked Raygun records on eBay. I wouldn't know how to develop a whole new set of ethics. My choice is either stay punk or turn into a Sean Hannity-loving, reactionary malcontent.

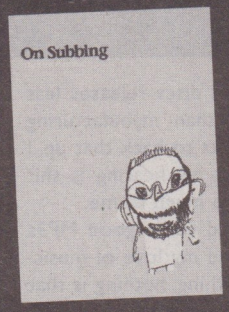


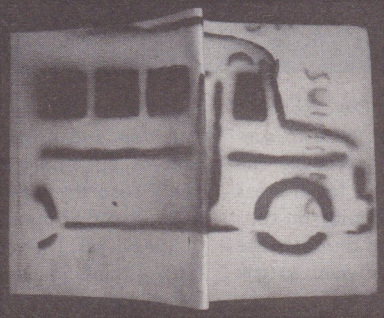
MRR: Can you talk about your motivations to do zines at that time and maybe how the response differed from what you expected?

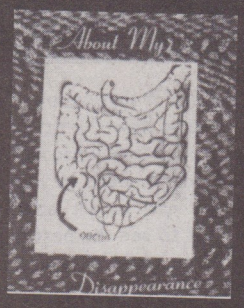
Dave: So I started subbing and I was really into it. I was telling all my friends about my experiences and writing about it in letters, and then I got worried that I was boring everybody. For the most part, telling people about your job is like telling them about your dreams. No one cares. And I worried that I was repeating my stories to people. So I figured I'd write them all down, copy them, and give them to my friends. If they weren't interested, they could just throw it out. I wish I had something more meaningful for you, some political point, like I wanted to leave a document for future historians to see there was some resistance, not everyone was OK with Fox News and the wars and *American Idol*, or that I was trying to prove that the stories of ordinary people were more interesting and worthwhile than the new Michael Crichton book or whatever, but the truth was I didn't want to bore my friends. It was a way to avoid hearing, "Not again!?!" But it didn't work; I still bore my friends by repeating my stories. I mean, how many times have I told you about when I was on vacation with my family and someone stole our van and shit in it? I was pretty amazed at the response to the zine. I had only expected to give them to a handful of friends. I was shocked that anybody else cared. I've gotten some amazing letters from people all over the English-speaking parts of the world, and I'm so grateful for that.

MRR: Can you talk about the dynamic differences you've experienced with your zines in the world of punk, as compared to those of a comparably popular band?

Dave: Zines definitely have a shorter shelf life than bands. I won't live to see the day when people stop talking about His Hero Is Gone, but no one remembers an awesome zine like *Sweet Olive* anymore. On







the plus side, there seems to be less of an audience/artist dichotomy with zines than with bands. Trading and writing letters is pretty common with zines and I think when someone reads a zine they can relate to, they're more likely to write and try to connect with the writer. I think Ted Leo's amazing and I've loved his bands for years, but I would never send him a letter like the one I sent to the girl who wrote the zine *Trees*. And zines can reach a more diverse group of people than a punk band can. My mom sent my zine to David Sedaris, which is both totally awesome and incredibly embarrassing, and he wrote back to her and said he read it. I don't think he would have listened to my emo band's demo.

MRR: Being that your zines seem to comprise very personal snippets of your life, how do you decide what is worth publishing and sharing with the outside world from your bedroom? Where does that motivation come from?

Dave: I wanted to share stories that I thought were entertaining or moments that really affected me. With my zine about having Crohn's Disease, I felt more of a need to explain myself. I dropped out of sight for a few months and came back with a whole new set of concerns. If something like that happened to one of my friends, I'd want to know what happened. And I didn't want to gloss over it. A lot of people have high ideals for our community, and one of those is looking after each other and tending to each other's needs. But the flip side of that is that you need to make your needs known. *About My Disappearance* was my way of explaining what kind of help I may need in the future, because people were concerned about me, but concern without knowing what's wrong or what to do is just pity and I didn't want that.

MRR: You have Crohn's Disease. As a person who has a lifestyle limited by this, can you talk about your response from the punk scene? It seems that, due in part to being a youth based subculture, punks have a harder time dealing with such things and interacting with their peers who aren't as able-bodied. Can you talk about your experiences?

Dave: The first time I went to a show after getting diagnosed with Crohn's, I remember feeling so jealous of everyone else and really bitter and alienated. And that's nobody else's fault; I'll take responsibility for those feelings, but like I mentioned earlier, I have a whole new set of concerns now and I don't think people fully appreciate that. I'm not saying I want things catered to me, just to cut me some slack. I knew a kid who wore the same pair of pants for over a year, I've seen kids eat stuff from a dumpster that really ought to have stayed there, and it's totally cool to pierce your ears or nose with a dirty safety pin, but I let slip one Crohn's fart at a basement show and I'm a pariah. You know, I'm not over Food Not Bombs, I just have to be careful about what I eat. Sometimes I'm too preoccupied with the pain in my gut to talk about direct action. My health takes precedence over a lot of things now. I can't live the chaos.

I think most people, punk or not, don't really know how to deal with people who are sick. It's not like a fever or a broken bone where you bring me some soup or some DVDs and in a few days or a few weeks I'll be all better. My needs are more complicated and long term. I owe Jenna, Isaac, and Shannon a huge amount of gratitude for helping me out a lot before I had to ask for it. It's not easy to know when I need help when I look underweight but more or less OK.

I think I have a pretty mild case of Crohn's and to be honest, it doesn't limit me as much as I expected, or as much as it may in the future. The big thing is that plans for anything more than a few weeks away have to be tentative. I hope to go on tour in a few months, but a flare-up will cancel that. But otherwise, I'm still vegan and I still get around primarily by bike.

MRR: You go on extensive tours with your zines and book. Can you talk about your motivations for doing these and what kind of responses and reactions you get? How have your thoughts and reactions to these experiences changed over time? What do you hope to get out of it in the future?

Dave: The main reason I do them is because they're incredibly fun and every time I've toured it's been with people I love to be with. Beyond that, it's really amazing to get to meet people all over the place and talk and trade ideas. I feel like ideally zines should be the start of a dialogue, and going on tour is a way to continue it with people face to face. Even bad days on tour are pretty amazing. The fact that people will go out of there way to put on a show for you, someone will put you up, and most times people will show you around their city, or that people even show up and support you (I'm under

no delusion that people think, "Sweet, Dave Roche is coming to town"—I think people are there to support the idea of what we're doing), it's incredible. The punk scene needs to work on itself in a lot of areas and it's easy to get jaded, but I think going on tour you get to see the best parts of it. And the response has been good. At every show people want to talk about something they have in common.

I realize I'm in a privileged position to be doing this and I don't want to take that for granted. I hope that the tours inspire people to give their talents the credit they deserve, not to wait for someone else's approval. And in the future I would like to make myself and my ideas a little more vulnerable and get other people's ideas about stuff I haven't fully figured out yet. I have this half-formed idea about how the way people treat people who are sick is rooted in patriarchy and needs to be examined. I'd like to get input on that on the next tour. Maybe it makes no sense at all.

MRR: So I was cruising around on my favorite website, myspace.com the other day, and I couldn't help but notice a dozen or so people who listed your book as their favorite. How does this make you feel? How do you feel about MySpace in general? Can you sound off about your feelings about internet communication, drama, and shit-talking?

Dave: I guess my first thought was, if *On Subbing* is your favorite book, you really need to read more. I mean, I'm proud of my book, but it's no literary masterpiece. I don't know, I guess I'm uncomfortable with it. I'm glad that people think highly of my book, but I think a lot of people are just kind of name-dropping it to prove they like indie books. It kind of strikes me like yelling for the B-side of an obscure 7" when a band asks if there are any requests.

I used to talk shit about cell phones and now I have one, so I'm not going to say anything negative about MySpace. I'll just say I guess I don't get it. I guess it's useful for booking tours. And I hope it's pulling people who write bad, vague prose-poetry about their crushes away from zines. That was kind of shit talky, huh? Whoops.

MRR: In a recent interview in Maximum Rocknroll, Crimes Against Humanity Records laid out a very strong anti-vinyl, pro-CD argument. I hear that you also believe in this immediately obsolete digital medium. Why would you believe in such hogwash? Download any good MP3s lately?

Dave: I love records, but CDs are just more convenient. You can fit more music on them. They're easier to move and cheaper to ship (having made two long-distance moves and two inter-city moves in the past two years, this is important to me). Also, I've been told that manufacturing compact discs releases less pollution and gross chemicals than manufacturing records, but I don't have any facts to back that up. I know records sound better, but my hearing is shit anyway so that doesn't matter so much to me.

And yes, I have downloaded some good MP3s lately. I think Soulseek has ruined my love of music. When you have access to everything; nothing is that special. However, it lets me hear things I would never buy, like Katia Ricciarelli. And *Aida* comes up in crosswords all the time, now I've finally heard it.

MRR: What's hot on your reading list? What your favorite books of all time?

Dave: I read a book of short stories by James Ngugi called *Secret Lives* that I really enjoyed. *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* by Joan Didion is pretty amazing. It almost made me want to move back to Los Angeles. There were a couple stories in *I, Etcetera* by Susan Sontag that I thought were incredible. As for all time favorites *As I Lay Dying* by William Faulkner and *If Beale Street Could Talk* by James Baldwin are up there. And I recently read *Rouse Up O Young Men of the New Age* by Kenzaburo Oe and it blew me away. It almost seemed like a per-zine taken to its literary extreme.

MRR: When are we finally going to get another book out of you? What are you working on at the present? What's formulating on the back burners?

Dave: Soon...maybe. The goal is to finish a novel by the time I'm 35, but I'm realizing I'm not good at making things up. I guess I don't have much of an imagination. I'm working on another zine about having Crohn's. I want this one to be more about how I want people to treat me.

MRR: What do you want to see out of the world of zines in the future?

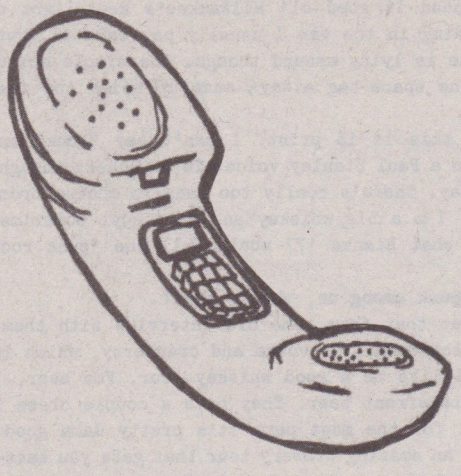
Dave: I want Travis Fristoe to write a book. Consider this my pre-order. And I want more people doing zine tours.

MRR: How would you most like to see the punk change in the future?

Dave: I wish people would stop thinking GG Allin was good.

MRR: Anything else? How do people reach you? Where's daveroche.com?

Dave: There's no daveroche.com, but my brother and I might do a website with our dumb drawings. He draws bats and aliens with naked human asses and I draw one panel comic strips that attempt to be less funny than Ziggy. I'll keep you posted. I can be reached at poodrow@hotmail.com. And hopefully a Canadian tour will be happening soon, so Canadians, please get in touch.



Chinese Telephones

ONE OF THEM GREW UP SURROUNDED BY DRUNKS AND METH ADDICTS, ONLY TO MOVE TO MILWAUKEE AND BECOME SURROUNDED BY DRUNKS AND ADDERALL ADDICTS. ANOTHER TRIED TO ANSWER A QUESTION IN A PAUL STANLEY VOICE, BUT REALIZED THAT, SINCE THIS INTERVIEW IS PRINT-ONLY, THERE WOULD BE NO POINT. YET ANOTHER OF THESE GUYS CAREENS FROM GRAVITY BONGS TO ADLAI STEVENSON REFERENCES, MOST LIKELY AS A RESULT OF LIVING IN A ROOM WITH NO NATURAL LIGHT SOURCE SAVE AN EVAN WILLIAMS WHISKEY GLOW. AND THEIR DRUMMER JUST GOT A DOG, WHICH HE NO DOUBT RESEMBLES IN BOTH MIND AND BODY. THEY ARE THE CHINESE TELEPHONES, FROM MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN—A GODLESS BAND OF ADVENTURERS FROM BEER CITY, CHEESE STATE. PUNK ROCK THAT CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS AND ASS (AND PERHAPS MOUNTAINS OF ASS), THEIR MELODIC, DRIVING, ROCK 'N' ROLL-TINGED STYLE IS SURPASSED BY NO ONE. AND THEY'RE GOING ON TOUR REALLY SOON, NO MATTER WHEN THIS INTERVIEW APPEARS, BECAUSE THEY'RE TRUE WISCONSIN ROAD WARRIORS. SO READ ALL ABOUT THEM, THEIR LIVES, GO TO THEIR SHOW, BOP YOURSELF CRAZY, AND THEN BUY ALL THEIR RECORDS. YOU REALLY CAN'T GO WRONG.

INTERVIEW BY NATO COLES.

MRR: Hello, Chinese Telephones. Let's get friendly. Who are you, and what's your role in the band? Where are you from? For that matter, where are you going?

Justin: I'm Justin. I play guitar and sing. I write the turds that these guys polish. I grew up in Dubuque, Iowa, which is the home of drunks and meth addicts.

Ray: Ray. Bass. I'm originally from Libertyville, Illinois, sometime home of Adlai Stevenson, the greatest American statesman. I then lived in Carbondale for a spell, and now live in the wonderfully bleak city of Milwaukee.

MRR: So Ray, when you say you're "madly for Adlai," does it rhyme? This is esoteric shit for an *MRR* interview, sure, but please answer the question.

Ray: It could rhyme. But that doesn't mean you'd be correct.

Gorky: I'm Gorky. I play drums. I was born on Milwaukee's south side but spent most of my growing up in Orland Park, Illinois. As this tends to happen, I am back living on Milwaukee's south side and have been for eight years. Going? Hopefully somewhere warm.

Daniel: My name's Daniel. I play guitar. I'm from Stevens Point, Wisconsin, home of Point Beer, the world's best soft serve, and the world's largest trivia contest.

MRR: Do you have a trivia team, Dan? I'm intrigued! Tell me more.

Daniel: My team's called Dead Girls Don't Say No. It's with guys from a couple of other punk bands in Stevens Point, like the Mudgetts and such. The guys from Bob Burns and the Breakups used to play, but I guess they're too cool for trivia or something, 'cause I didn't see any of them this year. I've been playing since 1986. We took 46th place this year, which might not seem that impressive, but if you factor in the fact that there are approximately 450 teams, then you realize that we're some total fucking nerds.

MRR: I can't remember exactly how long you've been a band, but I'm sure one of you can. Perhaps even one of the original members, like...Justin. Does Daniel James count as an original member? You've gone through lineup changes, trials and tribulations...tell the reader about your band history.

Justin: I think the fact that Dan has been in the band since the first practice makes him count as an original member.

MRR: Sorry, I guess I got confused. So many have come and gone.

Justin: We started out in the beginning of 2004 with Evan, the drummer of my old band, and David from Alabama on bass. Andy Junk filled in on bass after our first tour, then stayed in the band. Our friend Steve Bennet filled in on drums for a tour while Evan was in Korea and recorded the songs for our Potential Johns and Dan Padilla splits with us the day after we broke up.

MRR: What was Evan doing in Korea?

Justin: He went to school there for a year or so.

Daniel: I remember talking to Davey Tiltwheel about quitting the Chinese Telephones, and he said to me, "You guys aren't breaking up. We're not gonna let you." Then we ended up getting talked into doing a five-day mini-tour with them when they came to the Midwest with Gorky filling in on drums. Then we just stopped being broken up. A lot of people think we

broke up and got back together ten or twelve times, but it was more so a period of a month or two where we were kind of broken up, but still played a bunch a shows.

MRR: How would you describe your music to your friends, and alternately, how would you describe your music to someone who'd never seen you or heard you before?

Daniel: Punk.

Justin: I'm horrible at describing music. I always just say melodic punk.

Ray: Last time we played in Minneapolis, we took some 7"s over to Extreme Noise. They gave us a little card to fill out. It was some kind of description card, like a tagline for the record. I wanted to describe us as D4-beat. No one else really liked that.

MRR: What's wrong with D4-beat, Justin and Daniel?

Justin: It's funny for a couple seconds. Not for the months that the records would sit on the shelves.

Daniel: I don't know what he means by saying that no one else liked that, 'cause I'm the one who coined the term. Justin was the only one who thought it was stupid.

MRR: All right, that's it for the mundane stuff. On to serious business. Where you're from don't matter; if you're in Milwaukee, your guts are beer, you have danced with lady liquor to the end of the night, woke up in bed with Bloody Mary gagging on the hair of some dog. What's everyone's favorite alcoholic drink?

Ray: It really depends on what I want to do that night. If I want to be up all night dancing and whatnot, it's all about the Supermodels (that's white box wine, Sparks Plus, and some Adderall). If I want to get into a fight with my girlfriend and punch walls a lot, it's definitely Lakefront Holiday Spice.

Daniel: Every winter, I make the mistake of buying the first batch of Holiday Spice. Then when I'm passed out on a random Riverwest kitchen floor before midnight, I realize why I only drank the shit once the winter before.

Ray: You know what? Whiskey. The answer is whiskey.

I like whiskey in large volumes.

Gorky: All I need is good ol' Milwaukee's Best-light or heavy. When riding in the van I usually par take in whatever bag of wine is lying around though. The simple act of drinking from the space-bag always ends up being too festive to pass up.

Daniel: Because this is in print, I can't say "Vodka and orange juice!" in a Paul Stanley voice. To be honest though, I really can't say. There's really too many to choose from. Does beer count? I'm a big whiskey and cola guy. Sometimes I like to drink what Blanks '77 would call the "punk rock juice."

MRR: For the un-punk among us, what's that?

Justin: I remember that from some old interview with them. I think normal people call it vodka and cranberry, which is a lot simpler. I like me a good whiskey sour. For beer, I like the local Lakefront beer. They have a couple brews I don't like, but for the most part it's pretty damn good. Plus, they have an amazing brewery tour that gets you wasted in one hour of the afternoon.

MRR: Favorite drug to get messed up on? That is, unless you don't want to talk about it. I understand if you don't. You have an image to uphold.

Daniel: How about I tell you what my least favorite drug is? I fucking hate marijuana. I'm sure it doesn't make most people as paranoid as it makes me, but whenever I put that shit in my lungs, I start thinking that the FBI and Jesus are teaming up to videotape me when I'm masturbating and crazy shit like that.

Ray: I'm pretty much a pothead and a drunk. My roommates and I have created a wicked sweet gravity bong for the living room table. But my favorite drug to do would have to be salvia. That shit fucks you way up. I seriously don't understand how it's legal. It completely incapacitates you. One time when we played in Carbondale, Dan, Brino and I made some salvia tea and smoked the rest of it. The scene pretty much turned into an after-school special. Three fuckups rolling around the ground, freaking out, while the second Gone album was blasting.

MRR: Maine just began the process of banning salvia sales to persons under a certain age-21 or 18 or something. Would you hook up a Maine minor if they asked you nicely? The guys from Megatime, a cool band from Portland, might not be old enough to buy salvia yet!

Ray: Totally! It's even easier now that they moved the head shop in town from the east side to our neighborhood. Just have them meet me in the park across the street.

Justin: I like when one of the doctors at my school gives me liquid hydrocodone for a cold. That's happened twice. You're supposed to take a teaspoon before bed to help sleep, but both times I headed straight home and drank a tablespoon full. After talking about it a lot, a few months ago I finally made a margarita with crushed Adderall around the rim. That didn't taste very good.

MRR: What record, or records, would you say are the most important in causing you to be here today, answering these questions-other than your own, of course. And as songwriters, who are you influenced by?

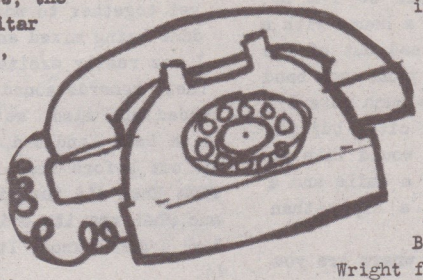
Justin: Throughout my teens, there was a lot of Replacements and Screeching Weasel, then later, Dillinger Four. For quite a while now, I've been listening to a lot of Marked Men and Potential Johns, but I don't think our stuff sounds like

Chinese Telephones

that. I listen to a mixture of a little pop punk, garage, '60s girl groups, and other random shit. I don't really hear Screeching Weasel in our songs, but some people who probably only saw us when we first started, and are wrong, say we try to sound like them. I definitely listened to them a lot when I was younger, mostly *Wiggle* and *Kill the Musicians*, but honestly only listen to them about once a year at most. Not that I don't like it anymore. I think I just burnt myself out on that stuff, but I'm sure subconsciously there's some of that in my songwriting.

MRR: It's not something to hide, but it's definitely an influence that can be run into the ground, and has been by some. I like to say that the Chinese Telephones sound like a mix of *Wiggle*-era Screeching Weasel and, yes, the Marked Men and Potential Johns, with guitar solos. Nobody else really sounds like that, and it's really cool.

Daniel: I would say overall my favorite records, and the stuff I'm most influenced by, don't sound anything like the Chinese Telephones. My all time classic faves, or whatever you want to call them are *Tyranny and Mutation* from Blue Öyster Cult, *Love It to Death* from Alice Cooper, and the Void side of the Faith/Void split. Anything from Thin Lizzy or the Raspberries is good too.



MRR: How did you develop your slash 'n' burn lead guitar technique?

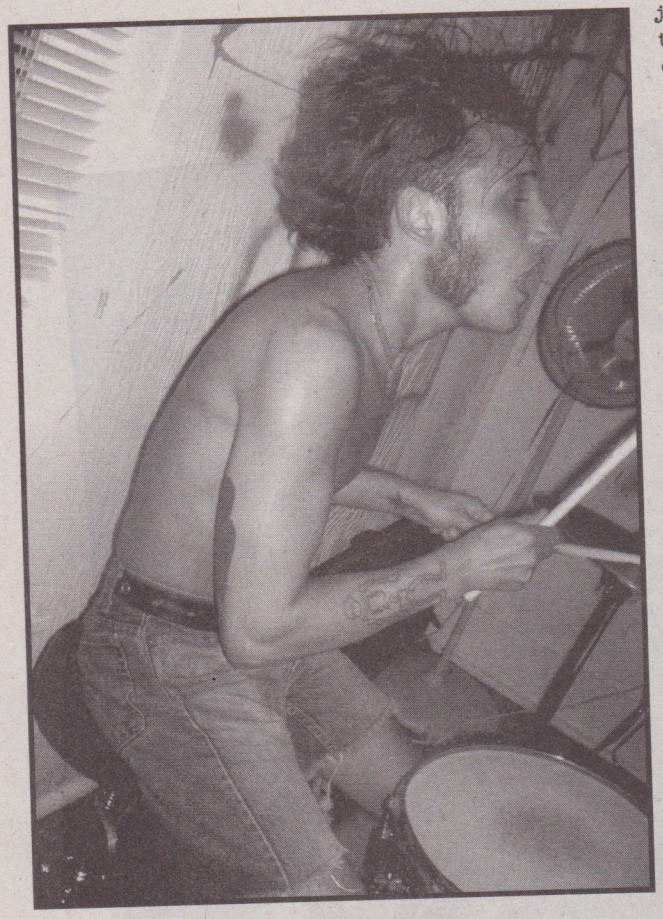
Daniel: I don't think I'm really that good at guitar. Usually when Justin introduces a new song, I'm all attention deficited out, and I'm too impatient to pay attention to the chord progression, so I just come up with a cool little melody to go along with the riff.

Ray: I've actually been thinking about this a lot lately. When I was 14, I was *way* into Black Flag. Obsessed. That had a big influence on me. I grew up on Motown, Stax, Chess records stuff, so that definitely influenced me a lot. James Jamerson is a motherfucker you cannot fuck with. What else...The Traitors from Chicago influence me a whole lot. And then there's the band I get made fun of for loving: The Cure. They're my favorite band ever. You can hear a bit of Simon Gallup in our newer songs. Simon Gallup and Peter Hook (of New Order).

Gorky: NWOBHM, *Appetite for Destruction*, Huey Lewis and the News. I don't write for this band so I'll wax drummers who kick ass: Mitch Mitchell, Dale Crover, Igor Cavalera, Tommy Lee, Beatmaster-V. Oh and I have to say John Wright from Nomeansno. I used to try so freaking hard to play like him.

MRR: Today, as we face the problems of our nation and the world, our resistance to the everyday doldrums and drudgery can take many forms. How exactly are you standing up for what's right? How are you making the world a better place?

Daniel: I don't think that I'm as politically active as I'd like to be. I did flip off some of those God Hates Fags people at UWM once, and then got in an argument with one of them, but that was about it. I gave George Tabb twenty bucks once too. That's kind of a lot, 'cause I'm poor. So, I guess I'm not entirely



a horrible person.

Justin: Up until a few days ago, I was going to school to be a teacher, so I would have changed the world one child at a time. I realized that I would be a horrible teacher, though, since I'm not good at communicating with people, so I have to figure out something else to be going to school for. Maybe an astronaut? I like Tang.

Ray: I don't like the whole CrimethInc mentality of "lifestyle anarchism." The whole idea of, "Look at me, I travel on trains and eat out of dumpsters, I'm changing the world," pisses me off. It's bullshit and it's counterproductive to everything that radicalism and activism is about. It's adaptation and commodification. So I'm not about to pretend that paying cheap rent in a house with a ton of people, riding my bike, pulling bread out of the trash, putting out zines, and touring in a punk rock band is any type of actual activism. There's so much more I'd like to do to make where we live a better city, but you know what, I don't really do anything. I would like to think I make the world better by bringing a smile and a hug. But now I sound like even more of a hippy than those CrimethInc kids.

MRR: All right, when's the next tour, and where are you going?

Justin: We're going on tour with Dear Landlord in July for about a week after the Insubordination Fest in Baltimore. They are a great new band with Brad and Zack from Rivethead, and Adam and Brett from the Copyrights. East Coast. We've only gone there once and it was a horrible tour where every day was a 12-hour drive to a show that was just set up at the last minute. I've learned my lesson never to have two tours in a row, and go on the first without having the second completely set up. When I'm wasted every day on tour, the last thing I'm going to do is sit on a computer setting up another tour. This one should be better.

MRR: What was your favorite tour? And if you can remember it, what was your favorite moment of that tour?

Ray: I've only been on two tours with this band. So of the two, I'd have to say the first one. It was the first time I got to see all of the West Coast. We played with so many awesome bands, drank way too much warm 24-7, and got to help corrupt young Ben Conniption Fitt. Plus I lucked out: I got a girlfriend.

Daniel: I think the second West Coast tour we did was my favorite. That's the one when Steve Bennett was our drummer. I probably liked that one best just because it's the only tour we didn't lose a lot of money on, so I still had beer money left at the end of tour. My favorite moment on that was probably in San Diego, just because it was the first time I had really encountered people who actually knew our songs, and for whatever reason liked them, and sang along and shit.

Justin: They were going crazy that night. I probably liked that one the best, just 'cause it was a month long, as opposed to all of the short tours, and I got to see the Knockout Pills! I've had a blast touring with Ray and Gorky, but overall that one would have been the most fun. Second might be the tour we just went on from South By Southwest back home. I had a lot of fun, but again, it was only a little over a week long. I managed to wear myself out in that one week. By Chicago I was dead.

MRR: What van rules do you guys have, if any?

Ray: None really. At least that I know of. Fuck. I hope I haven't been breaking any!

Daniel: I actually took Ben's place on all of those rides. Nothing against the dudes in my band, 'cause they all fucking rule, but I need a change of scenery every once in a while, and it was a lot of fun riding with a different band. Plus, some dude working at a Subway in Missouri thought I was in the Modern Machines, and had me sign an autograph.

Justin: I think the only rule is that you can't listen to good music.

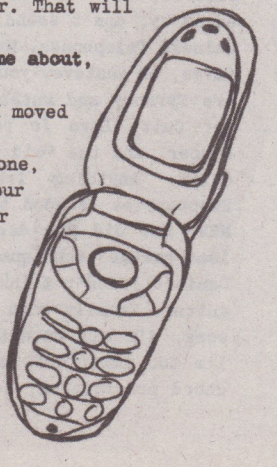
MRR: Got any new releases coming out soon?

Justin: We recorded an album down in Texas with Jeff and Mark from the Marked Men over Thanksgiving break. It's taken forever to complete, first 'cause I had to go back down and re-record vocals. We were short on time when we originally went there, so on the last night I did vocals for 13 hours straight through the night. They ended up kind of weak. Then because of the fact they both work full time, they couldn't get together to work on mixing very often. The album just got done being mixed and we don't know who is putting it out yet. I was really excited to record with them, because I love how their records sound, and I'm completely satisfied with how it ended up. Also, we're about to record for a split 7" with Dear Landlord for our tour together. That will be out before the album, oddly enough.

MRR: When did the nickname "Chi-Tels" come about, and what was its origin?

Ray: I don't know. It was like that when I moved in.

Justin: I remember I got a call from someone, maybe you, Nate, from Modern Machines tour and the person told me you were arguing over how to shorten our name. It was between Chi-tels and Chinky-phones. I think Danny won out with the more politically-correct name.



MRR: In hindsight, Chi-Tels just sounds better, anyway. Moving on. It's fair to

say that Justin Telephone is the primary songwriter in the Chi-Tels. Justin, since I've known you, you've evolved and changed as a songwriter. Grown, even. What are some of the influences at work on your more recent songs? Are there any bands you used to listen to, but which you don't really care too much about anymore? I suppose the second part of this question is open to anybody.

Justin: Well, I was really into Screeching Weasel when I was younger, then I got really into D4 for a while, so those influences would be there. They both are probably still there a bit, but living in Milwaukee I've been exposed to so many more bands that I wouldn't have heard living in Iowa. I think just a diverse mixture of a lot of bands has gotten me to change my writing style a lot. There aren't very many pop punk bands these days that I really like, but that element is still there. I think the songs have ended up a little less formulaic, where I'll sometimes end up not even repeating a chorus in some cases, and sometimes I'll repeat something a lot. I've always felt weird about repeating something too much in a song, though.

Ray: There's actually going to be a song on our split with Dear Landlord that I wrote and sing lead vocals on. So maybe you should not be such an asshole with these questions. In case you'd like to know, there's been a lot of Trepan Nation, Ambition Mission, and The Broadways on my turntable lately. So fuck you.

MRR: Touchy subject. Daniel, are you ever gonna write a song in the Chi-Tels?

Ray: I'm not mad at you, just disappointed in your lack of research for this Pulitzer-caliber interview.

Daniel: I wrote one once, but I don't think the other guys liked it. I kind of like just being a "side-guy" or whatever in this band anyway. I like the idea of having a primary songwriter in Justin, but then Ray had to go and fuck everything up by writing a song.

Justin: I don't remember you showing us a song you wrote.

MRR: Please tell the readers something they might not already know about Milwaukee.

Daniel: Milwaukee is the birthplace of the American League.

MRR: Really? That's awesome! Superior to the National League, I might add. Nine decent batters and the truth! And apparently, today's Baltimore Orioles began life as the Milwaukee Brewers, with a fifty-some year detour to St. Louis, where they were the lowly and downtrodden Browns. Hey, talk about the Uecker Seats at Miller Park for a little bit.

Daniel: When I was a kid, the local minor league team where I grew up was an Orioles farm team. They were called the Wausau Timbers, and their logo was the same as the old Baltimore Orioles logo, except instead of a baseball bat, the Oriole was swinging a huge pine tree. Uecker seats are pretty cool, 'cause they only cost a dollar. The actual seats suck, but you can go sit on the second level, 'cause the games are never packed enough. Now that the Brewers are like the best team in baseball, I'm worried that I'm gonna have to start buying real seats to see the game.

Ray: Here's a relevant Milwaukee fact for you: They stop selling beer here at 9 p.m. There's a group by the name of the The Wisconsin Tavern League. They're a pretty powerful group here in the state, especially here in the city. They're pretty much the reason why the bar smoking ban hasn't been passed in our fine city. But they've also made it so you can't buy beer from a store after 9 p.m., therefore forcing you to go out to bars. Clever bastards. So keep that in mind, touring bands. If you're going to be coming to Milwaukee after a long drive, buy beer before you get in city limits. You know, just in case.

Justin: And touring bands take note: we are aware of this. You don't have to talk on stage about how we're the beer city, but we stop selling at 9. We know. It sucks.

Daniel: Wisconsin has throughout its history had a lot of fucked up laws that only existed to help line some people's pockets. Up until the '70s it was illegal to buy or sell any kind of dairy alternative in the state. You would have to go to Illinois or Upper Michigan to buy margarine and shit. It must've sucked being vegan. It's the same shit they're doing with beer now.

Gorky: Teddy Roosevelt was almost assassinated in Milwaukee. No shit, he was shot at point blank range (on 3rd and Kilbourn) but his life was saved by a folded 88-page speech and a glasses case! The bullet fragmented, one of which ended up lodged close to his heart. He died seven years later from lead poisoning-some believe from that same bullet fragment. If that's true, does it mean Teddy was technically assassinated in Milwaukee?

Ray: Don't forget that even though he was shot while giving a speech, he didn't seek medical assistance until he was

done speaking. Somehow I doubt Dubya would do that, that fucking virgin.

MRR: What are some of your hobbies, when you're not conducting rock 'n' roll business? How about favorite TV shows, movies, books, that sort of thing.

Daniel: I'm pretty much a nerd. I really like DC comics. I only read superhero shit; none of those alterna-crap-hipster-grunge-whatever comics. I like books about religious history too.

Ray: I'm really into literature and film and music. I constantly watch American noir movies while reading 19th century French symbolist poetry and listening to obscure '60s R&B 45s.

MRR: They're hard to find because your room-er, closet-is a fucking pig sty, I hear.

Ray: Lies! How can it be a pig sty? It's just a bed, books, records and the apparati to play records. There's not even enough room for filth. Unless I start building vertically.

Justin: I love sketch and stand up comedy. There's a new show called *Human Giant* with a comedian I've seen a couple times, Aziz Ansari, that I think could be the next *Mr. Show*. It's so fucking funny. I'm going to see Upright Citizen's Brigade live this weekend in Chicago. Should be a good time. Yeah, and I watch a lot of movies.

Gorky: I just got a dog, a terrier mutt, so he's a big part of my daily activities. I like '80s and '70s horror movies, the crappier the better. I've been into these true survival books lately. You're almost guaranteed situations where someone is forced to eat his friend, drink camel piss, drink his own piss four times distilled, eat his own flesh or, if you're lucky, all four. I also like to grow tomatoes.

MRR: What are your top three or four movies, Justin?

Ray: I'm just gonna jump in and say that my top three movies are *Point Break*. I've got it on VHS, and two DVD copies. Wait...no. I gave one copy to Trainwreck Riders last time they were in town. It's my two favorite movies.

Justin: I'm not really into making lists of favorite things in any order, because it depends on my mood, so it changes all the time. Right now, I'd have to say *Magnolia*, *The Science of Sleep*, *Idiocracy*, and *Oldboy*. Those are movies I can watch again and again. Or *The Kentucky Fried Movie*, *The Godfather*, *Raging Bull*, and *The Royal Tenenbaums*.

MRR: What kind of romantic moves turn you on? What kind of girl are you looking for-assuming it is, in fact, a girl that you're looking for? Are any of you single? Maybe I'm hitting on you. Maybe I'm helping others do the same.

Daniel: I only like girls named Gorky.

Ray: I'm engaged. Back off. But if you want to get me in the mood, *Point Break* is the way to go. Hear that honey?

Justin: What a sap. Girls can hit on me all they want. I'm the single one. It probably won't work out, though. I never have anything to talk about and I'm boring.

MRR: Aw, come on, Justin. Sell yourself!

Gorky: Justin's always surrounded by girls. No kidding, he's so full of crap.

Daniel: I didn't want to get all virgin on you guys, but since Ray did it first, I'm totally in love and dating the girl I want to marry and shit, so even if I was attractive enough to warrant getting hit on, it would be pointless.

Justin: You guys are lame.

MRR: And finally, describe your dream home. And please, be specific.

Ray: I've been living in attics, basements, and closets for the past four years. At this point my dream home consists of any place where I could have some natural light.

Daniel: I don't think Ray's been awake during daylight since I've known him.

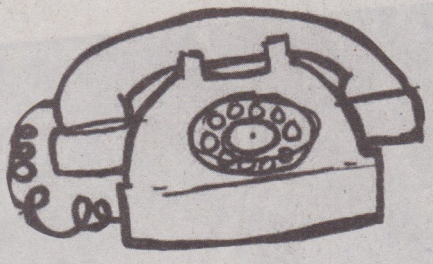
Justin: Somewhere that doesn't have a cat that pisses all over everything, but you can't hate because he's so cute. Somewhere that doesn't have sewage water back up in the basement almost ruining your bandmates' guitars.

MRR: Are you guys moving out of the famous Nextover House, home of many a classic Milwaukee recording?

Justin: We're moving out at the end of this month. I think Ben's going to still record at Rob from Bob Uecker's house.

Gorky: I've lived in all kinds of cramped, wet, hot, pissy, as well as nice and comfortable situations, but one thing stays the same: Any fuckin' place on a warm beach with a huge pit for burning large pieces of wood at night is what I'm talking about. There better be a place with decent pizza nearby too.

Daniel: Something modest. Preferably something with four swimming pools in the shape of the Black Flag bars. Other than that, I'm not too picky.



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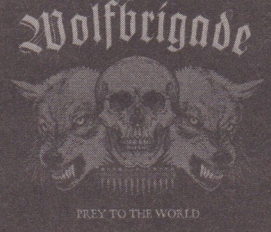

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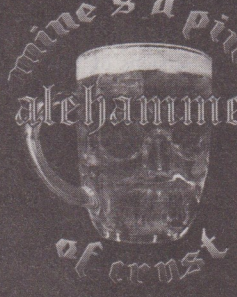

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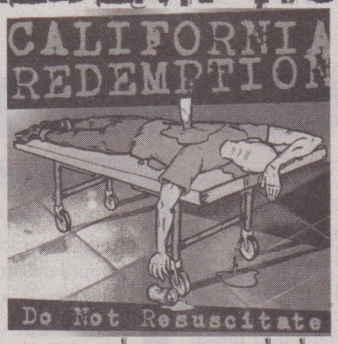

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THE END WAS INEVITABLE
THE STORY OF ANTI-SYSTEM

BY LANCE HAHN

By 1982, hardcore was the dominant tribe in punk rock, whether in the promise of Orange County's music scene finally coming to bloom in the States, or the next generation of British punks vetted on Discharge, the Exploited, and GBH. In particular for the hardcore anarcho bands and their limited space for lyrics (Discharge lyrics were often jokingly referred to as "haiku"), blunt was the adjective and blunt they were. In name, approach, and content, no one summed this up as completely as the ferocious thrash of Anti-System. From day one they were both loved and vilified for their direct and simple approach, never complicating the music too much while still keeping the energy high and the skill level tight.

Formed in the town of Bradford—a place that should carry the same weight with cider-addled crust punks as the Cavern Club—the quartet of started bashing out their raw hardcore starting in 1982. The first stable line-up consisted of Nogsy on vocals, Dom Watts on guitar, George on bass, and Phil on drums.

Dom, from *Ears of a Dead Man* fanzine #3, "The band started in September 1982 with Dom, Phil and a couple of others called George and Dave. Since then however we've undergone quite a few line-up changes."

After a few months of getting their act together and playing out, they recorded a five-song demo tape. While three of the songs would eventually be rerecorded for their debut 7" and the fifth song was barely a song at all (the required joke track), "Why Should It Happen" is a ferocious track. More reminiscent of the much-derided Exploited with its rapid-fire guitar and angry yet strangely tuneful shouted vocals, Anti-System's 1982 demo tape is a classic in a way.

The demo was popular in the right circles, resulting in the group being asked to be on Pax Records' *Punk Dead? Nah Mate, The Smell Is Just Summink In Yer Underpants Innit* compilation LP. Despite the dreadful title (certainly compared to the label's previous compilation *Wargasm*), the record gave Anti-System their first real national recognition with the songs "Man's World" and "Aftermath."

The group's first proper record was 1983's *Defense of the Realm* 7". Happy with the response to the compilation, the EP was also released by Pax Records. Though "Bomb Threat" from the demo was missing the "All Things Bright and Beautiful" intro, overall it sounds amazing, as well as polished versions of "Government Lies" and "1000 Rifles." With a great, polished studio recording, the drums sound huge and the guitars are big without getting too far into metal territory. It's often the case that a great demo is followed up by a weak and overproduced record of the same tracks. In the case of this six-song (seven if you count the intro) EP, the opposite was true. While there is certainly a charm to the humorous, more casual feel of the demo, the 7" shows the band as a powerful and proficient unit.

Clearly involved in the politics of the time with song titles like "Animal Welfare" starting the record off, the band released the EP as a benefit/fundraiser for several animal rights groups.

Dom, from *Ears of a Dead Man*, "To talk about animal abuse, well it fucking stinks—foxhunting, vivisection, the fucking lot. I have a lot of personal bitterness against people who go hunting, as I copped for a good beating when I went on a hunt sabotage at Xmas. Mick, our vocalist, is also, like myself, a vegetarian and was responsible for a bit of front page news concerning damage at the local abattoir."

The aggressive nature of their music certainly was at least something of a reflection of the group's thinking. This new generation of hardcore punks in the anarcho scene was not entirely accepting of the first wave's non-violent creed.

Dom, "I would not call myself a pacifist, as it limits the things you do. Force may very occasionally be necessary, be it by self-defense, conflict with the police, constructive vandalism or other things. However, all other violence, like the trendy morons who go out on Saturday nights to put broken glasses in each others' faces, is pathetic and contemptible."

After the success of their debut 7", the group released two more songs, "Schoolboy" and "Why Should It Happen," on the Pax

Defence Of The Realm EP

compilation *Bollox to the Gonads—Here's the Testicles*.

Despite another rather corny title for the record, it pointed out a division in the punk scene, as the band The Gonads were fronted by *Sounds* writer and Crass detractor Gary Bushell.

Dom, from *Ears of a Dead Man*, "Yeah, Crass are great in the way that they've brought stuff up to people's attention, and the music is good too—but I don't think we sound like them, and despite them being our favorite band we don't imitate or copy them at all—that would be pointless. In fact we don't count ourselves as being influenced by any band, but by what people say to us and what is going on around us."

While they did in many ways set the stage for bands like Extreme Noise Terror in the UK and Nausea in the States, their original thrash sound did have some roots that could be decoded. In particular, 1984's *No Laughing Matter* LP does not have so much a Discharge sound as that of a much heavier One Way System or Varukers. There are even moments of Motörhead shooting in and out with guitar riffs.

The LP was the marriage of the slick production of the 7" and the pure raw punk of the demo tape. While still very well recorded with big drum sounds and clear vocals, there is an overall warmer tone to the record, with none of the high-end, slightly metallic sound of the EP. "Rhetorical Stagnations" starts the record with all the elements that made the group so great—riff-heavy hardcore, a chest-beating mid-section, and then it's over in a minute and a half. Somewhere in the big riffs, fast beats, and the occasional "sample," the vocals manage to find some sort of melody in the same way someone like Lemmy can find a tune in any Motörhead riff even if it means singing along with the bass part.

Ending with a fantastic new version of "Animal Welfare," this is truly one of the most underrated hardcore records of any stripe.

With Pax Records having dissolved, *No Laughing Matter* was the start of Anti-System's relationship with Reconcile Records, who would release the remainder of the group's output.

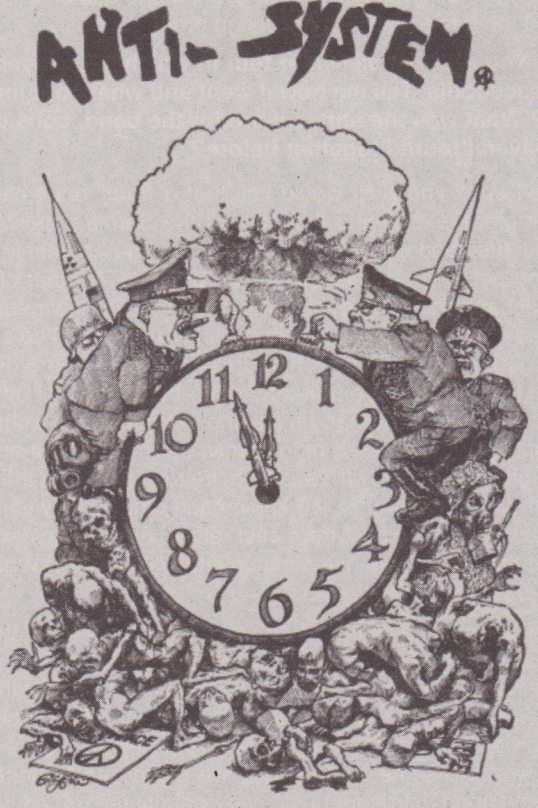
In February of 1985, the group took their first real misstep, releasing a split 7" with Morbid Humour, a group with which Anti-System had somewhat interchangeable members. An inferior version of "Strange Love" from the LP, a bit of filler with "Oh My God Pt. 1 and 2," and overall mediocre production left only one song, "So Lone As…" worth investigating. Both bands would eventually disown the record.

The final release for Anti-System was the *A Look At Life* 12". Between the release of the split with Morbid Humour and the July release of the 12", two members of the group were put in prison for their involvement with animal rights sabotage. This makes them one of the few groups whose actions and reactions from the State actually went to the extent of someone getting put away. Many more punks, inspired by people like Anti-System, would wind up going to prison for the sake of the animals. You could never accuse this band of paying any sort of lip service to the cause for any sort of personal gain. Prison is prison and it's bad no matter where you live.

With a different line-up playing on the final 12", it's still good, though missing the same vocal intensity of the previous releases. Still, with solid production, it was a much stronger release for the band to go out on than the split 7". Resurrecting the bit from "All Things Bright And Beautiful" as well as the poem from the demo tape, it let the band end on a high note.

Finally, a live LP was planned but scrapped. *Live At Sheffield Marples* is collecting dust in someone's closet.

Dom, from *Ears of a Dead Man*, "Anarchy is a far too deep and widespread subject to be able to correctly analyze. Most people look upon it as the liberation and freedom of the individual; fair enough, but I feel that that can only come about by a mass social upheaval. However, everyone makes their own contribution by starting things on a personal level—things like squats, various direct actions, etc and have created their own sort of autonomous set-up. I think it should also be remembered that a lot of the 'general public' are content to be led and actually rely upon somebody to tell them what to do—but they still need to be spoken to, and subtly persuaded towards other ways of thinking."



NO LAUGHING MATTER

VASELINE CHILDREN

Vaseline Children is probably one of the best Croatian hardcore bands around at the moment. They play fast, in your face, straight-up hardcore with great passion and a lot of energy. The band started playing in Zagreb at the end of 2005, and are quite hardworking; after just a few months they released their first CD, and are now working on their second release. The guys in the band are active in the scene, setting up gigs, writing zines, and running distros and labels. If you ever get a chance to see them live, do so—you will be blown away. The line-up is: Mario (vocals), Gajo (drums), Kiki (bass), Blaz (guitar). Interview and introduction by Mungos.

MRR: Why Vaseline Children? For the love of god?!? Or just to have another HC/punk band…?

Kiki: Yep, the name sounds like some sort of kiddie brothel, but we are a HC/punk band.

Zhbla: It's a new religion...We formed to get some money off the state and so as not to pay taxes. It's a kick ass thing—it's going great so we're recruiting followers at shows. Punks are fools, which makes them great for brainwashing...

xGajox: Well, I hope we're not just another band in the huge line of mediocre HC/punk bands these days. Everyone is very passionate about the band, which proves that we didn't create Vaseline Children out of sheer boredom or any other stupid reason. We were really fed up with bad quasi-punk bands and terrible shows so we decided to do something about it. When you want to change something, the best way is to start with yourself and that's how Vaseline Children was born. And instead of just hanging around and criticizing after we formed the band, we started working pretty seriously.

MRR: You did a small winter tour in which you played in Serbia and Macedonia. Tell me how it went and what your impressions were? What was the atmosphere for the band, considering that you haven't toured together before?

Zhbla: I don't know if I would call that a "tour" but what the hell... It went great and seeing the state of the Serbian and Macedonian scenes firsthand really cheered me up, but primarily I enjoyed hanging out with our friends that we don't see all that often. That's the most important thing: hanging out, meeting new people, getting inspired—that's the best part of playing in a band. The shows were great. The most important thing for me was seeing FxPxOx again 'cause I like them more than any other band; it might have been more important than us playing. *(laughter)* As for the atmosphere, there was a bit of stress but most of the time we laughed our asses off 'cause we are total fools, but that's all normal... The thing is, we know each other very well so we know what to expect from each other. For example, we bought the tickets and five minutes later Kiki asked, "When are we gonna get the tickets?"

xGajox: It wasn't a real tour…it was just two concerts that were organized by our dear friends from Belgrade and Skopje. We were supposed to play in Timisoara too, but that show was canceled. We had a great time—the two shows were great! We got to hang out with the people we really love, we met some new people, we played and listened to pretty good hardcore/punk, we "negotiated" a couple of punk actions, and a lot more. You couldn't experience that in any other mainstream pop rock scene that's for sure, mainly because in HC/punk there is no barrier, no distinction between the bands and the crowd. When it comes to the relationships in the band, I think we can stand each other pretty well, although there were a couple of outbreaks from Zhbla and me because we were hardcore oriented predominantly and Cane and Kiki were keener on the tourist aspects. Primarily we were there to hang out and play hardcore, while they were there to go sightseeing, etc. Anyhow, I now know what a real tour would look like. I think I'll end up like Henry Rollins in a dark corner in the rear part of the van with my headphones on. *(laughter)*

MRR: You released your first CD before the tour. Can you say something about that? The CD was released on a couple of labels in Croatia, Serbia and Macedonia... is this a good way for a band to put out music, and how much does it help the band?

Zhbla: Well yeah...there's not much to say about that really, we published the material and we feel OK with the way it turned out. I am sure that someone will complain about the production, but who gives a fuck, we are a punk band and we have neither the money nor the know-how to do better on our own.

xGajox: A release like that is a great tool to promote a band, especially when the band puts something more than just the lyrics and tracklist on the cover. We added explanations and every one of us wrote his own text about the band, the DIY hardcore punk scene, and more. I hope that those texts will get someone thinking and acting.

Zhbla: We are satisfied with everything, but I only regret that the booklet isn't any bigger, since I imagined it more like a

mini-zine with a lot more text and thoughts. But this is our first release and we did it in quite a short time span... there will be more releases and more room for improvement.

xGajox: Releasing the material from numerous labels from the Balkans is a great thing 'cause in a sense it brings the scene together and I think that this way you can get more people to listen to your band/release. Also, I think that the Balkan punk bands should try a little harder with their recordings and releases. They should put out CDs and people should know about these releases...it shouldn't be confined to just the demo recordings and the local scene.

Kiki: This is the best way to release: the DIY way. It might not be heard by a lot of people, but that's not the point—DIY bands care more about who's listening rather than how many are listening.

MRR: You are a straight edge band. There aren't a lot of bands that go for that these days. When did you start and was it on purpose or just by chance? How important is being straight edge to the band?

Zhbla: Yeah, we are a straight edge band, but we don't talk about that in our songs or during our shows... OK, we draw Xs on our hands, but it's our personal thing because we'd like to show that we are still here. It's important to mention that we got together totally by chance and we didn't look for straight edge band members—we're just hardcore/punk enthusiasts on the same wavelength, so that's the way it turned out. Frankly, I don't give a shit who's straight edge and who's not; I try to not pay attention to that. The most important thing is what the person is like, and if they are treating me like a human being. The point is to be able to interact on a human level devoid of any "labels." Who gives a shit if I drink or not—it's irrelevant—it's my own thing and I feel good about it, but I am aware that it's not for everybody so why would I try to impose my opinion on someone else?

Cane: I found out that Kiki was straight edge during the first rehearsal.

Kiki: When Gajo and Blazh started, they didn't insist on having straight edge members in the band, so it was a coincidence. I think that straight edge means more to us as individuals than as a band. We love each other and respect each other and we would do so even if someone stops being straight edge.

MRR: You have a song called "Hardcore Starts In My Room," in which you talk about people that don't do anything and that just sit back and criticize. I think that this song totally depicts the scene in Skopje, 'cause just a few people do everything, from publishing to shows and zines—it's the same in Croatia probably. Why do you think it's like that?

xGajox: I wrote that song. The text is about how, for most people, punk is just an opportunity to get wasted and have a great time at some festival, while the rest of the year those same people do nothing when it comes to punk. I've always thought that someone who's punk should be punk 24 hours a day, not just for the weekend or when it's appropriate.

Zhbla: I think it's like that with everything. Most people are just not used to doing something by themselves and for themselves. Most people don't have an interest in doing stuff 'cause they are used to being served, so why bother? It is a fact that we need fewer and fewer practical skills to be able to live in this world. Food, drinks, clothes, fun etc., we can order everything and get it in between four walls; we have the internet, we don't even need to communicate in person. It's totally bizarre. Our civilization accumulates all the knowledge of previous cultures and yet we manage to destroy it all and there are fewer and fewer things that we can do with our hands. It's the same with the scene. There are people that put themselves on the line and try to do something constructive, while others are only capable of criticism and consumerism 'cause they don't know anything better.

Cane: The easiest thing to do is to sit back and say that the scene is shit and not do anything to improve it. The problem is that the people are too lazy and they don't want to get off their asses.

Kiki: I think that it's the same everywhere because people are the same everywhere—conformists. People think of punk as something fun to do over the weekend, as a part of being an adolescent. They don't even respect the few people that do and organize everything.

MRR: Vaseline Children is a band that likes to talk between songs, which is not the case with most bands that just play the gig and leave... How important is this for a HC/punk band, laying out opinions in front of people? How important is that contact with the

"crowd"? We all know that most people prefer bands that just play to bands that have something to say.

Cane: Talking between songs is hardcore! It's important for bands that have something to say to talk on stage. And it doesn't have to be some already chewed-up sentence; it should be an honest opinion of the person doing the talking.

xGajox: Right from the beginning of Vaseline Children, we decided that we would always talk at our shows. It's really important to express our thoughts and opinions and the issues that our lyrics are about. I don't think that it should be done by any and every HC/punk band, but I think that it's a great way to share your thoughts with the others and try and initiate some sort of communication or discussion.

Zhbla: It's really important for us... I don't have anything against bands that just want to play songs out without a story, but I am always disappointed when listening to some foreign band that doesn't say anything beside their name. You know, when I get to another town in another state I want to find out how people live there, what they have to say, etc. I don't give a shit about their record collections, I want to hang out, learn something new, I want to say what I think, express my opinions, tell people why I am there. Maybe I'll inspire someone the same way numerous bands and people inspired me when I was getting into this punk thing.

MRR: I'd say that the style of hardcore you are playing is heavily influenced by the Tear It Up sound. Since Tear It Up has gone to greener pastures, is there a band that can replace them? Maybe Vaseline Children? What do you like to listen at home?

xGajox: Tear It Up is a band that has influenced me a good deal in the past two years. I have played their releases over and over, read their lyrics and interviews, and thought "That's it, that's a real example of a punk band!" So they definitely have a certain amount of influence on us.

Zhbla: As for being the band that would replace them, I don't know. It doesn't really matter as long as I have the *Nothing To Nothing* LP at home. Mostly, I listen to the hardcore classics and everything that's worth it from the new bands, which luckily we have more and more of every day. My top five in the last couple of days: Bad Brains ROIR tape, NoMeansNo *Wrong*, The New Bomb Turks *Destroy Oh Boy!*, Imperial Leather *Something Out Of Nothing*, Bikini Kill *Reject All American*.

xGajox: I listen to heaps of music, mostly hardcore and punk from the '80s, which lately includes Descendents/All, Black Flag, Adolescents, Circle Jerks, Ill Repute, Hated Youth, Tear It Up, The Rites, FxPxOx, Final Approach, Bad Religion, Down By Law, Dag Nasty, Moving Targets, early DC bands, early Boston bands, etc.

Kiki: Lately I've been listening to HC/punk bands from the early '80s all the way to the '00s (Ill Repute, I Object, Senata Fox, The Tangled Lines…), as well as power-violence and underground hip-hop.

Cane: I listen to a lot of bands: Black Flag, Inside Out, Children of Fall, AK 47, Rambo, I Object, Heaven Shall Burn, Endstand, The Now Denial, The Plague Mass, Sick Of It All, Johnny Cash, FPO, Panaceja, I Walk the Line, The Victims, Let's Grow...We could do this all day...

MRR: The scene here in Macedonia is a bit down lately...fewer and fewer people come to shows and nobody cares about hardcore. How is the scene like in Zagreb and Croatia? Can a band like Vaseline Children influence the scene in a positive way?

Zhbla: Let's say that back home going to a show is equal to any other weekend pastime. In a park, a bar, a discothèque, or a punk gig, most of the people perceive it as the same thing I'd say... It's a sad thing since it means that the punk scene has lost every point of it's existence besides the cheap fun aspect... I don't know if it was ever a real threat but I think that the scene has seen better days when it comes to its subversive role. We, as a band, can swing our dicks at our heads but we won't change a thing... it might be a bit pessimistic but that's my conclusion and it's an accurate one I think. Sometimes we try to have a totally positive approach at our shows, we talk, we try, and still people give us shit. Sometimes we are negative and that's not good either, and if we would stop talking and start asking questions there would most certainly be someone to give us shit for that as well.

xGajox: I think that it would be best for the scene in the former Yugoslavia to get even more connected because of the disadvantages and advantages of the different states. For instance, Slovenia has the best places to organize gigs in, Croatia has the best zines, while all those countries, Macedonia, Serbia, Croatia and Slovenia, have great bands and individuals that try really hard to keep the DIY HC/punk scene alive. I hope that Vaseline Children can positively influence the scene. Time will tell how we influenced the punk scene on the Balkans both as a band and as individuals.

Kiki: I think that the scene here was actually worse off two to three years ago. Today we have a rise in the number of published zines and in the interest about zines. I'm really curious how it will be half a year from now. In Croatia in general, there are places where it's better and places where it's worse. We'll see how the young generation will develop.

MRR: In Macedonia everything is focused in Skopje—almost half the population lives in Skopje. It can be fucked up since everything happens here and the rest of the people in the other towns get fucked over, depressed, and frustrated about not living in Skopje, so everyone wants to move to Skopje. Tell me about the situation in Croatia—I know that Blazh comes from a small place in Croatia—what is it like, living in a small place and how does that influence a person? Do people in the big city accept people that come from the small towns?

Cane: Zagreb is the biggest city and there is a longer tradition

of hardcore punk there. The people either hate Zagreb and its citizens or can't picture life outside of Zagreb.

Zhbla: Well, Zagreb is kind of the center and there are a lot of things going on there but there are a few towns with functioning scenes—Rijeka, for example—and there are a few enthusiasts that try to do something everywhere, but the fact is that most of those people go to college so they end up living in Zagreb, which means that their local scene is losing people.

xGajox: Most of the capital pours into Zagreb; a bunch of people go there to study, work, or live. I don't know what else to say... I think it's the same in Serbia as well.

Kiki: Some come here to study, like Blazh, and some do other things that fall into the category of a "better life." Some regions of Croatia are really OK—they live and develop from tourism—but there are parts that are totally fucked and marginalized. Mostly it can be blamed on the war. A lot of the young people from the villages leave their homes and go to Zagreb because they have nothing to live off of. The small towns tend to be monotonous and depressing, good for raising a family but totally repulsive to young people. A lot of people with Croatian origins came from Bosnia and Herzegovina to live here and usually they bring with them a conservative outlook and habits. People from the big cities usually accept the people from small towns pretty well.

MRR: As far as I know, Croatia will become a member of NATO in 2007 and probably a member of the EU shortly after that. How does it reflect on Croatia and the average person there? What do people think about it? What do you think about it?

Zhbla: Croatia will spend a heap of money kissing up to Europe and elevating the military standard to NATO levels, while there are people that don't get paid for months but still go to work. The average guy doesn't care and takes solace in the fact that there is someone worse off than he is. (The old saying: if I lose a cow, may my neighbor lose two.) The average guy doesn't think anything either for the EU or NATO—the main thing is to have something to eat, to drink, and to fuck, and to have the driveway covered with asphalt during the campaign for the elections. This is too sarcastic but it's regretfully too close to the truth. Honestly, I thought about these things a lot and the fact is that the negative effects vastly outnumber the positive. The EU needs to maintain the apparent stability it claims it has here. This deal in its essence is like every other pact of its sort; its sole purpose is the transfer of finances and goods rather than human rights. If you are rich, you are equally well off in Germany, Croatia, or Serbia and if you belong to the working class then you are fucked wherever you are.

xGajox: There are people that are for or against Croatia becoming a member of the EU and NATO. We'll certainly become a part of the EU sooner or later, so busting your head on pro and con arguments doesn't make a lot of sense. As a lot of other people, I'm not too thrilled with the prospects, but I still think that there will be something positive out of it also. It's still in mid air and one can not say for certain what it'll be like. When Croatia becomes a member, then we will know where we are.

Kiki: People have a critical attitude towards it, especially the NATO part. The NATO integration is the politicians' decision and that's why they won't do a referendum, so there's not much we can do. I don't thing that getting into EU and NATO is something really negative apart from the fact that everything will become regulated. It's all the same, whether we live alone or in the EU, we are still slaves to the laws or the local big shots.

Cane: When Croatia becomes a member of the EU, it won't be so hard to get a US visa and that will be the single most positive thing that affects us as a band. Average people are mostly afraid that they will lose their national identity and that people will still be working crappy jobs for a lousy salary and the guys on top after kissing up to the EU authorities will still be in the best position.

MRR: OK, I think that's it so tell me something on the end—your future plans, anything else you want to say…

Zhbla: A 7" for Thrashbastard Tecords from Germany, a spilt 7" for Third Party, some split CD, playing, recording, hanging out, and riding a bike, love, fights, laughter…life as usual...

Cane: If anyone wants to know anything about us, give us a shout. Communication is the key to everything!

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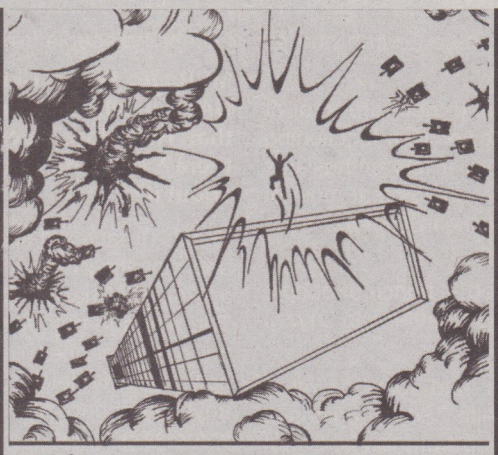

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edited by Chris Duncan - *$15.95*
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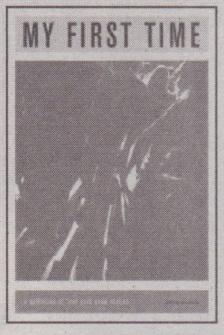

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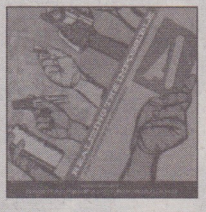

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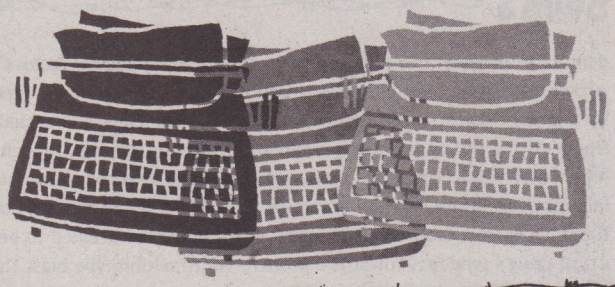
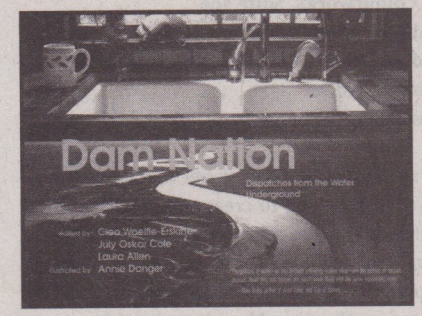




Dam Nation: Dispatches from the Water Underground
Edited by Cleo Woelfle-Erskine, et al, illustrated by Annie Danger
416 pages • $19.95
Soft Skull Press
55 Washington Street, Suite 804
Brooklyn, NY 11201
www.softskull.com

Lurking beyond your faucet is the mega dam, a behemoth of concrete and steel that obstructs the river like a blood clot, depriving the ecosystem of nutrients and ultimately of life. Salmon are sliced to pieces by the turbines and silt piles up behind the impermeable wall, starving the land downriver. These dams have displaced people and wildlife, killed off salmon runs, and wreaked economic disaster not only to tribes whose economies rely on the salmon run, but also to farmers who have come to depend on irrigation and a seemingly endless supply of water. But the water is not limitless. Reservoirs are being depleted, water tables are dropping and wells are drying up.

The Western philosophy of river management perpetuates the notion that free-flowing water is wasted water. In some cases, every drop is siphoned off for residential, agricultural, and industrial use. The damming of rivers has provided the means by which huge metropolises have been able to thrive in the desert. Lawns are watered, cars are washed, and swimming pools are filled without a thought to where the water is coming from. In the case of Arizona, water is pumped over three mountain ranges to arrive in lands that receive less than eight inches of rainfall a year. But it is no wonder that city-dwellers—present company not excluded—do not think about the devastation brought about by this irresponsible consumption, for, as Cleo Woelfle-Erskine states in the book *Dam Nation* (Soft Skull, $19.95), "It has been woven so tightly into the fabric of our lives that it was become invisible." It was partly this ignorance and alienation that led to the demise of the ancient civilizations of Rome and Babylon.

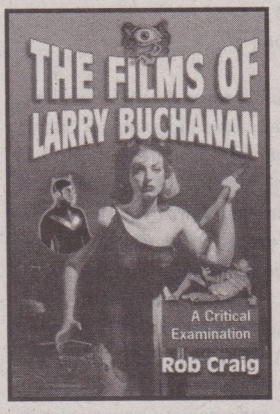
The opening chapters of the book paint a pretty bleak picture of the water scene in North America and around the world. But, just as you are about to slit your wrists, the authors deliver an onslaught of reason aimed at the near-sighted manner in which we view and use water. The book takes you on a world tour of communities that are putting up a fight against dams and other forms of unsustainable water management. At the forefront of the fight against dams in North America are indigenous tribes. From the Klallam tribes of the Pacific Northwest to the Cree and Inuit in Quebec, people are getting together to bring down the dams that are destroying their ancestral homeland and their traditional way of life.

When the two dams on the Elwha River in Washington State were up for relicensing, the Klallam tribes fought for dam removal and won. They managed to convince the federal government, the National Park Service, and the people of Port Angeles that it was no longer necessary for the dams to exist and that they were actually detrimental to the region's entire economy. The dams are scheduled to be removed in 2008. With the dams gone, clam-producing beaches will return to their original size and the salmon run is expected to make a full comeback over the next twenty years.

But what can you and I do, living in the city far away from the dams that bring us our water? Disconnect from the water grid, of course, by building your very own wastewater treatment wetland in your backyard! And if this sounds far-fetched or complicated, the Greywater Guerrillas provide detailed instructions on how to re-plumb your landlord's house. With some basic plumbing skills, you can reroute the greywater from the sink and shower to flow into a series of cisterns and bathtubs where it is purified by micro-organisms and aquatic plants. Then you can use the purified water to water the garden.

After an extensive run down on sewage treatment plants, the Greywater Guerrillas show you how to build various models of composting toilets using examples from around the world. These actions may seem small, but if we are ever going to wean ourselves off our excessive water consumption, these primary steps need to be taken to lay the groundwork for the overhauling of the entire system.

With chapter titles such as "Up Shit Creek and How We Got There" and "The Poop and Pee Revolution" this book is anything but dry. It is both serious and light-hearted. I walked away from it feeling enlightened and hopeful, rather than depressed and angry. To see so many people engaged in resistance against the powers that be is inspiring. Although there has been significant damage done to the water systems of the world, there is still hope for restoration and recovery. Before I go to the hardware store, I'll sign off with this quote from the end of *Dam Nation*, "How long is a century to a river? The blink of an eye."
—Damien Harris



The Films of Larry Buchanan
Rob Craig
271 pages • $39.95
McFarland
www.mcfarlandpub.com

There are goods movies, and there are bad ones; certainly we all know that. Most of us are as well aware that beyond the category of *bad* films lies another, the "so bad it's good" category. Well, unbeknownst to many people, beyond this even yet is the class of films that are so bad, so amiss, that academic studies and structuralist critique are required to justify the watching of them; so inept, yet oddly ingenious. Archetypal B-film makers such as Ed Wood, Russ Meyer or Roger Corman produced works of art that are horrible, though still rather indearing; these directors have over time become increasingly well-known and subject to more appreciation than most directors of standard Hollywood-fare films of these respective periods (and make a good case for relativism, I reluctantly admit). Larry Buchanan, however, is in this ultimately transcendent caste of movie directors whose work alternates between the surreal and hyper-real in so erratic a fluctuation it could never be formulated or copied. The word *kitsch* (as would apply to Wood or Corman) isn't an apt branding of his style; Buchanan, like Andy Milligan (or even the brilliant Jess Franco), is really an *outsider*-surrealist (to invent a phrase). Buchanan's films are fucking weird.

Cult film writer Rob Craig has taken on the impressive task of giving us this structuralist breakdown of Buchanan's work, for the large part on a scene-by-scene basis. Each of Buchanan's movies are broken down in a manner only aca-

demia can provide, often diving so deep into psychological factors and social structures that any overt themes of the films discussed become overshadowed by a larger, almost anthropological interpretation. Class and sexual angst are frequently, if not constantly, examined throughout the text, though at times I feel that I really could have done without this psychoanalytic side of this (almost *over-*) interpretation. All this is interesting, but in the end I really question how correct Craig really is; many of these themes seemed to be the product of Craig's tendency towards a positive-confirmation type bias. Though I initially found this ludicrous, the author repeatedly employs Hegel and Socrates as tools for interpretation, and the thesis/antithesis relationship is shown to be everywhere from opposing characters to thematic emphasis to the contrasts in the lighting. It never would have occurred to me to consider the dialogues in these films to be Socratic, but as I re-watched a few of them I admit Craig actually makes a good case (though this could be that positive-confirmation bias creeping in again). Zontar *is* a logical being.

The Films of Larry Buchanan is the first critical interpretation of this otherwise obscure director; Craig is unbelievably thorough, and I can't imagine that another would ever be necessary. As a reader, I am extremely weary of over-interpretation—I can't fucking stand it. But like I said above, Craig makes a pretty damn good case for his claims. What I'm trying to get to is a warning about the density of the text: *The Films of Larry Buchanan* is best as a reference book; this isn't a light read, even if you are as interested in Buchanan as I am. I personally loved reading it, but I am already familiar with these truly horrible movies. It would be irresponsible to recommend this as an introduction to Buchanan, but if you are looking for an exhaustingly thorough run-down on his films then this is the ideal product. There are many exploitation directors that are more proper choices for such a book in my opinion, but regardless this is a valuable work of film history.
—Spencer Horne

Durruti in the Spanish Revolution
Abel Paz
795 pages • $27.95
AK Press
674A 23rd Street
Oakland, CA 94612

This is the first unabridged English translation of Abel Paz's totally epic biography of Spanish revolutionary Beunaventura Durruti, which was originally published in the '70s. For those who aren't familiar with him, Durruti was prominent anarchist in the 1920s and '30s who was incredibly active in the National Confederation of Labor (CNT), Spain's leading Anarcho-Syndicalist union. Given the state of the anarchist movement (at least in the USA) these days you might think, "Anarcho-Syndicalist union? That's not saying much..." but the CNT at the time was one of Spain's most powerful unions and a leader in the fight against fascism. Durruti was at the forefront of these movements and was definitely a celebrity in Spain. He also is credited with the oh so popular "We carry a new world in our hearts" slogan.

At over 700 pages of text plus tons of pictures, maps and footnotes, *Durruti in the Spanish Civil War* is certainly exhaustive. It is written, or at least translated, in an amusingly banal tone given the events that it is recounting. Durruti and his fellow revolutionaries were doing things that would certainly make for an exciting film—robbing banks, participating in massive strikes, shooting at the Man, being shot at by the Man, etc. The book is decidedly sympathetic to Durruti and the cause for which he was fighting. Abel Paz, the author, was fifteen when the Spanish Revolution broke out in 1936 and fought against Franco. He returned to Spain after Franco had won and was a guerilla fighter before being captured and spending eleven years in prison.

Durruti in the Spanish Civil War is definitely recommended. Beyond recounting the life and times of Beunaventura Durruti, it gives a pretty thorough account of the social struggles and revolution that took place in the Spain. Although the book could be taken as disheartening because working class social movements are not currently at the level they were in the early 20th century, it is also one example that another world is possible.
—Isaac Pririe

Better to Reign in Hell: Serial Killers, Media Killers, and the FBI
Stephen Milligan
256 pages • $18.95
Headpress
The Colourworks, Suite 306
2a Abbot Street
London, E8 3DP
United Kingdom
www.headpress.com

The underlying thesis of *Better to Reign in Hell*—that the FBI helped to create and fuel the serial killer panic of the 1980s in the interest of self-promotion—will be of no surprise to anyone familiar with the history of the Bureau under the ruthlessly opportunistic Mr. Hoover (a history that Milligen recaps with admirable saliency and brevity in this book). For that matter, anyone who's aware of how much time and effort bureaucratic organizations often spend to justify their activities and ensure their continued existence should be unsurprised at such a claim, or that the author is able to marshal plenty of evidence in support of it.

Although Milligen also names the New Right as culpable promoters of The Great Serial Killer Panic (as well as giving due credit to the law enforcement agencies that were willing to close old cases by dumping them on highly-mobile, stranger-killing supercriminals), to my mind he greatly simplifies the interplay of various societal forces involved in creating and maintaining a hysterical level of concern over statistically insignificant dangers. This does make the delineation of the proposed process tidy, however, at least until he dips into Media Studies to flesh out his picture. A more thorough index would have been especially welcome at that point, incidentally.

Milligen makes a good case, as have others, for being especially skeptical of the remarkable claims made by the FBI's high-profile Behavioral Sciences Unit, as a scrutiny of the facts makes it doubtful that they've ever done much to actually assist in the solving of any crimes. (But, to their credit [this month in MRR: Our Salute to the FBI!], it was a "supervisory special agent" of the B.S.U., Kenneth Lannning, who released the report, "Satanic, Occult, Ritualistic Crime: A Law Enforcement Perspective," that attempted (and, to a degree, succeeded) to put the brakes on the related Satanic panic. Why didn't the FBI attempt to whip up as much frenzy as possible in that instance? Unless it's true that members of the International Satanic Conspiracy have thoroughly infiltrated every law enforcement agency...oh, Shit...). Milligen utilizes some well-chosen quotes: Lippman's "...what thwarts the growth of our civilization [in America] is not the uncanny, malicious contrivance of the plutocracy, but the faltering method of the distracted soul, and the murky vision of what we grandiloquently call the will of the people," for instance. Less effectively, he employs the academic standard of referring, via endnotes, to numerous sources that are presumably in some manner authoritative. An example, chosen after a few moments browsing: "The media panic over serial killers began during the 1970s with high profile 'lurid newspaper reports' (87) about 'multiple murderers' whose ghoulish activities shocked and alarmed the public." The endnote refers to *The Riverman* by Keppel and Birnes, which might well be an accurate recounting of something or other or might be a novel that uses the pithy 'lurid newspaper reports' phrase: either way, many of the sources quoted and paraphrased in that manner don't especially bolster Milligen's position (though they don't detract from it, either). Fortunately, he has also marshaled plenty of documentation, and it is the manner in which he presents them that makes Better to Reign in Hell worthwhile, though far from Headpress' landmark examination of snuff film mythology, Killing For Culture, the most obvious point of comparison.
—Michael Lucas

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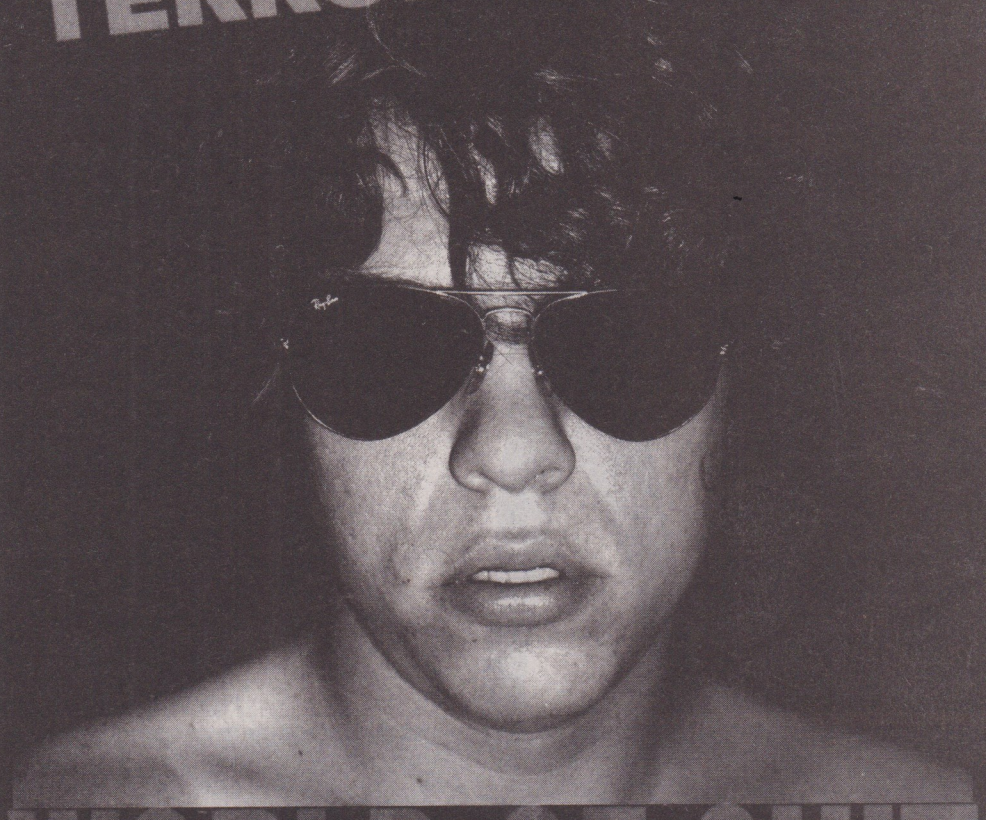

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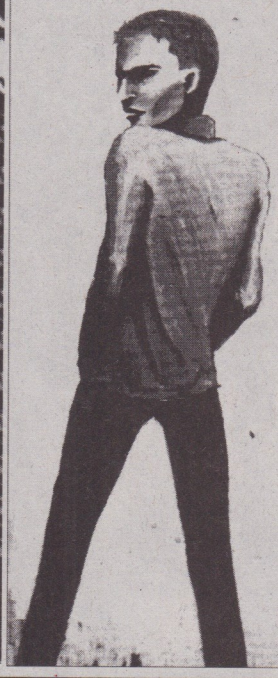

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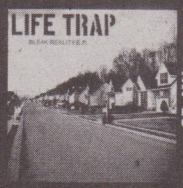

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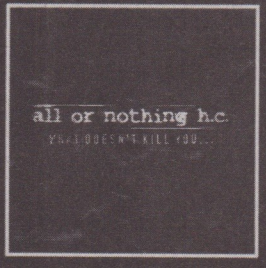

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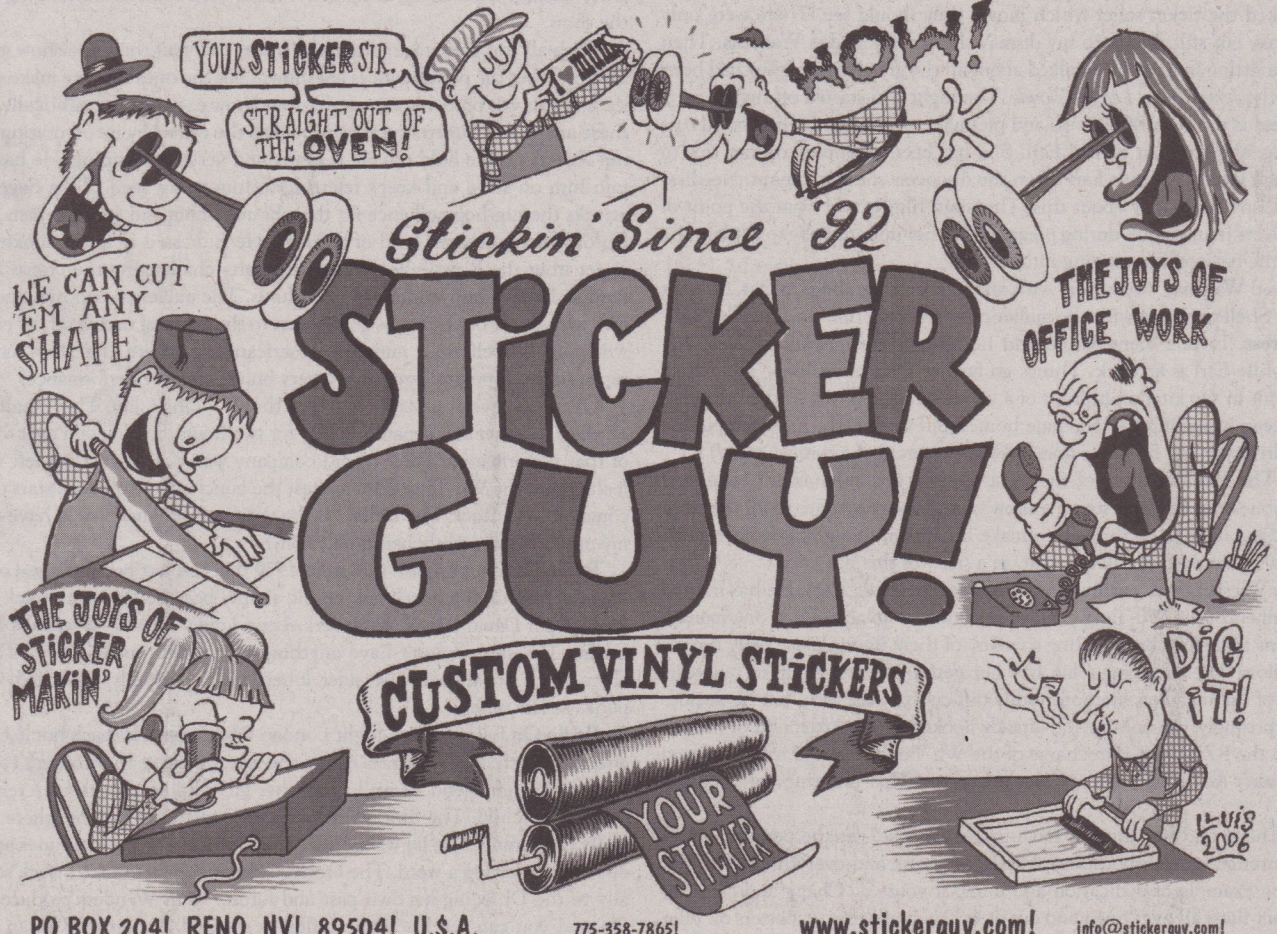

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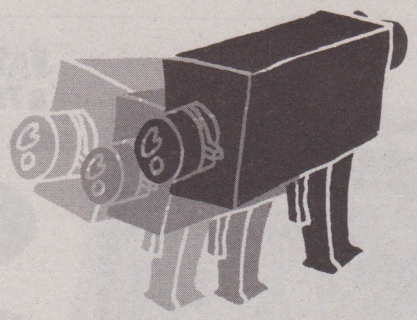

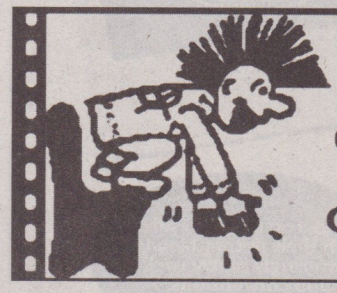

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

It's summer so it's a good time to see one of those good old chick flicks. Well, that is if you're a girl 'cos boys just don't like them no matter how different, interesting, or well made they are. I dragged my man to see **Waitress**. Of course, I am not going to go see one of those obvious Hollywood romance comedies. We live in Oakland now so I am still trying to figure out the movie-going habits of the crowds. I had it so down after sixteen years in San Francisco that I could almost always avoid annoying crowds. So now I am learning about baby brigades, all-ages day at my favorite usually 21-and-over theater (they serve beer) and of course, how to avoid the people who want to talk before, during, and after the film.

For **Waitress** we weren't so lucky. 7:00 p.m. on a Saturday night is not a good time for this year's trendy indie film. For starters, the older couple about four up in line asked the ticket seller which movie they should see. There were only two choices, but still. Much to my dismay she recommended **Waitress**. Then the people sitting in front of us talked about all the great theater they had been seeing lately: *Jersey Boys*, *Legally Blonde*. The night had started off right.

Waitress is the story of waitress and pie-maker Jenna. Jenna is married to a controlling, abusive man named Earl. She has been scrimping on her tips to save enough money to leave Earl when she discovers she is pregnant. Needless to say she isn't too happy about this. The main film is told from the point of view of letters Jenna writes during pregnancy to her unborn baby to explain the situation the baby will be coming into.

I enjoyed **Waitress**' sweet story with an unexpected ending. In fact, director Adrienne Shelley played with the audience's preconceptions of films throughout **Waitress**. In one scene Jenna and her doctor are making a pie in her kitchen while Earl is at work. Things go farther than piemaking. The whole scene is shot in the kitchen in front of a window that looks onto the driveway. You just keep expecting Earl to come home from work early, his truck pulling into the driveway, but he never does. (www.foxsearchlight.com/waitress/)

Rock The Bells was one of the most stressful documentaries I have ever seen. Anyone who has ever set up a show of any size can relate to all the nonsense that you have to go through to make it happen, though probably no one reading *MRR* has ever or will ever put on a show of this size.

Chang Wiesberg was putting on a hip-hop festival in 2004. He has invited a few members of the Wu-Tang Clan to perform as solo acts. Then one manager mentions that since he is getting so many of them in one place, why not try for a reunion? The Wu-Tang Clan had not performed as a group in ten years and most of the members are notoriously difficult to deal with, but he decides to try. Surprisingly, the ones he has already booked agree. After a bit of negotiating with the RZA, who is in charge of the Wu-Tang Clan and is kind of mad that he wasn't asked first, agrees to let it happen. That unfortunately, was the easy part.

Now Chang and his assistant have to get a venue, get the permits, set up security, arrange for transportation, hotels, advertise and everything else. It is an amazing example of dedication and doing it yourself. Chang and crew are handing out fliers all over town and out at 4:00 a.m. putting up posters on telephone poles. There is a funny scene where Chang is meeting with the police to discuss permits. The police are citing past shows Chang has put on, mentioning how much it cost the police department to deal with the problems. Chang tells the camera that if this were a punk show, the police wouldn't have a problem with it. I don't think that is true even in 2007, but someone needs to show Chang some of the footage of punks and police in the early days in Southern California. Compared to that, his police problems were nonexistent. Even when they want the police to come at one point they don't show up.

When the day of the show arrives, there are more problems. The doors open late when the security crew doesn't show up. Then the line circles around the entire parking lot. Some people end up waiting in line for three hours while the security crew, made up of a few older guys and a bunch of kids, thoroughly search everyone as they enter the gate. When people start getting fed up, they charge the gate. Chang tries to calm everyone down, but has little success since the show is half over and these people have been waiting too long. He finally just opens the gate and lets everyone in without being searched.

Then there are problems during the show. The opening band plays too long, ignoring the stage manager as he tries to get them off the stage. Then CD players break down leaving one of acts to go a cappella. Personally disappointing since I thought all hip-hop DJs still used vinyl. Then the worst of all is whether the Wu Tang Clan will actually show up. Cappadonna missed two planes out of New York, Redman is complaining about not having any marijuana and Ol' Dirty Bastard is holed up in his hotel room with some crack refusing to go to the show.

With all this backstage insanity it is easy to forget there is a show going on. Only a few of the performances are shown, but the ones that are make you realize that this was probably a great show and how exciting and politically charged these artists are. Supernatural warms up to the crowd by incorporating into his rap objects people hold up. He is funny and very entertaining. He has his son join him on stage and keeps referring to him as his seed. Then Sage Francis attacks the hip-hop audience for their homophobia and consumerism. Francis' performance starts out kind of ordinary. He is dressed in a wig, looking like a reject from the Beastie Boys. Then he starts challenging the crowd and it is hard to believe how confrontational he is. The audience boo him and assault him with trash, but he keeps going even to the point of taking off his pants and wrapping himself in a mutated American flag where the stars have been replaced by corporate logos. It is a very brave, creative performance.

Of course, everyone is there to see the Wu Tang Clan. They finally all get on stage together and apparently play for two hours, but you don't get to see any of that performance. Their record company won't allow it. I am left with the feeling that the Wu-Tang Clan are just the bunch of asshole rock stars that they come off as in **Rock The Bells**. Maybe their performance would have changed my mind. (www.rockthebellsmovie.com)

Radio On is an English film from 1979 that has just been released on DVD. It is referred to as a post-punk classic simply because the soundtrack features music from David Bowie, Kraftwerk, Lene Lovic, DEVO, Wreckless Eric and others. The story doesn't have anything to do with punks per se. The main character is an alienated outsider loner, which probably resonated with the punks at the time.

Radio On follows a late-night London DJ as he travels back home to Bristol after the death of his brother. Along the way, he meets his brother's roommate and possible girlfriend, as well as another girl who he tries to help regain custody of her child. The film is slow with long scenes of driving where nothing really happening. The DJ walks into a bar sits down for a few minutes and walks out without saying a word. The brother's death begins to take a back seat literally to the DJ facing his own past and future. Wim Wenders produced **Radio On** and you can see his filmic influence as well as that of Russian director

Andrei Tarkovsky. It also bares a similarity to **Rude Boy** without the concert interruptions. (www.plexifilm.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area, let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it.

FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI

ANIMAL LOVERS

On the opening day showing of **Zoo**, only men were in the audience. The rare moments of conversation were muffled and sometimes almost whispered, making you feel as if crossing into the domain of the taboo. **Zoo** is that rare documentary (perhaps unique) addressing the topic of zoophilia; a term like "bestiality" is too crude and maybe inaccurate for the events that transpire here.

The subject is a common forum for jokes, and most of the time it gets laughs despite the fact that it's often more out of nervousness than amusement. Director Robinson Devor has produced a strikingly tasteful documentary told through reenactments and off-screen interviews with the real protagonists, identified by their email handles. While some may try to argue that the film is sensationalistic (criticism typically made by people who haven't seen the film), audiences find that even their base curiosity transforms into a fascination for a sub-culture that's inexplicable for most. And it all starts with the internet.

A scion of rural, middle-America—calling himself "Coyote"—found himself amazed by the volume of material available to an average citizen. A modest mine could travel the virtual world and investigate rare subjects of every type. His curiosity led to contact with men like "The Happy Horseman," and he eventually drove to Washington State, where nearly all of these events take place.

These two men and several select others become part an illicit underground revolving. Only a very few would be allowed into the circle; according to participants, even then what happened could be innocuous on the surface level—not so much overtly sexual so much as a dark fascination.

One woman describes a contact with horses that might be called therapeutic. Suffering from the painful after-effects of breast cancer treatment, most the nights were lonely and excruciating. Somehow, being with a horse offered a sort of relief—the calm presence of another creature willing provided a kind of deep psychological support, and she's almost certain that this gentle, silent accompaniment was provided willingly. The relationship, as such, was wordless. The cancer survivor claims that she probably could not have survived the period without this support.

In one of the film's most striking moments, even talk radio host Rush Limbaugh details the ambiguous and unique bond behind man and horse—suggesting that the bond might cross some unspoken boundaries.

Western culture, and particularly that of the US, has always shown a contradictory attitude toward animals—and it ranges from disdain to adoration. Horses, however, occupy a particularly high status. **The Horse Whisperer** was the partly true story of a man able to communicate with the animals, and there were times when its treatment was mysterious and almost worshipful. **Seabiscuit** pushed the horse to the status of national hero and legend. Also fact-based (albeit vaguely), **Phar-lap** raised the stakes and turned the horse into an international hero traveling halfway across the world. There are, of course, many others, but one of the most overlooked is Peter Schaffer's widely-acclaimed **Equus**, which was also a stage hit, featuring a human who distorts his physique and crosses a boundary to emulate a real horse. Clearly, there's something about the horse that captures the admiration.

It should be noted that the film makes every attempt to portray this sensational topic as almost artful. In fact, the derogatory term, "bestiality," is scarcely mentioned. **Zoo** tries to make the point that there's a wide spectrum in the relationship between man and animal, and some intersections aren't fully understood.

Zoo has mostly restrained, tasteful reenactments. A wagon of miners rolling into the light of day; a middle-aged man on his side at night, unable to sleep; a stable of horses restless in their paddock... This film collects moments that might otherwise seem trivial, but become arresting through the gradual buildup of tension. And these events might have forever remained obscure if not for the death of Kenneth Pinyan, a trusted worker in the aerospace industry. His condition turned fatal after being left outside a hospital late at night. The ensuing investigation came up with a video tape and the case of an unsolved death exploded onto the headlines.

Director Devor does his best to humanize the story. Once or twice, it's a hard sell. After a few telling interviews building towards describing sex with a horse, we hear rationalizations along the lines of, "You know, it isn't as if you're having a deep discussion on philosophy" with the animals. As much as you rationalize things, it comes down to sex with livestock. Director Devor stops short of judgment, but he also stops short of fully dealing with the harder issues. The exploitation of animals in our culture is industrial in scale, and it's interesting how the mere mention of sex—not violence—brings up such self-righteous ire.

The Rape of Europa has enough concentrated fury to justify three directors. Based on the book by Lynn Nicholas (who also appears on screen to guide the narrative), this documentary tells of an internationally known travesty: The hoarding of great art works by Nazis during World War II. Perhaps it's a familiar story in some ways, but it's also intriguing in others—a drama that's still unfolding, sixty years after the end of the war itself.

The film is first making appearances in only a handful of American theaters. The trio of directors—Richard Berge, Bonni Cohen, and Nicole Newham—has taken what's clearly a labor of love to another level: While most of the art has been recovered, the repatriation process has proven to be a more delicate matter. Some nations have willingly returned stolen art of various types to their owners (like reuniting Jewish religious pieces to temples), some have balked. A few Russian art conservators sometimes feel that these paintings symbolize the precious loss of a generation. As the years pass, the art becomes an integral part of their social history and identity, and each passing year weakens the links between the past and present.

In the mid-'20s, a younger Hitler actually tried to build a career as a painter, and was rebuffed for having a dull style. (To this day, the art—mostly pastoral scenes—are too controversial to be exhibited, even for historical purposes.) Hitler's lack of artistic talent would open his darker side—and his main genius—as a propagandist. After a failed coup, Hitler wrote his manifesto *Mein Kampf*, which bitterly championed social and racial purity and the creation of a new Germany. His ideas included the rebirth of a simpler, purer art (coinciding with his own fairly backward tastes), enforced by a violent nationalism. Years later, when Hitler's trucks rolled over Poland, he vacuumed the country of art treasures while razing Europe's architecture. There's strong evidence that the focus on art was deliberate. His vaults soon filled with paintings and sculptures, turning former museums into empty halls, and commander Hermann Goering won possession of his own vault of treasures.

Paradoxically, this may have had least one positive effect: As bombs turned one city after another into smoldering ruins, the heart of Western art heritage was relatively secure, hidden in various underground caches, Frankfurt Mansion, and the remote Neuschwanstein Castle.

France was particularly inventive in preserving its artistic heritage. As soon as German armies threatened, much of the art was quickly and silently spirited away to remote locations. The pieces that remained were meticulously catalogued; later, that catalogue served as the key to determining where the many precious pieces were hidden.

When Germany lost the war, it was up to the "monument men" to return the films: enlisted men with expertise in fine art. After combing obscure locations throughout Europe, these men would be among the select few to have a private audience with a wide selection of European masterpieces. Many pieces would vanish from view for decades, only to suddenly reappear in an auction. Frequently, owners aren't even aware of the art's past, and only then can they be returned to museums.

The Rape of Europa is like participating in the discovery of lost art first hand. Somehow, it manages to be hopeful and exciting. It's a rarity well worth searching out.

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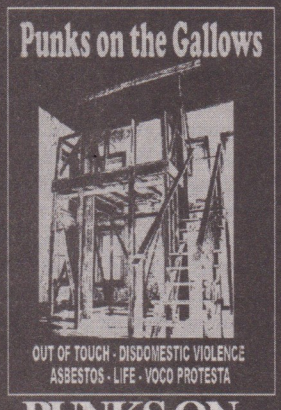

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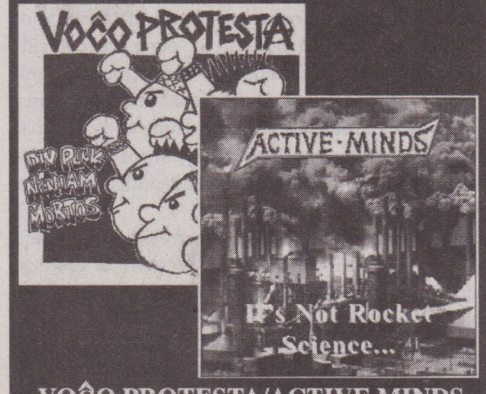

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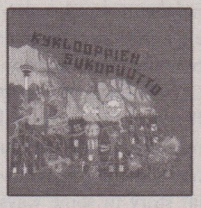

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AKTIV DÖDSHJÄLP – "4:48" CD

Heavy crusty Swedish hardcore. 4:48 is the most common time for people to commit suicide and the lyrics seem be centered around what someone goes on in someone's life as they approach this time. This is fairly heavy without venturing into metal. Everything here is very dark and depressed. They remind me a bit of DÖDSDÖMD and MÄSSMÖRD, and like DÖDSDÖMD's last EP, which had a theme removed from the usual D-beat/crust themes—the seven deadly sins—this is a unique and refreshing topic. Good stuff. (MH)
(Halvfabrikat, c/o D. Lonnqvist, Mankarrstigen 12 S-387 37 Borgholm, SWEDEN)

AMATEUR PARTY / THE FOCUS – split CD

Melbourne's THE FOCUS has a melodic aura like something that came out later on Dischord that I didn't really pay attention to but didn't really have anything against either. (Fans of HIGH BACK CHAIRS and SEVERIN check this out?) I actually think it's cool that this music is out there—it's still punk, it's still very indie in spirit and attitude, and it features the kind WIRE/SWELL MAPS/'70s art-punk origins that the DC people were getting back to as well. Philadelphia's AMATEUR PARTY, featuring some folks from KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS, has the same EMPIRE/Eli Janey style jangly guitar attack and a bit more forceful approach, with more speed and shouted vocals, but it still swims the same waters somewhere in between summer '78 and spring '92. A well balanced split with each band doing four tracks. (KS)
(Missing Link, Basement 405 Bourke St, Melbourne 3000 Vic, AUSTRALIA)

ARMA LARANJA / BESTA-FERA – split EP

The ARMA LARANJA half of this 7" is scratchy, annoyed, brilliant, and fun. Mixed guy-girl vocals, punk songs with rock solos. This is close to being too slick, but not quite. By side two, it *does* get too slick and "dynamic." The problem with preferring rock played by sub-normals is that I'm automatically suspicious of any song with more than two chords or a solo with more than a note. I try not to dismiss it as acrobatic bullshit grandstanding. ARMA LARANJA is the tasteful moment of the two Brazilian bands, but sadly, BESTA-FERA is just too proficient too often. If they took a few stupid pills and played with their left hands, they could be the next ARMA LARANJA. (JP)
(Faca Cega Discos, no address)

AUTOMATIC 7 – "At Funeral Speed" CD

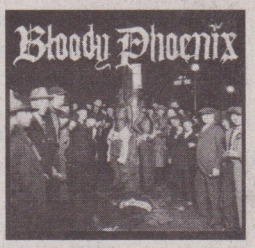
The first thing that strikes you about this is the big, loud production. The second thing is SOCIAL DISTORTION—which may or may not be a good thing depending on what varnishes your deck. I like SOCIAL D as much as the next guy (dude), but this is all a little polished for me. A wee bit too Live-105 FM to not induce vomiting if you follow me. And the cover of the Boss' "Atlantic City," though passable, should just not be done. To the bargain bins with thee! (AD)
(Mental, 2640 E. Barnett Rd, Suite E-331, Medford, OR 97504)

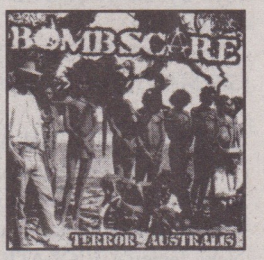
THE AWAKENING – "Eternal Blizzard" LP

Excellent discography of an amazing band. Very heavy, dark, atmospheric yet thrashy hardcore (doom? crust?) from Ohio. I had the pleasure of seeing these guys live and they left a real impression. There are few bands that manage to span so many genres like THE AWAKENING did and remain powerful and devastating. This is a very well laid out record and the cover and art is beautiful. Get it. (NM)
(Solar Funeral, www.solarfuneral.org)

BARKHARD – s/t LP

Ten tracks of beer-soaked skate-rock akin to DRI and SUICIDAL TENDANCIES. Originally released in 1986, this band's sole LP has now been reissued by Rabid Dog Records. While BARKHARD definitely cannot compete with the aforementioned thrash titans, big fans of this genre however will not be disappointed. If you spend a serious amount of time listening to *Thrasher* comps or wondering when there will be a good MCRAD re-issue this is for you. In our troubled times, this warp back to a simpler era of pre-ironic, sincere love of metal, punk, beer, and skateboarding is touching. (BN)
(Rabid Dog, PO Box 14821, Haltom City, TX 76117)





RECORDS

BATTLETORN – "Terminal Dawn" LP

I've always had a fetish for two-person bands, but a lot of those are spazzy, noisy hardcore or indie rock bands. This is a two-person speed metal band—one guy on drums and one guy on guitar/vox. I see the band used to be a three-piece with a female vocalist; well, she's gone. It's all mostly fast metal with some crusty leanings and some old CELTIC FROST leanings. Vocals are shouted and understandable. Good stuff, but fairly generic; I forgot it quickly after listening. (MH)
(Mad at the World, PO Box 230367, New York, NY 10023, www.matwrecords.com)

BEAT BEAT BEAT – "Living in the Future" LP

Snotty '70s-inspired punk rock—hooks abundant, attitude cranked to the full max. The production is kept dirty without being muddy, giving a great authentic retro feel. Hints of CHELSEA, some great power-pop moments akin to THE EXPLODING HEARTS, all gelled together with some of that loose rock 'n' roll of…um, let's say THE DEADBOYS. Did I mention a blasting cover of "When the Birdmen Fly" by the FUN THINGS? A definite deal-sealer. (SD)
(Alien Snatch, Morikeg 1, 74199 Unterguppenbach, GERMANY, www.aliensnatch.com)

BESTHÖVEN / VIOLATION – split EP

Run for cover! Showers of studs and spikes rained over the MRR house when this record was delivered. It's tag-team D-beat devastation! New Jersey's VIOLATION drops two bombs on our heads, the first being way stronger and more urgent sounding than the second track. BESTHÖVEN from Brazil has graced us with three new songs. Fofão is a familiar name with the D-beat aficionados. The third track here is killer and stands totally out from most songs in this style. The way the vocals are sung makes it a great listen. Check out the BESTHÖVEN band pic—all the members look related. Cool release. (MS)
(Final Attempt, PO Box 972, Bellmawr, NJ 08099, finalattemptrecords@yahoo.com)

BLACK MARKET FETUS / WASTEOID – split CD

Nebraska spewed out a deformed fetal alcohol syndrome baby and named it WASTEOID, high shrill cries accompanied by low-low-lows with raging grind and speed-metal now flood the mountains and canyons (?) of Nebraska, rendering the state a land filled with heshers and punx ripping and hacking themselves apart under this dark spell. BLACK MARKET FETUS delivers another helping of metal-tinged grinding gore-soaked grind, with teeth-gnashing highs and gut-splitting lows keeping pace with detuned beer-soaked riffage and blazing blasts. This split is not to be missed by punks and heshers alike. Grind on, you crazy diamonds. (NE)
(Six Weeks, www.sixweeksrecords.com)

LOS BLANKITOS – "You Make Me Drool" EP

Uh…a somewhat more bubblegum (without the harmonies) approach to the SUPERCHARGER aesthetic? I dunno, but I like it and it's nice to hear something like this in medium-fi for a change instead of the blown-out condenser mic style that many favor when strolling down this path. "C.H.U.D." might go on a bit long for some, but I rather liked the teenbeat VELVET UNDERGROUND stylings of the, uh, instrumental passage. (DD)
(Discos Chango, 388 2nd Ave. #225, New York, NY 10010, discoschango@yahoo.com)

BLINDS – "Lost" EP

Wow, this is way better than I expected when I first threw it on! The music is kind of mid-to-fast-paced hardcore with a mid-'80s US punk influence, but a few of the songs have that knack of being catchy enough to stick in your head long after hearing them. Unfortunately, there was no lyric sheet to read with this, 'cause the vocals are cool—they're sort of refrained and then spit out at times. There's even a slight—very slight—Swedish rock influence here as well, but not enough keep this from being good skate thrash. Fellow Swedes INSURGENT KID come to mind, but this could also be described as similar to RF7 or NOTA mixed with REAGAN YOUTH. Apparently this is limited to only 300 copies, so grab one while you can. (BG)
(Ken Rock, www.theblinds.se)

BLOODY PHOENIX / SYSTEM SHIT – split EP

BLOODY PHOENIX plays speedy grindcore that's not too heavy and leans more towards the hardcore side of things rather than the metal side of things. No frills, just straight-ahead and fast grind featuring former members of EXCRUCIATING TERROR. I like these tracks more than the ones on *California Thrash Demolition*. SYSTEM SHIT, from Vancouver, Canada, surprised me with their melodic hardcore sound. The first track on their side is raging fastcore with high, scratchy vocals. Track two is catchy old school hardcore with clean vocals you can understand. Track three combines the sounds of the first two tracks, and track four is something of a cover of "Looks That Kill" by MÖTLEY CRÜE with humorous vocals. (MH)
(RSR, c/o Sandro Gessner, Str. des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpoellnitz, GERMANY, skrupel@web.de)

BLOTTO / OFF WITH THEIR HEADS – split EP

What we have here is a split 45 with two of the finest bands to be rocking basements and cabin shows in existence today. BLOTTO may well be the finest pop punk band in Japan right now and their two songs on here just reiterate the point. Anyone who has been around me for the last year or two knows I can't stop singing the praises of the fine boys from OFF WITH THEIR HEADS. What we have on their side is one original and a fine JESUS AND MARY CHAIN cover. (The new TRANZMITORS record this month also has a JAMC cover…this is a trend I can get behind.) Both songs still have that power punk sound a la DILLINGER FOUR/early AMERICAN STEEL that OFF WITH THEIR HEADS does so well. Seriously, go get this record, along with all of these two bands other offerings. Pick up a bottle of whiskey and a case of beer while you are at it and just enjoy! (JF)
(Snuffy Smiles, 12-A Kamikousaicho, Shichiku, Kita-Ku, Kyoto 603-8117, JAPAN)

BOMBSCARE / UK ASSASSINS – split CD

You can't fault the laser-like, pinpoint accuracy of the CD title. Eight tracks from Australia's BOMBSCARE, and ten from the Brits. First time I've heard either band, and I'm very impressed with the Aussies. They weld a basic, yet eminently tuneful Oi/street punk musical approach with some excellent political lyrics, and display an (unfortunately rare) understanding of Australia's own genocide against its native Aboriginals... Great stuff, topped with a dash of ska (bringing to mind the best of RANCID's CLASH-inspired material), and a BILLY BRAGG cover. The ASSASSINS are equally spot-on lyrically, but prefer a more basic Brit-thrash attack a la early CHAOS UK, VARUKERS, et al. Certainly makes me want to check more from each band. This fine effort seems to have been released by four labels, the first of which credited on the sleeve is… (RK)
(Punk Shit, www.punkshitrecords.stigon.com)

BREAKING STRAIN – "Satellites Will Touch the Ground" CD

A duo from France who sounds nothing like the WHITE STRIPES but do sound like a melodic hardcore band. I guess drum machines have come a long ways since my old Casiotone. Tough-ish vocals put this in between youth core (Victory stuff) and emo-core a la HOT WATER MUSIC. Vocals and lyrics mostly in English. A little on the slow side, but still powerful. (RL)
(Bunk, breakingstrain@hotmail.fr)

BROTHER BRICK – "Stranded in the Nineties" 2xCD

A collection of studio, live, and demo recordings from this '90s Australian band. Looking back on it, I am sure it must have been hard to be an average hard rock band in the '90s, releasing your first record in 1993 and having to be compared to NIRVANA, especially when you sound like them at times. Listen to "Beyond My Hands" for proof. I am personally amazed that I have never even heard of these guys. Yeah, they had a record out on Estrus, but in 1999. I know I wasn't paying too much attention then. (CK)
(Off The Hip, 381 Flinders Ln, Melbourne, VIC 3000, AUSTRALIA, offthehip@hotmail.com)

THE BRUTAL DILDOS – "Sorry Mom" EP

Not just mom but everyone here deserves an apology! I never venture to this Bizzaro universe of horrific pop punk, where punk identity is a seeming fashion choice by those not picked for the football team. I equate this EP to the once a year I happen by a HOT TOPIC and go in to laugh at the SOCIAL DISTORTION shoes and AFI pantyhose. There's no real meaning here—the three tracks are perfunctory and catchy enough, but musically nothing you haven't heard on one of the fifteen or so QUEERS LPs. So this Milwaukee band's splattered vinyl three-track EP would be best for friends and family and those in on the joke. Folks with a shred of tolerance for cheeky sing-a-long modern pop punk ear candy might vote differently… (KS)
(One Track Mind, 1450 N. Bartlett Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53211, www.onetrackmindstore.com)

B.U.S.H. – "New American Century" LP

Much like HIT ME BACK from Los Angeles, this Brazilian outfit has a very rockin' thrash-core aesthetic and sound, complete with psychedelic artwork, tambourines, and fuzzed-out guitars. If that sounds at all appealing to you, then check this out. Personally, it's too much of a goddamn freak-out for me. Call me Roger Murtaugh, but I think I'm getting too old for this shit. (CC)
(625, www.625thrash.com)

CANADIAN RIFLE – "Follow the Leader" EP

This tidy little package is a bit of a modern-day Chicago super group, with members of FOURTH ROTOR, AMBITION MISSION, and CHRONIC SEIZURE. There are definitely strong elements of at least the first two bands in their sound, but one other reference that springs to mind is the Bay Area band FUEL, one of whom happened to be Canadian. See how it all ties in? Anyway, this is great melodic punk rock from people who know which way of a guitar is up, alright? (AM)
(Squirrel Heart, ryanleary22@gmail.com)

CARTOUCHE – "Je Trahirai Demain" CD

These folks (two women, two men) are a new combo made up from former members of French legends KOCHISE and YA BASTA. They're militantly political, with some excellent lyrics (including a handy translation into English for those that can't follow the native French tongue), and come out with twelve rockin' anthems that smack heavily of late-'70s punk. Almost how you'd expect WIRE to sound if they were trying out a few AVENGERS tunes. Rockin', melodic, and driving, with a few spiky odd bits sticking out at strange junctures. Really, really good. (RK)
(Maloka, www.malokadistro.com)

CHAOTIC MESS – "Bloody Fetus in the Toilet" EP

The layout for this EP makes me think it's just one more WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? clone soon to be found in the dollar bin, but the tunes are really speaking to me man, in a cosmic way though. Judging from the lyrics, CHAOTIC MESS likes to drink, skate, fuck, and do blow, the music is a mix of all that shit put in tune to some pretty rad older-sounding punk tunes not at all like the thrash clones I had them pegged to be. (NE)
(Get Revenge, PO Box 27071, Knoxville, TN 37027)

CLOROX GIRLS – "Double Mao" EP

Not only can the CLOROX GIRLS alley-drink like true losers, they can write a song. "Double Mao" is second best song with the lyrics, "Do me do me do me." I won't even go into what the first is; you need to move to Oakland if you're curious. I'm scared that the next song, "Total Babe," will some day kick sand in my face and steal my ladyfriend. Man, I wish these assholes lived here… (JP)
(Bachelor, 5421 Adnet 186, AUSTRIA)

CLUSTERFUX / SYSTEM SHIT – split EP

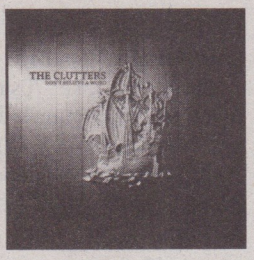
The 'FUX offer up two speed-metal-laced rippers and they aren't scared to throw in some solos or headstompin' breakdowns. They have a crusty thing flyin' around in and out of the mix that sounds killer. Dark, tribal crusty sounds start off the SYSTEM SHIT side but they give way to fast, screeching crust-influenced hardcore—not my bag, but CLUSTERFUX were good so it's not all that bad. (NE)
($4 ppd: Less Art, PO Box 16328, Golden, CO 80401)

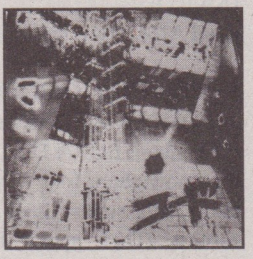
THE CLUTTERS – "Don't Believe A Word" CD

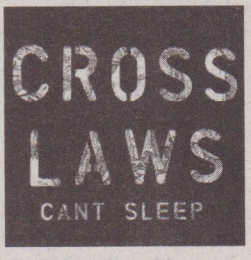
From Nashville, these guys do the rock'n'roll thing with keyboards. A bit of garage mixed with '80s college guitar rock. A mix of THE PIXIES, HOODOO GURUS, and THE STOOGES. Decent enough. (RL)
(Chicken Ranch, www.theclutters.com)

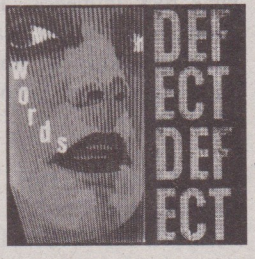
CODE – "Kuukinokansyoku" EP

This EP fucking smokes, easily my favorite record this month, a gritty and totally fucked powerhouse of catchy and rocking noise-damaged punk, like a brutally (beautifully) disfigured BIG BOYS meets RUINS and THE STALIN. CODE has a distinctly unique and legit approach to punk, fueled by inventive bass-driven mayhem-inducing riffage with jangly well played ear-rattling guitar and insanely epic choruses. (BS)
(codesetuzoku@hotmail.co.jp)









RECORDS

COLUMBIAN NECKTIES – "Get It For You/But She Was Big"

These guys take '70s rock and give it a kick in the ass. I don't know why the Scandinavians are so obsessed with '70s rock, but it's a fact. I happen to like this sort of shit. Understand that it is rock and roll first and punk second. Seriously, this is '70s rock, played at a faster pace, with a ton more attitude. Having said that, the A-side reminds me of THE USERS. (KK)
(Bad Afro, www.badafro.dk)

COMPLICATIONS – "Blinded/Coffin"

COMPLICATIONS takes the heavy, driving elements of BORN DEAD ICONS (with whom they now share four current and former members) and strips them down to their stark essence. Their approach is more subtle and restrained as opposed to the full-bore onslaught of BDI, though no less intense by any means. The band has been around for several years now (and released an excellent demo awhile back), but this is their first vinyl release—two dark, restless songs, led by the bass with the guitars adding texture and bits of melody. The early-KILLING JOKE comparisons that they seems to draw may point in the right direction, but COMPLICATIONS is much less mechanical-sounding; they definitely have both feet firmly planted in the punk realm. This single is excellent—my only complaint is that it's too short… (CS)
(Feral Ward, www.feralward.com)

CONSTRICTED – "Live Through This" CD

CONSTRICTED is one of the better Japanese-style Japanese HC bands going on right now (yes, I have to qualify it like that because there are so many good Japanese bands out there). Definitely true to thrashcore pioneers like WARHEAD, NIGHTMARE, and LIP CREAM, but with more moments of older punk rock influences and less harsh vocals. Brilliant, and sure to please any fan. (NM)
(Hardcore Kitchen, Kaum Bldg 304 2-6-2, Kitanagasa Do-ri Shuo-Ku Kobe, 650-0012 JAPAN)

CONTAMINATORS – "Non Existent Love/Black & Blue"

CONTAMINATORS is an apt name, because there must be something that's seeped into the Central Valley water to cause a band like this. Fucked-up and don't-give-a-shit sounding rock and roll coming soon to want lists near you. Whuzzit sound like? *Rhythm and Booze*-era BUCK OWENS fronting the USERS, and I'm not just saying that because of the Bakersfield connection. OK, maybe I am. (DD)
($5 ppd: Going Underground, 1822 G St, Bakersfield, CA 93301, www.punxonly.com)

CRIMSON SWEET – "Wired for the Last Move" 45

The fact that I was tired and falling asleep during my initial play of this record inspired me to go get some coffee. Well, after downing a delicious cup, I put this record on again. Once more, I grew drowsy listening to this sort of alterna-rock band, and was in need of another cup of coffee. Now I love coffee, but no band should inspire two cups with one 45. Your money would be better spent on coffee than this 45. (JF)
(Slow Gold Zebra, PO Box 20506, Tompkins Square Stn., New York, NY 10009)

CROSS LAWS – "Can't Sleep" EP

This is a demo 7", part of a box set of which only 250 were pressed. I am sorry to say but I bet this is long gone by the time this zine gets back from the printer. A one-sided record of raw and filthy sounding hardcore punk. Six tracks in all; buzzing guitars, shattering cymbals, and snotty shit-faced vocals really make this a very cool release. Get it (if you can)! (MS)
(Get Revenge, PO Box 27071, Knoxville, TN 37917)

THE CRUMP / SMALLTOWN – split EP

The first SMALLTOWN track is called "Back on Track" and let's hope that's the case after a disappointing debut longplayer; the other song is (I think) a cover of the SWINGIN' UTTERS song "Politician." I miss the old SMALLTOWN who wrote devastatingly melodic upbeat power-pop/street-punk hybrid anthems. They've slowed down too much and lost the hooks…they used to sound like THE JAM or STIFF LITTLE FINGERS and now they sound like ONE MAN ARMY or something… This is no backlash—I just wish they *would* get it back on track. The other band here, THE CRUMP from Japan (who gets immediate points for covering one of my favorite THE STRIKE songs "Take Action"), do indeed sound a little like the first SMALLTOWN record, if a little (well…a lot) scrappier. (AD)
(Snuffy Smiles, 12-A Kamikousaicho, Shichiku, Kita-Ku, Kyoto 603-8117, JAPAN)

DAMAGED GOODS – "Greatest Hits" CD

This has been out a while. From the name, I was expecting post-punk, but this is a kind of US and UK '77 punk hybrid mix that is delivered with a heaping tablespoon of Southern Californian snot. Seriously, this singer warrants Doc Dart and Joey Vindictive comparisons (though musically they are much closer to THE VINDICTIVES than the CRUCIFUCKS). I must say that this is a real surprise; really well executed fast punk with a foul attitude. You could throw this in with the whole STITCHES, SMOGTOWN, PUSHERS, SMUT PEDDLERS crowd—in fact these guys are better and the music has boundless energy which bands of that ilk can sometimes trade in for sneer, but this has both in large amounts. Not to mention songwriting that never lets up with the hooks and melody, and never gets bland and repetitive. Makes you want to run around in circles occasionally slipping on beer and falling into tables ruining everyone's evening. Great! Pick of the month. (AD)
(Yer Dum, PO Box 131, Santa Barbara, CA 93102)

DAVID COPPERFUCK – "Chalet Chalet" EP

This is totally bad thrift store fashion punk. When I say bad, I am talking about the fashion more than this band though. DAVID COPPERFUCK plays basic spastic, dance-y discordant female-fronted punk that should please those who are going ga-ga over MIKA MIKO, JAPANTHER, and the like. Good stuff! (JF)
(Party Turtle, www.truepanther.com)

DEADLINE – "More to It Than Meets the Eye" CD

First LP (of four) from 2001 gets the reissue treatment, with a few hard-to-find extra tracks on the end. Typically, I would question the reissue of a disc that came out so recently, but seeing as I think this lot is one of the best bands in Europe, I'm all over it. While I would probably recommend their most recent or second LPs to a newcomer, this LP is no slouch. This band takes UK street punk to another level, with the musical chops of COCK SPARRER and female vocals that take the best elements of Exene, Debbie Harry, and Penelope Houston (I shit you not). While their music has matured somewhat over the past seven years, the songs and hooks were still in place back then. THE BUSINESS and SPECIALS covers at the end are great too. If you missed this back then, I suggest you get hunting now. (TB)
(Captain Oi!, www.captainoi.com)

DEFECT DEFECT –"Words" EP

Well, DEFECT DEFECT is back with their second 45. Not as BLACK FLAG-ish as singer Colin's other band PLAN R—though the A-side of this record still makes that comparison valid, except the two songs are FLAG-inspired but lacking the power. It's the B-side of this record where things get interesting, and when I say interesting, I am talking about the good side of interesting. Seriously, the song "We've Already Lost" is by far the best thing that this band has done; it achieves a classic

early American punk sound that so many Scandinavian bands are trying to pull off these days. Think less BLACK FLAG but more WIPERS. It might be one of those EPs where I only play the B-side, but it's the B-side that makes this record a must-have. (JF)
(Clarence Thomas, www.bistrodistro.com)

THE DERAILLEURS – "Alone/How Does It Feel?"

Two tracks of souped-up '60s retro magic from one of England's newest garage exponents. Taking that classic fuzzed-out '60s groove, beefing it up, adding some punk rock credentials, and throwing in some hooks that would sink a battleship. THE PRISIONERS come to mind (but they always do when I hear garage with a English accent), along with early MONOMEN with added clout and a heavy nod to R'n'B gods THE PRETTY THINGS. Poor ol' Leicester City FC may be languishing in mediocrity but these boys have definitely put the city's music scene back in the Premiership. (SD)
(Blackhand, thederailleurs@btinternet.com)

DESTRUCTORS 666 – "Many Were Killed, Few Were Chosen" CD

Back in the day (like the early '80s), there was a decent punk band called the DESTRUCTORS. They produced an album or two, plus several 7"s, and were joined by a guitar whiz called Graham Butt, who went on to play guitar pyrotechnics for (the rock incarnation of) THE ENGLISH DOGS, THE DESECRATORS, and, eventually, PRODIGY. Anyways, a few years ago, DESTRUCTORS 666 appear, and every other month, seem to produce a new CDEP, some on their own, some as splits with other bands. It would appear that the original DESTRUCTORS vocalist is back on the mic, and they've finally cranked out a debut full-length. What you get is a dozen or so "new tracks," four re-workings of old DESTRUCTORS classics (including "Trinity" and "AK47," both of which I was partial to back in the day), plus a STOOGES cover. And the STOOGES is a pretty fair current musical reference. Driving rock music with a gruff vocalist, which doesn't sound a million miles away from *Live In Yugoslavia*-era (i.e., when they had two guitarists and a beefed-up rock sound) ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE. Rockin' stuff indeed. (RK)
(Rowdy Farrago, www.destructors666.com)

DIGGER & THE PUSSYCATS – "All Time Low" EP

Garage-y punk from Australia. This is pretty generic stuff. I bet they do "Stranded" or "Search and Destroy" live. (AD)
(Squoodge, no address)

DIGITAL LEATHER – "She Had a Cameltoe/Abrasion"

There are so many aspects to this record that should make me hate it: the over-processed vocals, the cheesy keyboard, the overly '80s goth sound, "cameltoe" being one of the lyrics. Yet for some reason unbeknownst to me I find this record so damn catchy. I'm flabbergasted. (CK)
(Goner, 2152 Young Ave, Memphis, TN 38104, www.goner-records.com)

DIRTY LOOKS – EP

Tunefully dark, with a scratchy guitar vibe driving four great tunes. Coming close to the smartness of THE DICKS at times with the distorted bleakness of THE FUSES, the first tune even brings to mind a more direct GIANT HAYSTACKS. When punk meets indie and I'm all over it. (SD)
(Iron Pier, PO Box 279, East Setauket, NY 11733, www.ironpier.net)

DISCLOSE / FRAMTID – split EP

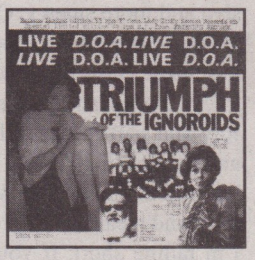
Man, getting this for review this issue really depressed the shit out of me. As is probably mentioned elsewhere this issue, Kawakami, DISCLOSE's maestro of noise, passed away just recently. He was a very kind, friendly guy, and contributed so much to our scene. This is a repress, obviously, as this record came out in '04 originally. Hearing this reminds me even more of the powerhouse DISCLOSE is/was. They have always had the best elements of D-beat in my opinion, and these tracks fuckin' rip. On their side, FRAMTID does their hyped-up Japanese- and Scandi-thrash, which is always a treat. Brilliant split, good chance to pick it up if ya didn't the first time. (NM)
(Regurgitated Semen, c/o Sandro Gessner, Strasse Des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpollnitz, GERMANY)

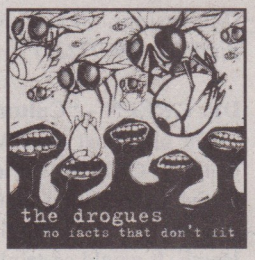
DISTURBANCE – "Shades Of Fear" CD

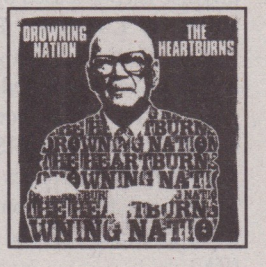
Second album from these Dutch spiky tops…and what a disc. This is *killer.* Taking the best aspects of UK82 bands like ONE WAY SYSTEM and the more tuneful moments of the VARUKERS, along with current Punkcore bands like the VIRUS and fellow countrymen ANTIDOTE. No paint-by-numbers pogo punk here, it's all tunes and hooks. Production is huge, playing faultless, and they even throw in some pretty interesting socio-political lyrics. I'm a sucker for this shit, but this is one of the best of the genre by a long shot. The song "Voices" is a mix-tape opener that I just replayed three times in a row! (TB)
(Dirty Punk, BP 10302, 59666 Villeneuve d Ascq Cedex, FRANCE)

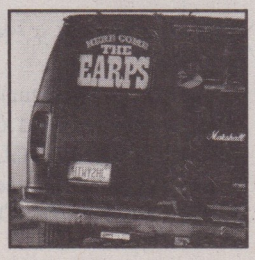
DOA – "Punk Rock Singles 1978-99" CD

I guess the title of this one says it all. Collected here are all thirteen singles that DOA has produced in their thirty-year career. I've always had kind of a hard time getting into DOA. I don't really understand why. Many would argue that they are one of the all-time greats and I understand their importance in helping to break open the touring network in North America, but like GBH I felt by the time I heard them it was too late. Though sitting here now, I love it. "The Prisoner" hooked me! If you're a newbie and looking to discover your roots, get this. If you're an old head and either sold your OG DOA records to buy drugs, or your friends stole them to sell to buy drugs, or your mom threw them out cause your grades were failing due to your newfound interest in "devil music," this collection is for you. DOA, sorry I neglected you for so long. Love… (JU)
(Captain Oi!, www.captainoi.com)









DOA – "Triumph of the Ignoroids" EP

.....decent re-issue of an old live DOA EP with one bonus track.....!!!!!! Pretty exciting, huh....???!!!!!! I think it's time to go home and eat a can of Spam.....care to join me?????!!!! (SW)
(Lady Kinky Karrot, ladykinkykarrot@yahoo.com)

DOG FACED HERMANS – "Mental Blocks for All Ages" LP

At last, this record sees the light of day once again thanks to the good folk at Mississippi Records up in Portland. DOG FACED HERMANS always gets lumped in with THE EX, and for a lot of reasons (they collaborated many times over the years, shared members, etc.) but to my ears both bands sound very different. The hugest difference is obviously in Marion's singing and trumpet playing, but I always thought Andy's guitar was less aggressive and more sinewy. Of course, he's in THE EX now so it's kind of a moot point. Anyway, the music: fast, driving, arty punk rock with jittery cling-clang guitar that is part East Bay Ray and part Andy Gill, jazzy trumpet lines, and an amazing rhythm section. I'm having a hard time finding the words to express what this band means to me. I can't help feeling that I'm falling short. If you don't have this, you need it. It'd be nice to see reissues of every one of their great albums on vinyl. (AM)
(Mississippi, 4007 N. Mississippi Rd., Portland, OR 97227)

DR. GREEN – "Culture Repair" CD

The blurb that came with this release claims that DR. GREEN is a long-running DIY collective from Vilnius, that this is their eleventh year doing it, and that this is their fourth full-length. It would certainly appear that they are stalwarts of the DIY/underground scene, and this disc is co-released by four of the finer DIY labels in Lithuania, Poland, France, and Poland. Musically, you get nine tracks of very accomplished, polished, well-produced ska-punk. Heavy on the horns, they sound like a beefed-up CITIZEN FISH, and have suitably political/personal lyrics (with handy English translations for the non-Lithuanians amongst us). I'm impressed, and I don't even like ska. (RK)
(www.hardcore.it/drgreen)

THE DROGUES – "No Facts That Don't Fit" CD

This album has actually been out for a year, but somehow slipped through the cracks at MRR HQ. THE DROGUES play angular post-punk with an overwhelming debt to THE MINUTEMEN/fIREHOSE, but on poppier outings like "Something's Receding" the more melodic outings of MISSION OF BURMA come to mind. In their lyrics, the trio makes no attempt to hide their anger and disgust at, say, the current administration? ("Transport Devices" alludes to the US Government's Orwellian substitute for the term "body bags.") If one was to find fault with anything, it's that the anger apparent from the words rarely surfaces in the tightly wound, controlled music. I know they can cut loose live, so maybe it's the sterile atmosphere of the recording studio that's holding them back? (AM)
(Waxbrain, www.thedrogues.com)

DROWNING NATION / THE HEARTBURNS – split EP

On the DROWNING NATION side we get five tracks of non-descript hardcore that's not memorable at all. Their songs seem to take the base coats of all eras of HC—'82, '88, and the early '00s thrash thing—without any of the bells and whistles that made each style its own thing. Peanut butter without the jelly (or chocolate). Next up are THE HEARTBURNS… Rockin' and a rollin' punk with a slight—and I mean slight—*Cruisin' For a Bruisin'*-era BRUISERS flare. This side ain't too memorable either. Sorry dudes. (JU)
(Ratbite, ratbiterecords@gmail.com)

EAT SHIT – "Leather, Bristles, Studs & 'Ackney" EP

Crazy stench noise from a bunch of London crusties. I can almost smell them from the picture inside the record. Imagine if a DISORDER record was dragged across the road then rubbed in dirt…that would be more listenable than this. Mercifully this single is only one-sided. Possibly the worst thing I've ever reviewed. Absolute dogshit. (TB)
(CIA, no address)

THE EARPS – "Here Comes The Earps" CD

If the SUPERSUCKERS are the epitome of punk rock in your book, than you will like the EARPS and their cow-punk sound. Me, not so much and this CD blends together because of it. Really that is all I can say about this CD. (JF)
(Big Bender, www.bigbender.net)

EL BANDA – "Przejdzie Ci El Banda" LP

Whereas the PESD album released last year seemed to take up where POST REGIMENT left off on *Tragiedia wg Post Regiment*, this new record by EL BANDA (featuring the former vocalist of POST REGIMENT) is much more reminiscent of that band's self-titled debut album—straightforward melodic hardcore. Comparisons to POST REGIMENT are inevitable and, in this case, certainly not unwarranted. Though the complexity and genius-level songwriting is, of course, slightly diminished—I would be surprised if any current band could match the brilliance of *Czarzly*—there are enough moments of greatness on this LP to give it my wholehearted recommendation to anyone who likes POST REGIMENT, Polish punk, or driving melodic hardcore in general. (CS)
(Pasazer, PO Box 42, 39201 Debica 3, POLAND, www.pasazer.pl)

EU'S ARSE / IMPACT – split EP

This is an official repress of a great Italian hardcore split EP from 1983. IMPACT would go on to greater things with their first LP, but most people still favor their side on this. It's a toss up for me. I can't help but love EU'S ARSE's DISCHARGE-like guitar attack and blown-out vocals that crack after every sentence. Classic *merda*. (CC)
(www.eusarse.tk, www.impact-hc80.com)

LE FACE – "Boys & Girls" EP

There's nothing worse than reviewers for big-shit magazines who hear spooky keyboards and immediately start going on about THE DAMNED or 45 GRAVE. Kind of like any band with a girl singer gets an "a la RUNAWAYS" tag or something equally nauseating. Anyways, minor chords and scary organs don't always drop you off in horror pop land, especially when the guitars have that great, thin, jangly Chiswick sound like they do on this 7". In fact, the two side B tracks are almost JOHNNY MOPED-ish—that kind of sound where the strumming is louder than what's coming out of the amps—a cool change from the usual punko overwash of blast-your-ass-off too-loud Marshalls. (JP)
(Smokin' Barrel, www.smokinbarrelrecords.com)

THE FE FI FO FUMS – "I Just Wanna Boom Boom Girl/You Might Get Me"

So I think everything out of the extended FE FI FO FUM axis is brilliant, so shoot me already. "Boom Boom Girl" is a careening snotty punker, just like these boys (yupska!), while "You Might Get Me" is a folky garage sneer with some production, yet! Yes, it's brilliant. KA-BOOM! (DD)
(Rob's House, www.robshouserecords.com)

FINAŁ SOLUTIONS – "Songs by Solutions" CD

So when I see this band live, I'm guessing it will be the best show since…uh…JAY REATARD. Funny how that works. As soon as I take this home and start playing it for the bros, I'm definitely gonna be the annoying

dude who pants, "No! Wait! *This* one!" and shuffles madly through the first 20 seconds of each track. Nothing better than an album that turns you into a sputtering record spazz. Where the fuck does JR get the pixie dust he sprays on his recordings? Get this now. (JP)
(Goner, www.goner-records.com)

FPO / SEEIN' RED – split LP

FOREVER POSITIVELY OBSESSED from Macedonia plays high-energy, throttling hardcore, with blast-beats charging flailing thrash with screeched vocals. Their half of the record plays as one continuous long side with a strange bit of prose as the only explanation. Without defined breaks and discernibly not in English, a search for points of reference make this a little repetitive, but it's solid. The SEEIN' RED side comes from outtakes, demos, and live tracks, which are what you'd expect from SEEIN' RED—near snippets of point-blank speed charged with point-blank political lyrics. While I keep wishing SEEIN' RED would hit a new benchmark of sound equivalent to what they did with *Marinus*—progressing the speed and energy to another new height—they consistently always deliver, and can't be faulted for another urgent, in-your-face, raging fifteen-track assault. (KS)
(625 Thrash, www.625thrash.com)

GEORGE MOSHINGTON – "Attack" EP

Goofy thrash from Arizona, apparently a vinyl pressing of the band's demo. This EP comes packed full of wacky lyrics about "the scene" and colonial America. Musically falling somewhere between TEAR IT UP and THE SUICIDE FILE only sloppy and nowhere near as good. This band might be fun to see live, or they might be really annoying. (BN)
(Gilgongo, PO Box 7455, Tempe, AZ 85281, www.gilgongorecords.com)

GHETTO WAYS – "The Party Bag" EP

Driving hedonistic rock revival from Brooklyn. More '70s-influenced pop sensibilities than I would normally reach for in a record, but it has enough loose and raw garage punk elements to keep me listening. *The Party Bag* reminds me of APACHE (S.F.) or VEGAS THUNDER; decent catchy stripped-down rock with heart and soul. Good stuff. (BS)
(Wicked Single, wicked@wickedsinglesrecords.com)

GLEAM GARDEN – "In the One-Sided World" EP

Two short songs on a one-sided 7" from Snuffy Smiles. Seeing as that's the label, you pretty much know what to expect, right? GLEAM GARDEN plays melodic punk with vocals that sound a lot like SNUFF. This thing is so brief it's over before you know it, and since there's no B-side, the only thing left to do is move the needle back to the start and listen all over again. Well worth looking out for. The downside is, this is done on the cheap: no cover, just a bit of paper glued to the paper inner sleeve. That's somewhat of a shame. The potential buyer is going to think that the label believes the songs didn't deserve the full treatment, which in this case certainly isn't true. (AM)
(Snuffy Smiles, 12-A Kamikousaicho, Shichiku, Kita-Ku, Kyoto 603-8117, JAPAN)

GODSTOMER / GORGONIZED DORKS – split 10"

Leave it up to bands called GORGONIZED DORKS and GODSTOMPER to give no indication whatsoever as to which side of this 10" was which. The good news is I've listened to GODSTOMPER for years and just saw them play Gilman the other night so I could tell which side was theirs. You know them, you love them (especially their a cappella versions of '80s love songs), they are your favorite fast hardcore duo who play just drums and bass. GODSTOMPER's side of the record was recorded live on KFJC, Los Altos Hills and sounds great. GORGONIZED DORKS is also a duo. Drums and sometimes bass and sometimes guitar. They lean a bit more towards noisecore and toss out 26 tracks on their side of the 10". They're fun but I think mostly meant to be experienced live. (MH)
(Agromosh, PO Box 444, Yucaipa, CA 92399)

GO IT ALONE – "Histories" CD

Tried and true Youth Crew hardcore with mild rocking flourishes here and there and plenty o' breakdowns. I'm pretty sure this band has already established themselves in their respective scene so you prolly know whether or not you want this. If not, think RIGHT BRIGADE, BATTERY, or CARRY ON. It's good! (JU)
(Rivalry, PO Box 5242, Concord, CA 94524)

GO IT ALONE – "Love" EP

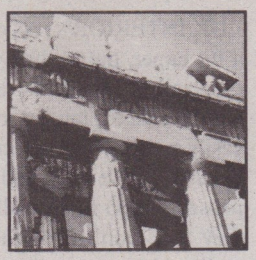
Still taking their cues from the '90s Washington, DC hardcore scene, these three new tracks sound a little less like BATTERY and a little more like DAMNATION AD. Aside from the darker chord progressions, the material here will not disappoint fans of older GO IT ALONE. Their sound is still pretty consistent with their older releases as they continue to record with Zach Ohren at Castle Ultimate. As far as modern youth crew is concerned, these guys do it better than anyone else. (CC)
(Rivalry, www.rivalryrecords.com)

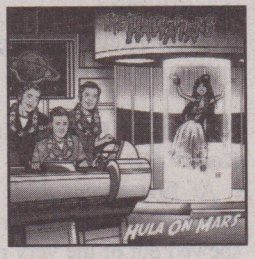
THE GRADE GRUBBERS / UNHOLY GRAVE – split EP

THE GRADE GRUBBERS were an unknown quantity going in, and I have to say there's something kind of nice about a grind band doing a split with a total twee pop band that sings about kittens. They do throw in a DESPISE YOU cover but they won me over before that. The UNHOLY GRAVE side was recorded on the mixing desk during a soundcheck and still sounds better than a lot of grind records, for what that's worth. I'm just into the idea of all the UNHOLY GRAVE fans that are going to be subjected to THE GRADE GRUBBERS. (AM)
(DSK, 1723 Park Meadow Dr, Jamestown, NY 14701, deathsickle@hotmail.com)

GRAVE BLANKETS – "Your Injured Ways" EP

Primitive, swampy garage rock. The music has a cool SCIENTISTS feel. The singer conjures up an image of





LUX INTERIOR's less outgoing brother. He's a bit tamer, but probably almost as fun. I am especially pleased that this is recorded really well. It's clean, but not too clean. It could have easily been all covered in heavy distortion as is the style these days and then we would have missed out on some really good tunes. Maybe they just didn't have the urge to record this really shitty—so extra points. This record has a really nice sound to it. (CK)
(graveblanketsmusic@gmail.com)

GRAVE BLANKETS / TOUCH ME NOTS – split EP

.....I'm listening to the GRAVE BLANKETS side right now.....it's not bad....fans of the CRAMPS and THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN will get wet over this....!!!!! Yeah, it's pretty good.....as if it came right off the *Hell Comes To Your House* compilation from the early '80s.....you know the one, right???? I love the guitar solo here, nice and fucked up.....now I'm onto the flipside, to the TOUCH ME NOTS (cool name).....oh man, this has got Goner Records written all over it!!!!!!! Catchy lo-fi coming from a two "person" outfit outta Oakland (I believe).....!!!!!! Not bad, not bad at all.....and considering all the other dog shit I had to review this month this split single shines like gold next to the lot of them!!!!!!! Thank god for some good rock'n'roll for a change!!!!!!!! Lick it up sluts!!!!! (SW)
(graveblanketsmusic@gmail.com/the_touch_me_nots@hotmail.com.....errrrr)

GÜNNA VAHM – "Man Hands for Rump Roast" CD

At first listen, these bastard sons of the sweet '90s Midwestern sound seem to be spewed out of the very nads that produced the more ugly and edgy HELMET, JESUS LIZARD, and HAMMERHEAD. But the veneer wears fast. By the time the first song "Semen" is over things erode into terminal worship of the more formulaic, flat-line sounds of the later '90 AmRep and Touch and Go bands. Solid musically, but not that interesting or convincing on this disc. (BS)
(Reptilian, 2545 N. Howard St, Baltimore, MD 21218, www.reptilianrecords.com)

HAPPY BASTARDS / KISMET HC – EP

KISMET HC plays some hyped-up energetic punk rock that reminded me at times of POISON IDEA, except with female vocals. The vocals do range between very well sung vocals and screams. HAPPY BASTARDS are Eugene, Oregon's heroes of melodic punk/HC; quite a bit slower and not quite having the punch of KISMET HC, but good none the less. On the excellent Fight for Your Mind record label as well! (NM)
(Fight for Your Mind, 47 Av 6 Roux, 03300 Cusset, FRANCE)

HARDTIMES – "We Take Shit from No One" LP

Skinhead Rock in France adheres to clearly marked divisions. HARDTIMES are proud to stake out their territory on the correct side of the fence. The large S.H.A.R.P. crest featured on the back of this gatefold LP celebrates HARDTIMES' stance against racism. Following the two mid-tempo songs that begin side A, HARDTIMES step up the pace with "Not So Late," sung in English with lots of anger bristling beneath the surface. The message HARDTIMES offers to young skins and punks is valuable: "Drinking nonstop makes you go from hell to hell / Reality is a word you don't understand anymore / That poison makes you fucking blind / Start to think / Time to take control of your life." Yes! The next generation of skinheads should heed that advice. After a slower melodic number you get "Ultra Violence," which has a measure of skinhead rock strength. When HARDTIMES plays fast and hard they have a great deal to offer the developing skinhead. The songs that contain slower ska-influenced parts lose their momentum. The longer melodic parts of the record compromise the urgency of this skinhead-rock. Side B contains moments of brilliance hampered by slow breakdowns. "Unjustified Violence" and "Demain M'Appartient" both contain rough-hewn snippets of brute strength. "Put Me Down" concentrates on the ability of a young skinhead to better his conditions: "Everything from you is mean or fake / I make myself strong and free." This LP reveals the potential of this gifted skinhead band. We will patiently wait for the next offering! (BR)
(Une Vie Pour Rien, BP 80 138, 75 623, Paris Cedex 13, FRANCE, www.uvpr.fr)

THE HATEPINKS – "French Cops Dressing Manual" EP

THE HATEPINKS are, in my mind, one of the finest punk rock bands that exist today. That they are French is simply astounding. If you like straightforward, melodic punk rock that is slightly twisted, you need to jump on this train. (KK)
(Squoodge, www.squoodge.de)

THE HAWAIIANS – "Hula On Mars" CD

Here we have THE HAWAIIANS from Germany, OK?!? Fun summertime beach punk a la THE TRAVOLTAS with the vocal stylings of the QUEERS. Quality stuff from this stripped-down trio. Songs of GTO's, dancing, rock'n'roll, and Hawaii. RAMONES fans take note. (RL)
(Kamikaze, www.kamikazerecords.de)

HEADWOUND – "Ginmill' LP

Husky street punk, like a faster BONECRUSHER. This lacks the hooks and melody (besides the few "fun" tracks) that good music of this genre needs. I was all set to go on slagging this off and then they go and have a song dedicated to SLOPPY SECONDS…so now I can't…unfortunately that's the high water mark. (AD)
(Haunted Town, 1658 N. Milwaukee Ave #169, Chicago, IL 60647)

HOMEWRECKERS – "Waiting for the End" LP

Look out you fucking punks! The HOMEWRECKERS have come to destroy your favorite bar! These Canadian women play rough and tumble punk rock in a blitzkrieg frenzy! This accomplished street rock has fucking cast-iron ovaries that challenge you pencil-neck hipster males to come up front to the stage! The HOMEWRECKERS pummel you with powerful deep vocals and ham-fisted guitar chops. Warning: This rock and roll is not for you pop-punk panty-waists. On side one, you get your brain thrashed by "Scumbags Never Die," "Wretched" and "Too Much To Pay." Side two starts with "Mental." This song illuminates some of the frailties of humans: "Trapped in a state of fear / Stranded in your own mind / Screaming out of deaf ears / Won't someone comprehend the agony that plagues your head…" Good shit! The *Waiting for the End* LP will appeal to punks who are not afraid to bang their head! (BR)
(Unrest, Suite 239, 10654 82nd Ave, Edmonton, AB T6E 2A7, CANADA, www.unrestrecords.com)

HOT LIXX HULAHAN – "Airway to Heaven/Sound of Silence"

(CS)
(625/Wajlemac, www.625thrash.com, www.wajlemac.com)

HUDSON FALCONS / VIRUS NINE – split EP

Here is a split EP from two bands I have heard of but never quite got around to listening too. My opinion—well, I wouldn't buy this record. That of course is because I am not a fan of either the HUDSON FALCONS' street punk American Oi! approach, or VIRUS

NINE's punky street punk approach. Both bands are solid musicians and decent songwriters but nothing really grabs me and I am not really interested in lyrics about partying in the rock city or road racers; there are a lot of important things going on in the world these days and I would rather hear something about their opinions on that. That's my tastes and you can see my top ten in this issue to figure out if you agree or disagree. No hard feelings to the bands, just not my thing. (WK)
(Cityrat, www.cityrat-records.com)

HUMANOIDS – "We Are Born" CD

When your very first impression of a CD's opening track is "These guys already need to send DILLINGER FOUR an apology for blatantly stealing one of their songs without credit" you know you are in trouble. But while the HUMANOIDS continue with an obvious DILLINGER FOUR influence throughout, they do manage to infuse a little bit more of a SCREECHING WEASEL sound in there too. If they can cut out the obvious influences on here, the HUMANOIDS have potential to be something good. (JF)
(www.myspace.com/thehumanoidsruleearth)

IAN & THE AZTECS – "Don't Ha-Ha/Clap It Up"

Dunno why it's called "Don't Ha-Ha," since it's "Don't You Just Know It" and therefore has "ha ha ha ha"s a-plenty, but it's done as a swell little '60s frat-style rocker with another dose on the flip (since real frat dudes listen to Bob Marley nowadays, this is sure to repel them—good job!). (DD)
(Spinout, Nashville, TN, www.spinoutmusic.com)

THE JURY – "Can't Fight the Feeling" EP

Negative, thrashy, simple hardcore from Albany, NY. No fancy guitar work (oops, except for one solo)—but none needed—solid drumming, and screaming vocals a la NINE SHOCKS. I don't know what else to say. The music should have been mixed a bit louder. The vocals are a tad too loud. This *is* pretty good. (JU)
(Electric Mayhem, PO Box 3067, Albany, NY 12208)

KAMISORI – "Kamisori Mania" CD

Imagine, if you will, crossover thrash mixed with psychobilly complete with standup bass, filtered through an AM radio. Sounds terrible right? Right. This sucks. I'm a big fan of blown-out metallic Japanese hardcore, but even without the psychobilly angle this would suck; the recording is wafer-thin and there are zero hooks. Boo. (TB)
(NAT, Shinmei Building 2F, 7-7-33, Nishi-Shinjuku, Tokyo, 160-0023, JAPAN)

KOLA – CD

Eight-track full-length from this Japanese hardcore band. The handful of English words among the Japanese characters in the description of this CD lists ECONOCHRIST, TALK IS POISON and LOOK BACK AND LAUGH, and those three bands form an accurate sonic point of reference for KOLA-abrasive, mainly mid-tempo Bay Area-style hardcore, with complex, prominent bass-lines and feedback-laden guitar. Well done, but I'm completely baffled by the cover art… (CS)
(Too Circle, 221-3 Hi-home Kodaira 510, Nakamachi Kodaira-city 187-0042 Tokyo, JAPAN)

THE KRUNCHIES – "Tornado of Stupidity" EP

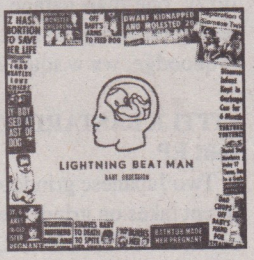
It's sort of impossible to dislike THE KRUNCHIES, my dream-come-true party band. They're essentially the genre police's worst nightmare, in that virtually every camp would love to claim them as one of their flagship bands, but none of 'em can put together a compelling offer, mainly because they're too busy rocking the fuck out to their records. Who doesn't like split male/female yelping over speedy hardcore that manages to retain the catchiness of even the poppiest of punk? Emo kids? Gloom rockers? Man, even they like this shit!!! I've seen it with my own two eyes! No one loses out here. Send this band on tour with THE BANANAS and watch society's ills be cured. (MC)
(Certified PR, 611 12th Ave. North, St. Petersburg, FL 33701)

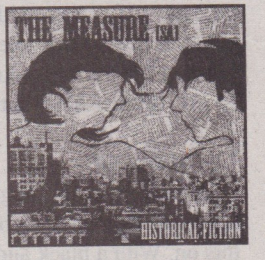
KULTURKAMPF – "Too Cold to Smell the Dead" EP

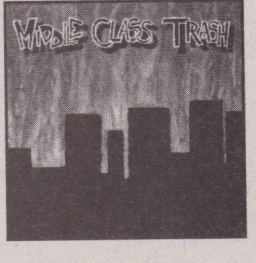
These guys certainly can't be accused of being original; in fact they could be justifiably criticized for being cheesy (e.g. "We're the Punx," "Piss Off and Die"). That said, this is fairly decent UK82-ish-meets-American-Thrash punk-core. Their heart is no doubt in the right place, and the music isn't half bad; I'd like to hear more in the future from these lads. Limited to 300. (NM)
($4 ppd: Trench Rot, c/o Jesse Misercola, 112 N. Orchard St, Watertown, NY 13601)

KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO – "Kaikki Yalinnat Jaadytetty" LP

Let me just start by saying that this is gonna be nearly impossible to beat for record of the year. The artwork is beautiful and completely fresh. No fucking war photos and no retro look at all. You can't just pick this up and say "Oh! This must be a _____ hardcore punk record." As for the music inside, it's nothing short of perfection. This LP is un-fucking-stoppable. KYKLOOPPIEN SUKUPUUTTO lets nothing stand in their way—nothing! Completely wild, flying by the seat of their pants, about to implode due the sheer amazingness of what they are playing. I'm sitting here thinking that it sounds so crazy because in my head I'm picturing them in the studio recording this and they're just staring at each other, jaws agape, thinking "I still can't believe we've written songs this great," which in turn made it impossible to concentrate on the fact that they were recording a record. Just as maniacal as the first NEGAZIONE LP, DIE KREUZEN, or the WRETCHED records, with a foundation definitely laid in the Finnish hardcore tradition…but this sounds like nothing you've ever heard. I've made some bold statements here, I know but I stand by it 110%. If you only buy three records this year make this one of them and the other two better be the SEX VID *Tania* 7" and the REPERCUSSIONS LP. I can't recommend this enough. This is as original as you're gonna get from a hardcore band in 2007 and have it still completely fucking blow the doors off. (JU)
(Hate, PO Box 105824, 28058 Bremen, GERMANY)







RECORDS

LIGHTNING BEATMAN – "Baby Obsession" EP

Vintage BEATMAN tracks rescued from the vaults. Depending on how deeply you dove into garage in the '90s, chances are you have a few BEATMAN records in your collection, most of which collect a bit of dust, only getting the odd pull when you run out of whiskey during a night spent home alone. That's the case with me anyway. It is now as it was then: fuzzy, one-man garage punk, sometimes bordering on complete ridiculousness. (MC)
(Squoodge, www.squoodge.de)

LITTLE BASTARDS / UNHOLY GRAVE – split EP

Two Japanese grindcore bands that have different takes on grindcore. I don't really need to describe UNHOLY GRAVE since they have been on nearly 100 releases. Yeah, I came up with 50 comps, splits, or releases off the top of my head. These are re-mastered tracks that were originally recorded between 2002-'04. Quick and heavy, they lean towards the metal side of things. LITTLE BASTARDS' version of grind, on the other hand, has crust and black metal leanings. It's faster, has those pained black metal vocals, and lots of tremolo picking on guitar. The lyrics aren't black metal but they are also sometimes confusing. "You'll not be forgiven, don't be cruel to babies." Well sure, I think that's something we can all agree on, no? If you need another UNHOLY GRAVE release this one is worth it. (MH)
(DSK, 1723 Park Meadow Dr, Jamestown, NY 14701, deathsickle@hotmail.com)

LUCIEN – CD

Usually you *can* judge a book by its cover, but I was thrown off a bit when I first popped this on. With a black and white cover photo of some hairy gutter punk types embracing each other with a bottle and cigarette in hand, I figured I was in for some anarcho metal or something. And there is some of that, but also a huge pop punk and Swedish rock influence as well! Well, shit, this band is from Sweden, so heavy *rawk* and metal worship comes with the territory, but pop punk? Imagine NO USE FOR A NAME mixed with ZEKE. An odd mix, with lots of hair, lyrics mostly on the personal side, skulls, and black T-shirts, this CD collects two EPs originally self-released by the band. Not really my cup of tea, but some of my long-haired punk friends would probably dig this. (BG)
(Dead Lamb, www.deadlambrecords.com)

MAD HILDA – "Fuck Tonight" EP

.....bullshit hard rock from Switzerland played by dudes in chicks' clothing.....fucking horrible!!!!!! Somebody needs to dig a big hole and bury the entire pressing of this miserable shit platter before it gets out and takes up precious space in the record bins around the world.....!!!!!!! (SW)
(www.madhilda.com)

MAN MADE MONSTER – "Another Baby" EP

This Austrian vocals/drums/out-of-tune guitar two-piece brings us five tracks of seriously damaged '60s-influenced stompers. Think THE SONICS or LINK WRAY crossed with something more fucked like the PERSUADERS. Songs about zombie girlfriends returning from the dead, some dude getting his hair lit on fire at the bar, and a song that appears to be about turning into a werewolf. I can't really decide either way if I like this or not. It's better than a lot of things, but in this genre I feel there are many more who do it better. Just listen to THE SONICS instead of an N-th generation version. (JU)
(Man Made Monster, www.myspace.com/mmmrecords)

MAN THE CONVEYORS – "Upheld by Fear" LP

Ironically, and I hope intentionally, most of this New England-based female-fronted band's songs concern sexism and gender inequality, but their band name uses the biased masculine verb usage of "Man" in their name. Musically, it's really well done DISRUPT/EXTREME NOISE TERROR-styled grunt-and-groan vocal trade-off crust blasting, but too paint-by-the-numbers to supercede its influences. The packaging looks like it was cut and pasted out of the band members' record collections—same black and white imagery, same birds, same grim reaper, and same crying babies, coupled with scattershot and over-the-top dogmatic lyrics like "Gender is socially constructed, rationalized with biology, yet anatomy and social identity must be deconstructed," which are delivered without explanation (making you wonder *how* New Hampshire beat SF to the Transsexual Crust Revolution). There's a huge crowd of people who like the comfort of the familiar and I admire and support these folks for delivering these kinds of messages and ideas, but stuck in a staid and "traditional" formula and delivered with such a heavy hand, the fresh, revolutionary spirit the originators of this style is sadly sapped right out of this. (KS)
(Final Attempt, PO Box 972, Bellmawr, NJ 08099, finalattemptrecords@yahoo.com)

MASSGRAV / YACOPSAE – split 5"

I thought 5" records were out with the '90s; kinda nice to see one after such a long time. Swedish and German thrashers split this tiny disc and deliver two covers each. We get renditions of VERBAL ABUSE, GANG GREEN, an old rock band, and some band whose name I can't pronounce. Cover records like this one can be fun for fans of the bands, but both outfits have plenty of material available—so that said, I recommend getting their original releases first. (MS)
(RSR, c/o Sandro Gessner Str. Des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpollnitz, GERMANY)

THE MEASURE (S.A.) – "Historical Fiction" CD

CD reissue of their 2006 LP. This is really good! This band has one vocalist who sounds like Shane of THE POGUES and a gal who sounds a little like the guy from BRIGHT EYES. The music is a mix of *Zen Arcade*-era HÜSKER DÜ, LATTERMAN, and a little LUCERO. From New Jersey, this is a sure bet for my year-end top ten. Totally! (RL)
(Team Science, c/o Aaron Danger, 1702 Highland Glen, Pearland, TX 77581, www.myspace.com/teamscience)

THE MEASURE (S.A.) – "Old Crow" EP

Once again I get a record where the B-side outshines the A side. The title track is a sort of folky number that, while good, is hardly fit for coverage in this magazine. The B-side gives us a pair of great straight-up punky melodic tunes, with male vocals on one track and female vocals on the other. The first track on the B-side, recorded during the same session as the band's great *Historical Fiction* LP, is OK, but you can hear why it was left off. It's that second track, a cover of some band called SOLTERO, that is the better of the two, and solid enough to make this record a decent listen and worth buying if you want a good albeit not punk A-side. (JF)
(Los Diaper)

MEENIES – "Kill, Baby, Kill!" CD

I knew this dude who played drums for a garage punk band. He always wore an Estrus or Gearhead Records T-shirt, a dirty Pabst baseball cap, and drank lots of cheap beer. He had an old car that he always worked on and loved to drive around fast (with me sitting nervously in the passenger seat) while he went on and on about his favorite porno movies and where we could find the cheapest place to get booze. This guy would freakin' love this band! Following in the steps of bands like the DEVIL DOGS, NEW BOMB TURKS, and the

mid-period DWARVES, these wayward Brits deliver songs of frantic desperation and some sleazy diatribes (i.e., "Boot Wearing Carpet Munching Sister Fisters Are Go!"), delivered with alcohol- and cigarette-damaged vocals and lots of energy. This would be a million times better if they had cooler lyrics, but it seems that most of these types of bands don't fare too well in that department. Musically, though, this is non-stop action and I bet seeing this band live would be killer—just remember to be very drunk! (BG)
(Dirty Earth, www.meenies.co.uk)

METAMORPHOSIS – CD

This is apparently the third release for this Peruvian band. It's all over the place, from densely layered melodic hardcore, to FUGAZI-esque emo, to indie-rock. Such a mix of styles could sound ridiculous in the wrong hands, but the songs flow from one to the other pretty seamlessly, and nothing seems out of place. This recording is loud and thick, but maybe a little sterile. The overall effect is pretty rocking and somewhat unique, and I bet they put on a great live show. The packaging is extremely elaborate, and includes a DVD. (AM)
(Mundano, www.mundanorecords.com)

MIDDLE CLASS TRASH – CD

Speedy angry melodic hardcore. I'm hearing a little double kick drum here as well as some RED HOT CHILLI PEPPERS bass lines. OK, call me a nit-picker. This sounds a bit like mid-'80s hardcore when people could play metal and punk. Among the things this band hates are: college, anthems, the war (ok I'll give them that one), and touring bands who sound like NOFX and SCREECHING WEASEL. A bit much—file under Negative Punk. (RL)
(thetrash@hotmail.com)

MIND CONROL SQUIDS – "Serve It Up!" CD

Ick. This is awful. Totally awful. Possibly the worst thing I've ever had to review. The music is like some sort of…shit I have no idea, it's just terrible. Bar rock with no talent, and the vocals? Kick that dude out! The music stinks but the vocals are inexcusable. Check these lyrics: "She may be itty bitty, but honey's got some titties." Also, I'm fine with bands utilizing Myspace, but to put it on your thank list after Miller Lite and Subway is shameful. Everything about this CD is shameful. Break up. You have no business ever playing music again. (JU)
(Dreamscape Comics 302 W. Broad St, Bethlehem, PA 18018)

MINORITY JUSITICE LEAGUE VS. POWER – CDEP

Wow. This was kind of a surprise for me—I wasn't expecting much based on the cover, but this is chaotic, intense metalcore with incredibly incisive and thoughtful lyrics. Only four tracks, but this is some very technical stuff, and the songs are well written. Kind of, like I said, chaotic—in that that the music is a bit hard to follow at times (math-y stuff). The lyrics give quite interesting comments on 9-11, radicalism, revolution, corporate crime, power, materialist mentality, etc. Color me impressed! (NM)
(no address)

THE MISHAPS – "Rock and Roll" EP

.....ugggggggg!!!!!! Yet more bullshit hard rock, this time from the States.....!!!!!! Yes, the music here does fucking blow big super size cocks, but the real funny part here is the propaganda that the label included to try and entice reviewers and buyers at record stores.....!!!! Most hype-sheets are laughable and lame but these stupid motherfuckers win the prize for laying it on thick.....thick as dog shit!!!!!!! Somebody wants a major label cock up their ass badly and I think the MISHAPS have got what it takes to take the whole fist!!!!!!!! See you on the cover of *AMP* magazine you motherfucking bozo shit-heels!!!!! (SW)
(Wall Ride, Hampstead, MD 21074, wallridekid@aol.com)

M.O.T.O. – "Turn Your Head and Cough" LP

A re-issue of M.O.T.O.'s first cassette from 1985. This is M.O.T.O. at the silliest, most primitive, most lovelorn, most rejected, most naïve. Simple guitar tunes with a drum machine and earnest vocals. If you like that in your rockers, you'll love this. (CK)
(Lady Kinky Karrot, ladykinkykarrot@yahoo.com)

MOTORAMA – "Dirt Track Specialist" CD

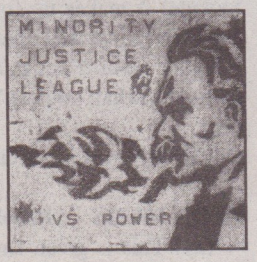
Swap the Gearhead/Junk staple of hot rods for dirt-bikes, and you have MOTORAMA figured out. This is exactly like any other punk-as-hard-rock release you are likely to encounter in 2007: odes to booze and brawls played by tattooed dudes in wrasslin' masks. Lock up your daughters! Oh well, at least they're having a good time. (MC)
(Last Chance, www.lastchancerecords.net)

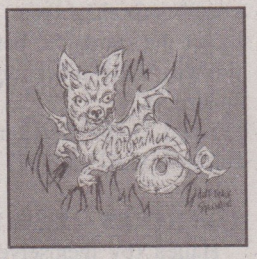
MUSTANGS AND MADRAS – "La Lechuza" CD

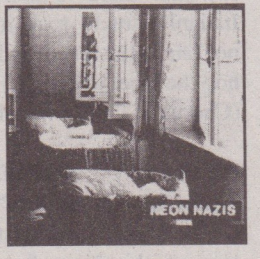
FUGAZI, early AT THE DRIVE IN, and a lot of mid-'90s Jade Tree and Doghouse bands come to mind when listening to MUSTANG AND MADRAS. I am sure a lot of my musician friends would really dig this, but I find this record has a lot more wank than gut punch. Not horrible, but not for me. (JF)
(Latest Flame, www.latestflame.com)

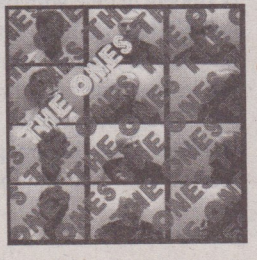
NEGATIVE APPROACH – "Fair Warning Vol. 2" DVD

Here we have the second installment of this DVD collection of NA live shows. This time we get footage from a Lansing, MI cable access show called *Why Be Something You're Not* from 1982, The Clubhouse in Detroit also from '82, Love Hall in Philly from '83, the Graystone in Detroit also from '83, and bonus footage from the City Club in Detroit from '82. I've been dreaming for a delicious morsel this tasty to come my way since I was a zitty fledgling punk rock nerd in high school. By far, the highlight of this DVD is the









Graystone shit. The sound is awesome, the video clear as can be, and the band couldn't be any tighter. It's also funny that there is nary a shaved head to be found in the crowd or band at this point. Visually, all of the footage is way above average, with the *Why Be Something…* and, as I mentioned above, the Graystone being really high quality, but what the Clubhouse and Love Club footage lacks in sound quality (compared to the the other footage) it makes up for, in spades, with the crowd response and energy level of the band. All your favorite songs and more are here, so no matter what, you can't lose with this DVD. (JU)
(MCRNR, www.motorcityrocknroll.com)

NEON NAZIS – "Problems/Fangs"

Yay! This is great. Bratty, simplistic, pure-fun punk with sing-songy vocals. A slight '80s (in the good way) feel to the music, while the vocalists (both of them) are trying really hard to get the words out before fainting. A super limited, mail order only record, so don't snooze. (CK)
($5 ppd: Going Underground, 1822 G Street, Bakersfield, CA 93301)

THE NERDS – "Rock Inferno" CD

Hailed (by themselves) as, "The one and only ItalianDestructo rock motherfuckers," THE NERDS head up the Italian chapter of the Confederacy of Scum created by Southern GG lovers ANTISEEN. On the one-sheet included with the album, they won't let you forget that, name-dropping ANTISEEN at least five times; I guess it's some sort of big deal, I'm not sure. After listening to about half of this CD I can't help but wonder what makes THE NERDS Italy's one and only destructo rock motherfuckers band? I mean after seeing LA PIOVRA in Italy earlier this year I can safely say that there is more then one band of ItalianDestructo rock motherfuckers and it's not fair to the rest of Italy for THE NERDS to hog the label. (NE)
(Chorus of One, www.chorusofone.it)

NETJAJEV SOCIETY SYSTEM – "Anarchy Andromeda" LP

Fast, pissed, and blasting away through the tons of shit I get from *MRR* every month comes NETJAJEV SS with an assault of twenty rippers in tune with bands like DEAD STOP and KNIFE FIGHT. This drummer is ruling, hitting every punch right on and never hesitating to blast his way through a basic one-two beat. Every element on this record makes it a shredder—the non-stop riffing, the pissed Jerry A vox punching holes in yer brain. Get pumped. (NE)
(Rescued From Life, c/o Clay Newell, PO Box 14821, Haltom City, TX 76117, rflrecords@hotmail.com)

NETJAJEV SOCIETY SYSTEM – "Surfside Anthems Vol. 2" EP

A curious release. No picture sleeve or artwork other than the early-'60s retro stylings of the label on the 7". All the music is written and played by one person, Magnus Lundberg. When I dropped the needle, the mystery continued. It's surf music and like most surf music, instrumental. It's a bit gothy at times and then gets heavy within a track or two. The first track is rippin' fast with some funny sound effects, which sound like a Theremin. Surf music on 45! "Midnight Neptune" has slight spy theme leanings with some nice organ sounds and distorted guitar. I did some quick searching on the band and they've done splits with lots of noisecore and fastcore bands like ULCERRHOEA and BRODY'S MILITIA. I've never been a fan of genres like surf music that have such narrow definitions, and while this seems to be slightly more interesting I have to ask why you'd ever dig through your 7" collection, pull this out, and throw it on the decks. (MH)
(Rescued From Life, c/o Clay Newell, PO Box 14821, Haltom City, TX 76117, rflrecords@hotmail.com)

THE NIGHT SLAVES – "Tell On You" EP

A smattering of "adult-contemporary punk" that moves from traditional punkish garage to the snotty Rip Off Rex school over the course of four tracks. If these guys don't have a residency at some Portland dive-bar, then something is seriously wrong here. With the glut of new faces releasing singles in the mode right now, I could definitely see this scant 250 copy pressing getting lost in the shuffle. Not a bad record by any means, but not the sort of thing anyone will drool over. That said, I'm sure it's already sold out. Ahhhh, record collecting. (MC)
(Felony Fidelity, 7135 SE Woodward St, Portland, OR 97206)

OFFICER DOWN – CD

Burly, straight-ahead political hardcore from the left coast. Kinda like a less accomplished CAUSTIC CHRIST (similar lefty political lyrics too). I dig this sound, but found a whole long-player a little much. You know those bands you like on paper but just can't rock 'em in practice? The song "Officer Down' is an absolute ripper though and would be worthy of a seven inch. (TB)
(no address)

OFF WITH THEIR HEADS / PRACTICE – split EP

There's been a lot of talk about how great Milwaukee's OFF WITH THEIR HEADS is, but I'm just now busting my cherry on 'em. It's pretty much what I expected—pop punk with a smart-assed, bar-stool Socrates sense of life and death and an all-you've-got-is-time-so-fuck-it-all-and-do-whatever-it-takes-to-have-fun sense of adventure. Not unlike DILLINGER FOUR. The organ solo on their second track is really cool. Pretty rad for pop punk anyway. On the flip we have PRACTICE from Japan. The first thing that comes to mind as I listen to this is CHISEL's *8 A.M. All Day* LP. Super clean guitars, a slightly off-pitch, almost falsetto voice, and pop hooks up the wazoo. Cool but not great. If you're into this style you already know you want this. (JU)
(Snuffy Smiles, 12-A Kamikousaicho, Shichiku, Kita-Ku, Kyoto 603-8117, JAPAN)

THE ONES – CD

Super (almost annoyingly) catchy power pop tunes. So peppy, so poppy, so high-energy. I can just feel the uppers in the room. People still take them, right? The musicians are very tight and the singer has a very distinctive voice. If you like THE PETS, I know you'll like this too. (CK)
(Waxvaccine, PO Box 40527, Portland, OR 97420, waxvaccine@yahoo.com)

PIAZZA DROPOUT / TEENAGE ANGST – split EP

PIAZZA DROPOUT from Germany goes for the all-out attack blur-core approach; full-bore, no metal hardcore not unlike HERESY or RIPCORD with someone who sounds like John Brannon from NEGATIVE APPROACH on the mic. TEENAGE ANGST has a way heavier sound not unlike BORN DEAD ICONS and the like. I dig both bands—keep yer peepers peeled for this one. (TB)
(Grinse, PO Box 920105, 12415 Berlin, GERMANY)

THE PNEUMONIAS – "Automatic Pistol" EP

A good quality live recording featuring four cuts. I know that some have appeared on vinyl before, but I believe there are some new ones, including an excellent ANGRY SAMOANS cover. This is bare bones, no frills, bad-ass punk rock. These guys fucking rock and are one of my real favorites right now. (KK)
(Frantic City, 31 Rue A. Barine, 17000 LaRochelle, FRANCE)

THE PONYS – "So Sentimental" EP

A repress of THE PONYS first 7" record from 2003. The same three songs of sing-songy, shoegazer-ish power pop. The only thing different is the cover, which looks like a photocopy of the color sleeve from previous issues. (CK)
(Contaminated, PO Box 41953, Memphis, TN 38174)

POWER CORRUPTS – "War Against Reason" LP

I'm all about straight-up political hardcore, especially the bands from the '90s like AUS ROTTEN, DEPRIVED, RESIST, SUBSTANDARD, etc. This UK band from Sheffield takes cues from those bands as well as the UK bands who influenced them—CONFLICT, SUBHUMANS, etc. Driving hardcore with the odd reggae break (I know, I know…but it works, trust me) with a political backbone wrapped in lovely packaging pressed onto a slab of blue wax. This record is well worth hunting for; I know I'll be tracking it down. (TB)
(www.beanhead-hardcore.tk)

PYRAMID SCHEME – "House Arrest" EP

Wow…this unassuming li'l platter with horribly pixilated artwork really grabs ya from the get-go—drop the needle and you're immediately assaulted by some killer fuckin' raw HC…and these sly lads know how to keep the rock rolling 'cause there's no breaks between the jams. Nice dirty recording and energy levels through the roof. *House Arrest* is a bit more measured and focused as compared to their previous seven-incher, and I for one am glad they apparently spent their time in the basement honing their HC craft instead of in front of a computer learning how to use Photoshop correctly. (CS)
(Art Fraud, 1749 Broadway Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15216)

THE QUEERS – "Don't Back Down" CD

No cheap shots at Lookout! and their financial shenanigans just because another band has pulled their back catalog. No, I'll take the high road and just state the facts: blast-from-the-past reissue with the addition of the three non-LP tracks from the *Bubblegum Dreams* EP, so you can get yet another remnant of the evil Lookout! umpire (Three strikes and they're out! So die already!) out of your house. And congratulations to the QUEERS. (DD)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030, www.asianmanrecords.com)

THE QUEERS – "Grow Up" CD

A reissue of the first QUEERS LP here. It's got a rougher sound than their following Lookout LPs. This was also reissued by Lookout a ways back after its initial short-lived vinyl pressing. The five bonus tracks are nothing special but this is still a must for any QUEERS fan. I'll take *Love Songs* over this in true pop punk fashion, but this hits the spot every time I hear it. (RL)
(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030, www.asianmanrecords.com)

RABIES – "Before the Disease" EP

One of the four EPs included in Get Revenge Records' *Demolition Series*, *Before the Disease* compiles demo tracks recorded by this early-'80s-influenced SoCal band in 2004 and 2005. As such, the quality varies a bit—the A-side's got four tight, catchy, hi-energy HC tunes with a great raw guitar sound and voice-cracking teenage vox; possibly the best material I've heard from RABIES, on par with their *Disease Core* EP. The energy drops a bit for the more simplistic songs on the flip (I'd guess this stuff was recorded earlier), but it's still pretty decent overall. Limited to 200 copies, and if this ain't sold out already, I'll be a goddamned monkey's uncle. (CS)
(Get Revenge, PO Box 27071, Knoxville, TN 37927)

REALITY – "Singles and More 1982-1984" LP

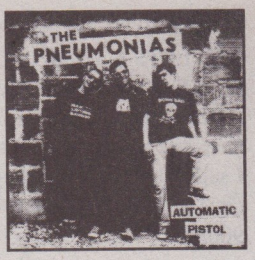
In the early '80s, Norfolk's REALITY skirted the outer edge of post-punk, like a somewhat rougher, more street-smart UK DECAY; this contains singles on the A-side, and a selection of demo and live material on the flip. Frankly, I've never been a big fan of the band, and the A-side's uninventive tunes may mostly find appeal with fans and completists. And then, the flip opens with the demo "Smilers Dead"—which is thrilling and passionate (and maybe a few minutes too long). All in all, it's done fairly well, though lacking the expected biographical material that would make a band like this more interesting. (SS)
(Pure Punk, www.purepunk.it)

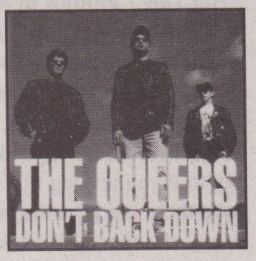
JAY REATARD – "I Know a Place/Don't Let Him Come Back"

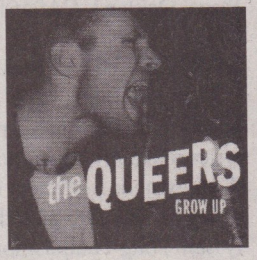
How many people get constantly better and better after some ten years of writing songs and putting out albums? Seriously, we all know that most bands start to suck after their first few records, but Jay is the fucking exception! I've always liked his other bands over the years, but his solo stuff of late is absolutely amazing! This is first-rate rock and roll punk in the vein of the WIPERS, URINALS, ADVERTS, and old school BOWIE. Perfect use of acoustic guitar and keyboards give this a nostalgic feeling for days when punk bands slightly blended in sounds of glam, pop, and new wave to produce timeless music. The flipside is a cover of the Australian GO-BETWEENS song from 1979. Both of these tracks are so good that this is guaranteed to stay near your turntable for a few weeks, and even then you'll file it away reluctantly. Go find this! (BG)
(Goner, 2152 Young Ave, Memphis, TN 38104, www.goner-records.com)

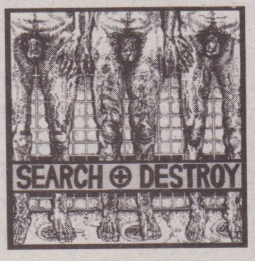
JAY REATARD – "Night of Broken Glass" 12"

Following up on his "Best LP of '06" stormer comes "Best 12-inch of '07." I am a fan of pretty much everything this man touches so I am a bit biased. However, his solo stuff just smokes everything else. The songs and recording are just streets ahead of any other punk records coming out right now. I am convinced if he wasn't such a lo-fi freak and all round nut-job, he could be big time. In the same world as the tremendous *Blood Visions* LP, this four-track 12" has more of a new wave feel and absolute-









ly *destroys*. Taking the darkness of the ADVERTS but with the garage sensibilities of the REATARDS and the tweakiness of weirdo KBD bands like the RED SQUARES, this is a year-end best shoe-in. It's limited to 700 too, so I suggest you get ordering. (TB)
(In The Red, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050)

ROCK'N'ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS – "Hot Dog / Panties in My Pocket"

This is one of those bands that my daughter is always heading to see at Gilman. At least that's the story she's been giving me. I've always liked these guys, though I couldn't tell you why. Maybe they like it that way. You've got to love the song titles. You've really got to love them being on the same record. If you're a fan of super lo-fi rock and roll, you'll also like the record. I did. (KK)
(Bachelor, $5 ppd: Marcos, 62 Hamilton Place, Oakland, CA94612)

RUINER – "The Lives We Fear" EP

Fast, melodic, and predictable modern hawd-core. Personal, grandiose, and flowery lyrics make my noose-tying fingers twitch, but the playing is proficient (albeit mostly cookie-cutter riffage with melodic leads and terminally safe song compositions) and solid. On the more emotional and melodic side of label-mates BLUE MONDAY or CHAMPION, not exactly my bag. (BS)
(Bridge Nine, www.bridge9.com)

SEARCH AND DESTROY – "Room to Breathe" EP

I was not expecting to like this one. The cover art reminds me of old SEPTIC DEATH stuff and I was never a big fan of theirs. Plus there are like four or five songs on each side. That's usually a bad sign for me. I have to admit that I was pleasantly surprised. I was expecting faster-paced hardcore, which is exactly what I got. What surprised me was the quality. A lot of the stuff that comes out in that genre can be pretty mediocre. That is definitely not the case here. If you're a fan of early SOCIAL UNREST or JFA, this will be right up your alley. Damn good, indeed. (KK)
(Clarence Thomas, www.bistrodistro.com)

SETTING SON – "In a Certain Way/I Wish"

This is some pretty fine '60s-influenced, yet modern-sounding pop punk out of Denmark. The emphasis here is on the pop side of the equation as the two tracks are driven along with a catchy keyboard rhythm and are accompanied by background vocal harmonies. To balance this out, however, there is a nice, gloomy element to the lyrics, a bit of Sky Saxon-like twang to the singing, and some fine guitar work to keep this rocking enough for some *MRR* readers to take note. I would say this sounds like the WELLWATER CONSPIRACY if they were more mod, or maybe FM KNIVES, if they were more influenced by the BRIAN JONESTOWN MASSACRE. The A-side track is apparently a single for an upcoming album and these songs leave me curious enough to want to hear it. (BG)
(Bad Afro, www.badafro.dk)

SEXAPHONE – "Fuck Your Space" EP

SEXAPHONE have taken that classic all-girl '60s garage band amateur appeal, drenched it in some stinking lo-fi dirge, added a bit of early-'90s girl-empowering noise, stuck it in the microwave, then beat it silly with a framing hammer. Yet, in the middle of this beautiful racket, they have still managed to keep a tight grip on the tunes. This is dirty, obnoxious, and still gloriously wonderful. Four tunes that could have dropped off any of the *Girls In The Garage* series if it wasn't for the blender, bulldozer, and racking ball treatment they were put through. (SD)
(Yakisakana, 51 Rue Renaudel, 76 100 Rouen, FRANCE, www.yakisakana.tk)

SHANG-A-LANG – "ERROR: You Can Not Add Yourself As a Friend" EP

Scrappy-as-all-get-out, yet melodic mid-tempo punk from New Mexico. This is pretty much practice tape quality production-wise—but it sounds at least like they've got some tunes. Four tracks. A DIY sounding record with absolutely no information… (AD)
(Dirtcult, 713 Stagecoach Dr, Las Cruces, NM 88011)

SICK-E'S – "Mankind" EP

Remember how refreshing it was to hear a garage-inspired organ play a big part in the complete viciousness of THE PIRANHAS? Well, SICK-E'S manage to replicate that feeling here on their debut. Although things seem to lean a little more toward the one-man bedroom demo vibe than the full-band chaos of Ypsilanti's dearly departed, the organ is a familiar thing to hold on to while you're being bombarded by all the frustration and crisis packed into each tune (and not just lyrically). This is bleak, angry shit folks, on par with DESTRUCTION UNIT at their unhappy best. Excellent. (MC)
(Square Wave, squarewaverecords@gmail.com)

SICK OF TALK – "Raked Over The Coals" EP

If you are like me, you love early THINK I CARE, but are kind of bummed on their newer stuff. Fortunately, there is a solution to this problem and they are called SICK OF TALK. Taking up the reigns of tough East Coast fastcore with crushing breakdowns, this record is even better than their debut EP. The title track takes up the entire A-side and pummels from start to finish. It's only three songs long so hopefully there is more to come from these gentlemen. (BN)
(Chronic Death, www.myspace.com/chronicdeathrecords)

SLOWDEATH – "A Rising Tide of Anger" CD

Reggae aficionados might disagree with me, but you *do not* start a hardcore LP called *A Rising Tide of Anger* with a dub song! The ten other tracks tread second-LP DAMNATION AD territory of stark angry vocals shouted over broad, heavy open-guitar chords. The rhythm section should fill the points in between the two, but here, the drumming is largely mechanical from track to track. While this type of big club style snare sound can lend the record a huge sound, it largely makes the record sound repetitive and static here. Lyrics are an artful jumble of anger and confusion. (KS)
(Moebius Palindrome, PO Box 5, Torrance, CA 90507, www.moebiuspalindrome.com)

SNUFFED BY THE YAKUZA – EP

Quirky little seven out of Sweden, super new wave-y and catchy not unlike a full-throttle RANDY. The garage heads will be drooling I am sure, as this has enough fucked-up analog buzz to attract even the Mitch Cardwells of this world. One of the songs on the flip has a real GG ALLIN (JABBERS-era) feel; that could just be down to the ass-licking references though. Totally feeling this one…track it down. Limited to 300 so it's probably already a million bucks on eBay. (TB)
(Ken Rock)

THE SPOOKSHOW – "Psychosexual Chapter 2" CD

This Swedish outfit has the horror thing going on looks-wise and the packaging of a psychobilly band. But they really sound like a punk rock band with a little street/Brit influence. They also have a female vocalist who can really sing in a Debbie Harry kind of way. That's pretty good by my standards. Songs of

darkness, bleeding, and zombies; hence, the white make-up. I give this a thumbs-up. (RL)
(Wolverine, www.thespookshow.net)

SOCIALCIDE – "Sick of the Pressure" EP

Keep it coming, kids. Every time a new band of young punks puts out an excellent release like this, there lies a glimmer of hope for the future. Seven relentless, fast hardcore tracks not unlike GANG GREEN, HATED YOUTH, or DEEP WOUND, but not really like them either since they're good enough to stand on their own. These songs were originally released as a demo, but they were deemed worthy enough to be put to vinyl without rerecording them. I'm glad they did that because I like the raw edge to it. They even cover a WHITE CROSS tune. If you love this kind of stuff like I do, then you definitely want to check this out. (BG)
(Even Worse, Saenredamstraat 44-2, 1072 CH, Amsterdam, HOLLAND)

SOUL CONTROL – "I Struggle" EP

Straightforward and driving hardcore with some heavy chug parts, creatively dense breakdowns (to drop on your head like bricks), and well delivered throaty vocals. Parts reminded me of a gruffer, more hell-driven (modernized) SWEETBELLY FREAKDOWN. (BS)
(Rivalry, www.rivalryrecords.com)

STATIONS – "Cupped Hand Solution" EP

Five tracks of caustic, overdriven STATE OF FEAR-style hardcore with pointed, direct, and relevant lyrics. This is a solid update of standard-issue charging thrash with harsh, barking vocals, thundering and speedy drums, and a thick yet not overly metallic guitar attack. Lyrically it puts its own spin on religion, corporate domination, and the current "War on Terror." When they play slow- to mid-tempo on the track "How Can We Be of Service to You?" it's less effective, but overall this is a solid and hammering EP of direct hardcore fury. (KS)
(no address, abiology@hotmail.com)

STRUNG OUT – "Blackhawks Over Los Angeles" CD

According to my CD collection, this must be these SoCal dudes' seventh full-length, if one isn't counting the live LP (and they don't really count, right?). Over the years, they've taken that smooth, patented Southern Californian melodic hardcore sound (y'know, LAGWAGON, FACE TO FACE, et al), and welded twin metallic dueling guitars firmly into the mix. So they now sound not unlike a BAD RELIGION or PENNYWISE (especially with the layered vocals and hardcore song structures) trying out IRON MAIDEN outtakes. Me, as you can perhaps tell by the aforementioned CD collection, thinks it works really well. (RK)
(Fat Wreck Chords, www.fatwreck.com)

BORIS SUJDOVIC – "Fuzz Machine" CD

One morning, THE JESUS & MARY CHAIN woke up and decided to sell the worst six songs they ever wrote to a guy named BORIS. You know the songs—the kind where "down" is pronounced with a "y," as in "Cuz I'm coming dyowwwn…" Woah! *Drugs!* If that's not enough of a red flag: "You like heroin to much." I couldn't make this shit up, folks. Need more? "Primitive beat, yeah primitive beat, man." Here's the problem BORIS, JMC were listening to the SHANGRI-LA'S and BRIAN WILSON, not the BRMC. Thank you, cocaine, for BORIS SUJDOVIC. (JP)
(Bang!, Apdo 166, Santurtzi 48980 Bizkaia, Basque Country, SPAIN, www.bang-records.net)

TACHED OUT – "Ripped to that Dead End Sound" EP

What we have here is rock 'n' roll that bores the fuck outta me. I don't care if the members came from old punk bands, especially when what they currently play comes nowhere close to the power of their past projects. If you are in the Turbojugend army and have swallows or dice tattooed on your balls you'll probably drop to your knees and open up wide for this. Look for the bad artwork in stores near you. (MS)
(info@subversive-ways.org, bunkobastard@yahoo.fr)

TEST PATTERNS – "In Time" EP

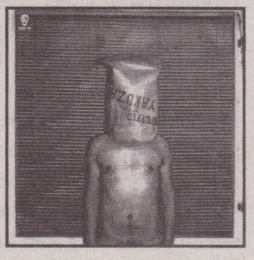
Oh, the pure joy of three perfect pop tunes on one perfect piece of 7" vinyl. Of course, the pop in question is given that special schoolyard bully punch-to-the-ear treatment that makes it all so special. First tune kicks off with male vocals sounding a dead ringer for something that accidentally dropped off the JAY RETARD LP. The next two are given a sugar-sweet female rubdown. The tunes falls somewhere between THE SOVIETTES, THE RONETTES, and THE REIGNING SOUND, making sure that you can't possibly go wrong. (SD)
(Contaminated, c/o Alicja Trout, PO Box 41953, Memphis, TN 38174)

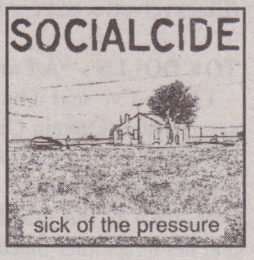
THEMA ELEVEN – "The Great Misanthrope" CD

An emo version of NEUROSIS from the Czech Republic. More NEUROSIS than emo and just to make sure, this band is not crying about their broken heart, the fact that mom took away the keys to the car, or that their girlfriend left them. They are singing about a dark world. There are three vocalists, all with clear vocals, and they even have different tones like NEUROSIS. Lyrics are included in both English and Czech. They throw in a few samples, including one by Noam Chomsky. I was surprised to see that Alex Newport mixed this. The more I listen to this disc the more I'm liking it. (MH)
(Insane Society, PO Box 18, 504 01 Noby Bydzov, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.insanesociety.net)

THE THIRD MEMORY – "Et de Cela Rien Ne Ressort" LP

Bombastic, searing guitar dominates this record, ably assisted by a wicked drummer who drives the music in unpredictable and atypical (for this stuff) directions. Unfortunately, the timing and structure, and particularly the vocals, plant this French band squarely in screamo territory. Rhythmically and sonically I'd maybe put this in with the SWING KIDS (another amazing drummer) or





maybe some of the Gravity stuff. With this stuff, it's always been the vocals that have turned me off, and this band is no exception. If this style of music is your thing though, I'd say you could be on to a winner. (AM)
(I've Come for Your Children, 252 Barker Rd, Nashville, TN 37214, www.childismine.com)

TOUCHED – "Funeral Dress" EP

Unless you were born with two dicks, you probably won't "get" the hyper-masculinity of this gem. As the wang-dang-doodle vocals make you, the lucky listener, privy to the singer's tragic fate of living a life full of "fucking sluts...on their knees behind the liquor store," you'll lament the fact that you're such a goddamn pussy. Oh, and side two opens with some freak-out/psychedelic jam bullshit, which is amazing and original enough, but all the more brilliant when it sounds like GODSMACK. Jesus. (JP)
(Blackvelvetfuckerecordings, no address)

TOY DOLLS – "A Far Out Disc" CD

I know I've said it before, but I'm happy to say it again. Captain Oi! is the finest label in the world, bar none. They're re-releasing, and repackaging hundreds of the finest records ever made in the grand history of punkdom, and here's another bleedin' classic. *A Far Out Disc* was the TOY DOLLS' second stunner (Captain Oi! has handily reissued their first three—absolutely mandatory—full-lengths). For those not in the know, along with THE DICKIES, THE TOY DOLLS pretty much invented hyperactive pop punk, of the non-RAMONES, non-emo variant. They were (I guess *are*, since I think they're still doing it today) blessed with a singer/songwriter gifted with a helium voice, and some of the most gifted, furious fretwork this side of, well, anyone. Catchy tunes, hilarious (yet pointed) lyrics about love and life and stuff ("Carol Dodds Is Pregnant," "My Girlfriends's Dad's a Vicar," and the mighty "Florence Is Deaf [But There's No Need to Shout]"), and blazing riffs. What more could you ask for? Actually, there are some mildly annoying filler interludes on this disc, but that's a small price to pay. The bonus tracks include their international smash hit cover of "Nellie the Elephant," and three other gems. What a band! (RK)
(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, BUCKS HP10 8QA, UNITED KINGDOM www.captainoi.com)

TOY DOLLS – "Dig That Groove Baby" CD

Here's a nicely repackaged, bonus-trackified issue of the 1982 debut LP from the UK's legendary TOY DOLLS. With their speedy Chuck Berry riffs, catchy-as-hell Oi!-style sing-along choruses, and clown-on-helium vocals, the DOLLS' unique sound is a love it or hate it kind of thing. I'm not ashamed to admit that I love it, and the first LP, along with the slightly better second LP, *A Far Out Disc* (also re-issued by this same label), is their best material. So here's a couple dozen incredibly silly songs to have hopelessly stuck in your head, like the mega-hit "Nellie the Elephant" (they even played this song on the big "alternative rock" stations here, back in the day), as well some early classic singles and EPs like "She Goes to Fino's," "Tommy Kowey's Car," and my new favorite "Hanky Panky." One of the most fun—not to mention talented—punk bands ever. (PC)
(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UNITED KINGDOM www.captainoi.com)

TOY DOLLS – "Idle" CD

Reissue of the third album from these quirky CHIPMUNKS-doing-oi!-ish-punk Englanders. Too bad the *Chipmunk Punk* album didn't sound like this, though I do prefer Theodore's vocals stylings. Still, this struck me as better than I remembered. Oh, includes the *Geordie's Gone to Jail* and *James Bond Lives Down Our Street* singles. Like most reissues, you know if you need it. (DD)
(Captain Oi!, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA, UNITED KINGDOM www.captainoi.com)

TRACTOR SEX FATALITY – "Braces" EP

A raucous three-song EP (including a cool disjointed and harsh cover of CIRCLE JERKS' "Coup d'Etat"), "Braces" being the standout track with a thick lurching and hypnotic drive to it. This sounds like CHROME circa-*The Lion Concert* meets GERMS "Shut Down" but with their own unique and proficient styled vocals, creepy tone, and tweaking guitar noise flutter, all helping to pound out their own hideously compelling sound. (BS)
(Kill Sounds, Unscene Sounds, tsfvertigo@yahoo.com)

THE TRAGICS – "Mommi I'm a Misfit" EP

The MISFITS (Schenectady's female-fronted version…no devil-locks here!) were renamed THE TRAGICS for the purposes of this release, a reissue of their oft-comped single from 1981. Perhaps they were actually known as THE TRAGICS at one point, though I have no desire to research that possibility, as 3/4 of this single has made me lazy. You know, the title-track is pretty great, but the rest of the tunes come off like a bar-band version of THE AVENGERS. If you must, you must…but this ain't the hidden gem you've been hoping for. (MC)
(Loud Blaring Punk Rock, PO Box 3067, Albany, NY 12208)

TRANZMITORS – "We Are All Alone With You/Between Planets"

Having more in common with bands like THE FUTUREHEADS or even PULP than it does with THE EXPLODING HEARTS, the new TRANZMITORS single delves so deep into pop territory that it makes their previous three sound almost abrasive in comparison. Don't get me wrong though—this is quite possibly the best thing to come in for review this month. The A-side is a ballad-esque track with tasteful nods to THE BOYS' poppier material; the B-side is an excellent JESUS AND MARY CHAIN cover. Incredibly good. (CS)
(Seeing Eye, www.seeingeyerecords.com)

TRAP THEM – "Sleep Well Deconstructor" CD

This is great; I was thinking it would sound like some fucking god damned bull shit metalcore but instead it's more like something Willowtip would have put out. There are some wanky metal-core elements here and there, but the music outside of that is unrelenting like NAUSEM meets CONVERGE with belted out screams and a sick-as-shit drummer. I don't mean to come off like this band is some next level shit because you could add blast beats to CURSED and get the same results, but this is worth checking out if you like any thing close to or slightly like metal or metal-core. (NE)
(Trash Art, www.trashartrecords.com)

THE TRASHIES – "What Makes A Man Get Trashed?" CD

Herky-jerky rock'n'roll. The tunes are teetering, twittering, and barely kept together. Unfortunately, the vocals are kind of flat and mostly spoken. This music with a great singer would probably be cool. (CK)
(Mortville, PO Box 4263, Austin, TX 78765, mortvillerecords.com)

UBER – "We Are Uber" EP

This record may very well be the best thing I've heard in the *MRR* stacks this month! This little-known band from Barcelona knows how to make sloppy and fast punk the old fashioned way. In sound, recording, and attitude, every song on this six track EP could blend in perfectly within Euro editions of *Killed by Death* or the *Bloodstains* comps, but then again, this could blend in with the slower stuff by more recent bands like SIN ORDEN or LOS

CRUDOS. It's hard to believe this is a new group. Like many Euro bands of the late-'70s/early-'80s, UBER falls somewhere between punk rock and traditional hardcore. All the songs are fast and furious, full of distortion, but are lo-fi and have excellent, semi-retarded punk lyrics—some in Spanish and some in English. This looks like it might be hard to find, but it's definitely worth seeking out. (BG)
(Professional Retard, Apdo 35322, 08029 Barcelona, SPAIN)

UNHOLY GRAVE – "Raw Slaughter" EP

Finally, the Cambodian live disc! These guys are no PISSCHRIST, but if you're an Eric Niess (get it? MTV Grind? Grindcore? Forget it…) then hop onto that cushion-less bike seat and get that goddamn package delivered so you can rush out and pick this gem up. Take note that the last thing I listened to this morning was "Bottle of Wine" by THE FIREBALLS, so I may not be the go-to guy for this job. Anyway, it's a lot of "*waaaa*" with rumble-y bass, so I guess it's grindcore. (JP)
(Agromosh, ben_agromosh@yahoo.com)

UNHOLY GRAVE – "Unholy Bastards" EP

What does a band need whose official release count is somewhere near one hundred? A live EP. Yes, it's another UNHOLY GRAVE record—if you haven't already heard them, their prolific grindcore stylings are not dissimilar to NAPALM DEATH. This record also comes with a tour diary apparently covering the mini tour from which this record was recorded. The diary is less boring than your typical one, due to the author's unique approach to the English language. For example: "LITTLE BASTARDS was fucking awesome! They did 'Encore'! But after their show I said to them, 'Hey you guys fucking suck!' Haha! ...This is my way to show my deepest friendship!" UNHOLY GRAVE is not bad, but this is a bad place to start—this record is only necessary for completists. (BN)
(Agromosh, www.myspace.com/agromosh)

VENDETTA – "Time Will Tell" CD

Oxnard's VENDETTA play B-rate metalcore in the vein of TERROR. This record isn't terrible but the fast parts lack urgency, the vocals sound kind of phoned-in, and the breakdowns just aren't crushing. Overall the CD is missing in the kind of brutality necessary to pull away from this very crowded genre. (BN)
(New View, 10454 Swinton Ave., Granada Hills, CA 91344, www.newviewrecords.com)

VICIOUS CYCLE – "I Am Watching You" EP

Whoa, where did this come from?! This is some fucking great hardcore along the lines of VIOLENT MINDS, and maybe a little STRIKING DISTANCE. Too bad it's over-produced and the layout sucks, otherwise this would be the best record I've reviewed this month. Wait, who am I kidding? This *is* the best record I reviewed this month! Someone tell this band to record more songs, and to do them on a four-track next time. Get this. (CC)
(Vinyl Addict, 1835 De Bourgone, Sherbrooke, QC J1J 1B1, CANADA)

VILE NATION – "Terribly Fucked Up" EP

If you ignore the eye-destroying, red-on-black lyric sleeve, Knoxville's VILE NATION has its appealing moments (including the all-red vinyl). This eight-song release (their demo pressed onto vinyl) contains some sharply-etched hardcore that saves its best moments for the A-side, with a tight, pummeling style that would win the affection of early DRI fans in a serious mood. Alas, this numbered, limited edition of 200 may be gone by the time you read this. Good for the style. (SS)
(Get Revenge, PO Box 27071, Knoxville, TN 37927)

THE VOIDS – "Sounds of Failure, Sounds of Hope" LP

This band from Southern California plays a volatile mix of catchy sing-along punk that is really lo-fi and reminiscent of bands such as VICE SQUAD or NAKED AGGRESSION but with a little more new school tendencies. It remains well in the confines of punk rock throughout. The music is really bouncy and doesn't really fuel my rage, but the lyrics seem to be about some topics that fall into that spectrum. No lyric sheet—aw well. Good job on the silk-screened covers and puke colored vinyl. Looks like something you would throw up at Balazo art gallery after a burrito and some avocado margaritas. (WK)
(Dr. Strange, www.drstrange.com)

WART – "Zenkai-Hisshi-Bana" CD

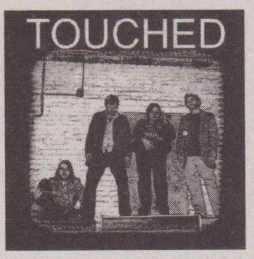
My Japanese skills are non existent, so I really can't tell you what this bands deal is aside from what they sound like. Musically this five song CD is equal parts raging hardcore and anthemic street punk with plenty of blazing leads and whoah-oh-ohs to go around. Good stuff. (BN)
(Hardcore Kitchen, Karum Bldg #304, 2-6-2, Kitanagasa, Chuo-Ku Kobe 650-0012 JAPAN)

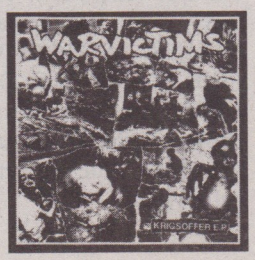
WARVICTIMS – "Krigsoffer" EP

In a genre of clone bands, WARVICTIMS takes Xeroxcore to a mind-numbing extreme (DISCHARGE font? Check! Band members in other Dis-band T-shirts posing against a brick wall with skulls instead of heads? Check! Meaningless "war" lyrics in typewriter font? Check! etc. etc.). It's not so much that this band has absolutely zero originality, it's more the sheer excess of clichés (along with seven—*seven*—stickers and ads) they were able to cram into one six-song EP. "WARVICTIMS Swedish D-beat assault—total fucking war and destruction has arrived"?? Give me a fucking break. Of course they've got starving children and dead bodies all over the cover… To me this is more offensive than the entire GG ALLIN catalog. Do these assholes give a shit about "war victims"? Or do they just want people to buy their lame record? Fuck this band. (CS)
(Svaveldioxid, 6 Grand-rue, 8510 Redange/Attert, LUXEMBOURG, www.svaveldioxid.tk)

WHITE DRUGS – "Harlem" CD

These dudes are from Denton, Texas, which is near Dallas and is, by my estimation, nowhere the fuck near Harlem. But who cares. Blown-out angst/art-damage not a million miles away from our dear locals BATTLESHIP, with a dose of Texas acid damage a la the BUTTHOLE SURFERS or something. This smacks (no pun intended) of irony and detachment, but it definitely rocks on a vis-





ceral level. Heavy, propulsive, and sunburnt. I guess Texas'll do that to you. (AM)
(Kunstwaffe, PO Box 759, Denton, TX 76202-0759, www.kunstwaffe.com)

WORLD BURNS TO DEATH – "Cease to Exist" DVD

Holy shit. A fucking nice faux leather booklet with silver imprint and pretty wicked Sakevi artwork. Class all the way here! The video is the WBTD boys playing live—although the music is from the records, not live, so there's no shitty live sound—interspersed with bizarre war, horror, and just plain odd grainy black and white footage. Very cool, atmospheric and definitely fits the music. Similar to GISM and their videos; not a big surprise in that way, but it's hard to argue with this DVD's quality. Definitely worth it, even if you aren't a huge WBTD fan—this may be a good introduction. (NM)
(Prank, www.prankrecords.com)

YACOPSÆ – "Discography" 2xCD

Wow! This is a wonderfully packaged 148-track discography of the band's releases from 1994-2006. YACOPSÆ is a German group that plays ultra-precision fast hardcore. They walk the line between power-violence, fast-core, and grindcore. Back in 2000-'01 I felt like YACOPSÆ was one of the best power-violence bands around, and revisiting the tracks from that time period didn't change my mind. When they called this a discography, they weren't kidding—along with the material from their own releases, it includes all the tracks from eleven splits (including splits with INNER CONFLICT, BIZARRE X, ROT, plus many others) and sixteen compilations, plus a couple rehearsals, demo tapes, live recordings, and interviews. The liner notes in the 28-page booklet are extensive and very well done, often including the cover of the original release. They also include some show flyers, which I'm always a fan of. I can see flyers for wonderful shows from the past that I wish I could have seen. BRUCE BANNER, SAYYADINA, YACOPSÆ anyone? Or how about RIPCORD, DEVIATED INSTINCT, DECADENCE WITHIN, and YACOPSÆ? Some might think they dug up too much when by including the demos and rehearsals but I really enjoyed hearing when they were more of a straightforward hardcore band, not so fast and tight, and this way you also get to hear covers of tracks by SATANIC MALFUNCTIONS, THE CURE, PINK FLAMINGOS, DROP DEAD, GANG GREEN and a few others. (MH)
(RSR, c/o Sandro Gessner, Str. des Friedens 45, 07819 Mittelpoellnitz, GERMANY, skrupel@web.de)

ZERO DEFEX – "War Hero 1983 Demos" EP

Besides a gang of demo releases in the early '80s, ZERO DEFEX (otherwise known as ØDFX) only appeared on vinyl via compilations, so it's nice to see someone give this obscure Northern Ohio band their own EP (even if it's 24 years later). The big question of course is, "Are they worth resurrecting?" After the first listen, I wasn't so sure. It goes without saying there were a ton of bands from this region and time period that did this better. But I can't ignore some moments of sheer brilliance on great songs like "Where Are the Kids Tonight," "Control No More," and the very straight-edge slanted "Drugs." ZERO DEFEX may not rank up with the likes of THE FIX or NEGATIVE APPROACH, but when put into context, any band from Ohio playing this kind of fucked-up, raw hardcore in 1983 is worth your time and attention. (CC)
(Get Revenge, PO Box 27071, Knoxville, TN 37917)

V/A – "Biscuit" EP

This EP, featuring three bands fronted by the late Randy "Biscuit" Turner, is a benefit for the Health Alliance for Austin Musicians organization. Turner's recent all-covers act BISCUIT TEXAS BOMBS delivers two BIG BOYS tunes here, recorded live in 2004. There's also a cool demo version of a CARGO CULT track; this was my first exposure to the band—Biscuit's post-BIG BOYS project—but now I'm inspired to track down their sole LP from 1986. Finally, the real treasure on this comp is a live version, recorded in '81, of one of my all-time favorite BIG BOYS songs, "Identity Crisis." The sound quality isn't quite up to the standards you might find on, say, *Frampton Comes Alive*, but the pre-song banter more than makes up for it. Fuck, what a great, great band the BIG BOYS were… Long live Biscuit! (CS)
(Rat Patrol, www.ratpatrolrecs.com)

V/A – "Points Lines" 10"

This is a very eclectic compilation featuring 15 bands that play various genres of music. The record starts off with a band called THE PACT, whose song made me feel as if I was walking nervously through a renaissance fair (lame). LIANNE HALL's really sweet vocals followed with a song called "For," and ROBOTNICKA does an electro hardcore punk song called "No No for an Answer." It was quite funny actually—it ends with the vocalist screaming, "What the fuck have you done" a la Ian MacKaye. The CRUNCH PUSH-UPS and VOETSEK, both from Bay Area, are represented here with tracks demonstrating what they both do so well. BOXED IN from the UK also has a killer hardcore track on this comp. My favorite is here, though, is I KNOW I HAVE NO COLLAR—not punk in sound but contributing a very ominous track that crept in my head. This comp is really all over the place and I get the impression this was put together at one of the art institutes somewhere. It has an artsy, dance, thrash, electro, punk mish-mash going on. An interesting listen while you're cleaning your room, splicing your film, or taking a long drive. (MS)
(www.irrk.org, irrkproducts@yahoo.com)

∀/A – "Messthetics #103" CD

Pretty much everything Chuck Warner has put out (*Hyped To Death*, *Teenline*, *Homework*) is a must-have if you are in any way interested in obscure DIY, punk or power-pop. Case-in-point—the most recent edition of the *Messthetics* series, focusing on the UK's DIY post-punk scene. This time, he pinpoints the Midlands, which, while inexplicably a little slow on the uptake during the punk explosion years, seemed to take off in the aftermath. The DIY scene took the "anyone can do it" attitude of punk rock, but threw away the tight boundaries of style and format. While many of the bands put the three-chord thud-punk mentality to good use, others ventured down new paths of sonic experimentalism, forming the sounds that we now know as "post-punk." Previous volumes of this series have almost exclusively obscure bands, but this one has a number of bands who managed to escape the one-single wonder trip down obscurity lane, such as the SWELL MAPS, SPIZZOIL (later SPIZZENERGI), CRAVATS, and PREFECTS, alongside some no-mark bedroom bands (VERSATILE NEWTS, 021, DOMESTIC BLISS, etc.). Historically, this is a tremendous piece of work, but it is also a great listen—a rarity for regional comps and especially ones that use words like "DIY" and "post-punk" (often code words for hopelessly amateur and artsy shit). Some of the bands, like HARDWARE whose artsy PIL driven is a little much, or the ACCUSED who take amateurism to a new level, could be skipped, but the winners far outweigh the losers with some new firm faves like the SCHOOL MEALS cheeky pop or the DANGEROUS GIRLS punk ripper, making this a worthy purchase. To top it off, there is huge booklet with band histories, record art, and photos. Highly recommended, even if the map on the front is wrong (that's not the Midlands you have highlighted!). (TB)
(Hyped 2 Death, www.hyped2death.com)

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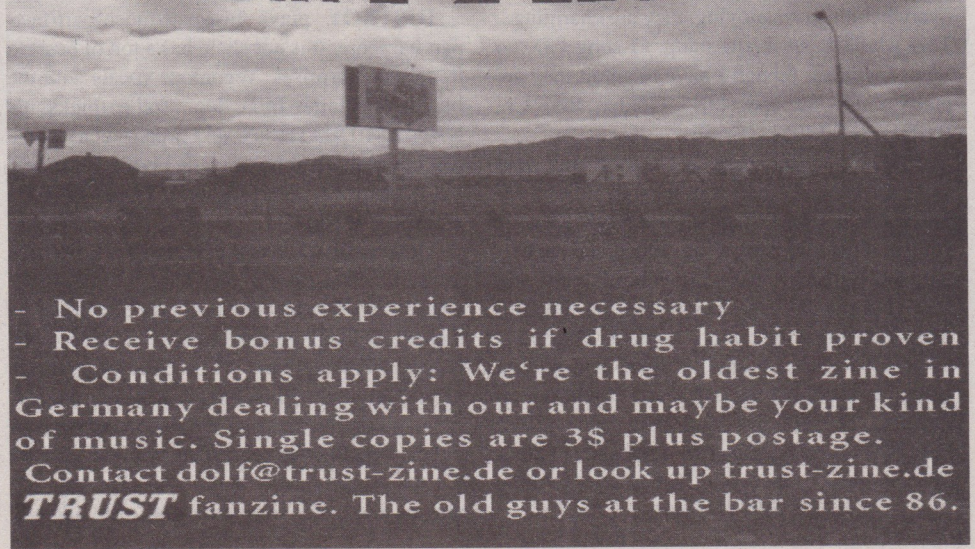

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Peter Avery, Justin Briggs, and Erin Yanke.

ASHAME plays sloppy and kind of noisy mid tempo songs. Callie likes it 'cause of the guitar parts and because "they have a really carefree way of dealing with chord structure," and I like it because the sloppy nature lets you in on the energy of creation and fun, and makes punk accessible. (Free! 4-song cassette, lyrics included. 1821 Harvard Ave. Apt. 402, Seattle, WA 98122) (Erin)

It doesn't help **THE BLOGGERS** that "blogger" is my least favorite term in the English language but I'll try to ignore it. This is some damaged, annoying shit bordering on genius/complete crap! Minimal guitar parts and even more mimimal drums, with some weird-ass sing-y, out-of-tune vocals. This is one of those rare things that seems to get better as it goes on. And with 30 tracks, it goes on for a while. Surprisingly, I think I might listen to this quite a bit. With all the bands out there trying to be cookie cutters of certain style it leaves a pleasant taste. Like bacon-wrapped dates. (30-song CD, no lyrics included. Hockey Dad Records, 4150 Brant St., Vancouver BC, V5N 5B4, CANADA, www.myspace.com/the bloggers) (Justin)

BYRON BROWN MOTHERFUCKERS are a lo-fi, funny (but not a joke) punk band with moments of intense thrashiness, although the melodic parts outnumber the thrash parts ten to one. Vocals are sarcastic, kind of snotty, and they include some amazing back-up vocals. They have keyboards, but because they are not overwhelming or annoying, they are charming... This whole band is charming. (7-song CD, no lyrics included, though I have to admit they are pretty clear. $2 ppd: 8611 Golden Rod Ct., Buffalo, NY 14051) (Erin)

THE CLOSET FARIES sent a blow pop with their demo, and Callie says "Thanks!" Musically, it sounds like they are singing and/or yelling about things they care about, and are getting shit off their chest. The guitar is busy and cool, and the rhythm section does its job well without trying to get your attention. The songs bounce back and forth between getting you going, all rocking out, and heartfelt mid-tempo rockers. They're good at both styles, like GAUNT or SCARED OF CHAKA. (4-song CD, no lyrics included. Spent, 96 Bulfinch Road, Lynn, MA 01902) (Erin)

On this, their *Bullfights on Acid* demo, **THE CONNIPTION FITTS** play wild, rocking punk that at times borders on a hardcore pace. I imagine that their shows are chock-full of drunken, pill-popping early twenty-somethings that are teetering on that fine line between dancing and so-fucked-up-I-can't-stand. Good stuff. (10-song CD, no lyrics. Let's Pretend, PO Box 2993, Carbondale, IL 62902) (Justin)

Next up we have CD-R demos by two bands made up of the same two dudes—Kaleb Keefer and David Rich. The first is **DEATH BEFORE DECAF** who does the Casio keyboard/drum machine/Ian Curtis thing. The first track seemed like a pisstake on the genre to me, and the second seemed a little more like a real song, though I must admit its "Your love for me repulses me, because I repulse myself" hook is pretty…uh… corny/desperate/absurd/hilarious. I don't know. I actually do kind of hope this is a joke. You know what? They just both laughted during a verse. This is a joke but it's lost any ability to be funny. (8-song CD, lyrics included.) The other CD from these blokes is by a band called **PUTRID SLOT**. This time they go for the slow, slower, slowest approach utilized by bands like NOOTHGRUSH and TOADLIQUOR. Hence the title *Molasses Ruination*. Two tracks, one covering the topic of vegitarianism and the other about computerized warfare. (2-song CD, lyrics included. Both CDs from Sacred Plague c/o Kaleb Keefer, 21 Easton St., Apt 2, Allston, MA 02134) (Justin)

DISTROY plays fast-part/mosh-part/fast-part hardcore. It is not slick, has a ton of heart to it, and has surprises. Venomous vocals with the big dog and the little dog. Callie thinks it's NAPALM DEATH-ish, and I particularly love the cowbell. (7-song cassette, lyrics included. $1: PO Box 121, North Hobart, Tasmania, 7002 Australia) (Erin)

DODSFALLA has a tape that's a little hard to review because it's very hard to hear. From what I can tell, they play fast, grinding hardcore that is laced with guttural screams and mosh pit-inducing breakdowns. While there is almost a metal feel here with some clever time changes, the band really sticks to the punk rock side of things, keeping the songs fairly simple. Maybe it's the sound quality but I feel like they are playing the same song over and over. (8-song cassette, no lyrics included. syrumdetox@gmail.com) (Pete)

GAYCITYROLLERS…Italian cock-rock that is shitty. No song titles, no info, stupid name. They're not gonna put in the effort, neither will I. Beat it. (8-song CD, no lyrics. loryann84@libero.it) (Justin)

GOLDEN HAPPINESS has a demo that despite a number of flaws is pretty cool and enjoyable to listen to. The music is a bit sloppy, the drums (not the drummer) sound awful, and the recording gives them what I think is an unintentional lo-fi sound. Nonetheless, their stripped-down, raw, BLACK FLAG-style punk rock is catchy and hard not to like. The A-side has three mid-to-up-tempo songs that utilize straightforward drumming, barre chords, and vocals that are a mix between singing and screaming, while the B side is a slower tune that is more in the hardcore vein. (4-song cassette, lyrics included. goldenhappiness@gmail.com) (Pete)

I have two problems with Boston's **HAVE NOTS**. Number one: Their little letter says "HAVE NOTS attempt to bring something new to an old genre…" This is the most by-the-books ska-punk I have ever heard. I'll admit it's catchy but not a single thing makes this any different than RANCID except that they aren't playing Warped Tour (yet). Which brings me to my second problem—this quote: "For now, but probably not for long, the music will take the place of a fancy press kit." Why "not for long"? We won't be a rung in your feeble attempt at climbing to the top of the *Punk Rock Confidential* ladder. I'll give it to HAVE NOTS for the tightness of their well-honed anthems, stenciled DIY packaging, and their well thought-out and intelligent lyrics, but this "not for long" crap left a bitter fucking taste in my mouth. (4-song CD, lyrics included. www.myspace.com/havenots-boston) (Justin)

JEFFREY DAHMER AKA Chewed Remains sounds exactly how you'd expect with that old AKA thing. Cali power-violence worship. Any one of these tracks would definitely have fit in nicely on the first *BLLEEE-EEAAAARRRGGGGHHH* comp and been better than the MEAT SHITS or BLOODY MESS AND THE SCABS songs. Though it ain't no INFEST or NO COMMENT. (10-song CD,

lyrics included. wagewaragainstgod@yahoo.com)

THE JOYFUL SOUNDS play '80s hardcore, with an angry but not fatalistic tone. The tempo is on the slower side of the fast hardcore scale. They have the breakdowns of classic DC, and cover a VOID song to prove where their hearts are. The vocals are pretty clear, yelled, and fit into the mix well. (6-song CD, lyrics included. 14049 Powers Road, Poway, CA 92064) (Erin)

KIDS EXPLODE had a demo from a couple years ago (I knew I was behind but not this much) which I will review despite the fact that they have several records out now. Anyway, they play emotional hardcore that reminds me a bit of SHOTMAKER but maybe more on the poppy side. The bass is super heavy on this recording which works well with the noodley guitar lines. The vocalist fills things out with your typical hardcore screaming. It's pretty good stuff for people who are fans of '90s emo. I know that at least some of these songs have shown up on their records with better quality recordings. (6-song cassette, no lyrics included. unfun@gmx.net) (Pete)

NERVOUS WRECKS have a FASTBACKS vibe to them, with the melody but without the punchier elements. They are a vocally driven, female-fronted mid-tempo catchy band. (5-song cassette, lyrics included. Free, send SASE: c/o T. Cuozzo, 246 Brookline St. #1, Cambridge, MA 02139) (Erin)

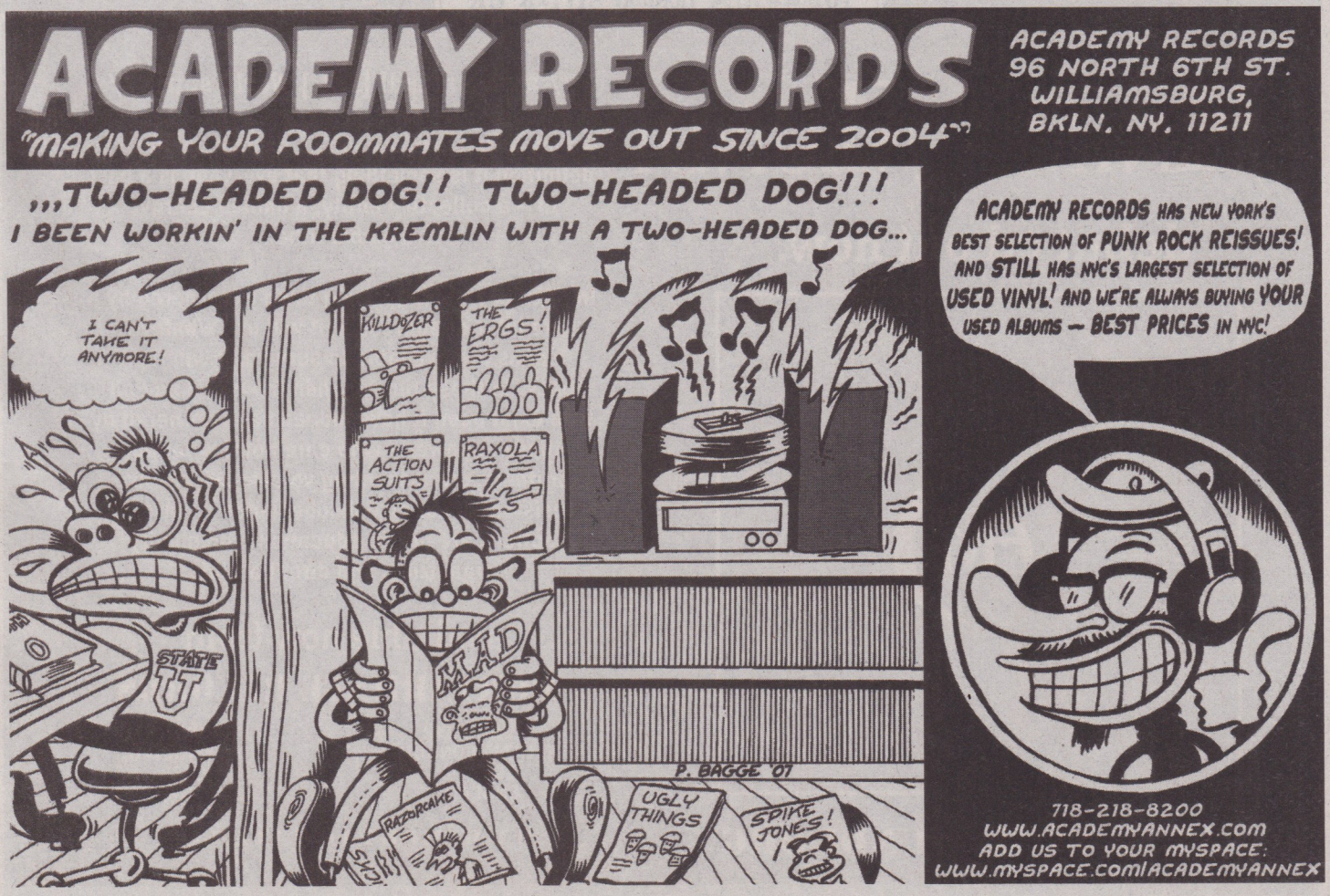
Syracuse, NY's **NO CONNECTION** plays catchy pop-punk with female vocals. I hate making that gender reference but you kind of have to most of the time to describe what something sounds like, I guess. They cover DISCOUNT's "Half Fiction" and that is a perfect reference point. Call it a lazy review if you want but this really does sound like DISCOUNT. (8-song cassette, lyrics included. $4 ppd; 136 Ridgewood Drive, Syracuse, NY 13206) (Justin)

RALPH EATS DYNAMITE plays an easy-to-dance-to post-punk style, like a less frantic MIKA MIKO. But they have moments of heaviness and darkness that sneak up on you, without slowing down the pace. They have dramatic vocals, with some low key harmonizing going on, and then there's the occasional screaming. (164 North Rd., Chelmsford, MA 01824) (Erin)

Now we've got a split demo from Japan's **SPITFAST** and France's **THRASHINGTON DC**. SPITFAST plays energetic, youth-crew-tinged thrash. Mostly fast songs, slightly out of breath screamed vocals, gang choruses, and melodic guitar leads abound. THRASHINGTON DC are faster but similar in approach. It's like a time machine all the way back to 2000. (13-song CD, lyrics included. www.kawaii records.com) (Justin)

VERNIX has a demo of mostly fast, crusty, metal-tinged hardcore songs. Heavy hitting drums (with double bass) back up chugging guitars and screaming vocals. About half of the songs are mid-tempo tunes that trudge along in the vein of POISON IDEA or ECONOCHRIST, while their better ones consist of quick bursts of screaming hardcore madness. Not the best recording but it's a solid demo. (9-song cassette, lyrics included. 114 Spence St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 1Y3, Canada) (Pete)

~***Viagra For Shyboy*** is a split cassette from the legendary Snuffy Smiles label. On the A-side, VIAGRA plays pop-punk that super catchy but still a bit edgy, like a mixture of SICKO and SHOTWELL. The recording isn't that great but the rough edges add a certain amount of energy to the songs that ends up working out really well. On the other side, SHYBOY has more of a direct punk/rock 'n' roll approach to their music. It is still pop-punk in that British/SNUFF sort of way, but there are also some clear signs of an early-'80s Southern California punk rock influence. Again, not the greatest sound quality but I love tapes and this is pretty darn good one. (8-song cassette, lyrics included. Snuffy Smiles, 12-A Kamikousaich, Shichiku Kita-ku Kyoto 603-8117, Japan, www.imomushi.jp) (Pete)



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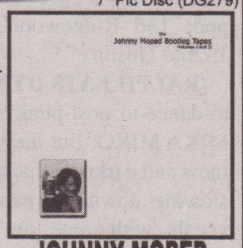

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8 LETTERS #1 / $1
5.5 x 4.25 – copied – 32 pgs
Yes! Yes! Yes! This is not only the best zine I've read this year; it's the best I've read in years. 8 Letters is a collection of interviews of folks with knuckle tattoos with thoughtful observations on the reasons why people choose knuckle tattoos and why they choose the words they do. Like Johnny NoPants, the editor of this zine, I frequently find myself thinking of words or phrases that encapsulate a feeling or a belief and check to see if it contains the magical eight letters necessary for knuckle tattoos. Each interview also contains a photograph of the tattoos—though sadly xerox technology fails to do them justice. Johnny ties it all in together with interludes about traveling, meeting folks, and a brief history of Sinn Fein. Really well written, great layout, and thoughtful interviews. I want more. (CR)
1414 Lincoln Pl. / Brooklyn, NY 11203

ARTCORE # 24 / $?
8.5 x 12 - printed - 42 pgs
This issue of *Artcore*, is, as always, a solid one. For those not in the know, here's the scoop... What you can expect from this Welsh zine is a good mix of modern punk—here we get interviews with Subhumans (Can), The Rites, Void Control, Great St. Louis, Government Warning, and The Loved Ones—plus the Vaultage section where Welly compiles retrospectives/history lessons/interviews for some of punk rock's legends. This ish you get Jerry's Kids (Boston), The Meatmen, Instigators, TSOL, Dead Kennedys, and Placebo Records. Stoked on the Jerry's Kids one 'cause even though they were from the same tiny state as myself, I knew relatively nothing about the folks involved or the history of the band. On top of all that, there are a few columns, one on psychiatry, one on '90s/early-2000s hardcore, and a couple others, along with little snippets on obscure records. This issue is also based on the punk world's appropriation of classic horror movie themes. All in all, a pretty rad zine, as I expected. (JU)
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M. Breen / 52 Peabody St 2L / Salem, MA 01970

BEAT SHEET vol. 5 / free, send stamps
8.5 x 11 – copied – 2 pgs
This For The Worse/Concrete Facelist 2007 tour diary reads more like something for people who know the band personally than for a general audience. The author doesn't really relate specific stories so much as "then we went here, then we ate at Denny's, drank beer, then we did ____ and _____." The tour diary would have been more enjoyable if it were more specific, rather than just listing events. There are some descriptions of the bands that For the Worse and Concrete Facelift played with, but after reading them I didn't really get the feeling like I could picture what the shows were like. However, this folded pamphlet is a nice little scrapbook for the people that were there. (MJ)
Breen / 6 Wadleigh Place / Boston, MA 02127
radiobeat@gmail.com

THE CLAIM #1 / $1
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 20 pgs
A HC zine dedicated entirely to the scene in

Worcester, Mass. Seems a bit unlikely, but if there is enough going on there to warrant an (ongoing) zine to cover and promote the scene there, more power to 'em. Fairly sparse issue though actually, with stuff on Soul Control, No More, I Se, Scatterbrained, and Commit. Also listings of upcoming shows in—you guessed it—Worcester. (NM)
(PO BOX 111 West Boylston, MA 01583-1752)

CHORD EASY #5 / $1
5.5 x 8 – copied – 16 pgs
Maybe this is easy, but it still looks overwhelming to me. It's a guide to understanding traditional music notation (a.k.a. reading music), the basics of which I understand. It explains which tones sound nice together, expressed thusly: Bb: Cj, or CE:AmCj. There is a lot of information and diagrams in here. Do punks even want their tones to sound nice? It's only a dollar, some zines are reviewed, and there is some writing on the origin of the notation system and its problems. (JM)
Light Living Library / POB 190 / Philomath, OR 97370-0190

DIRTY PLATITUDE #2 / $2?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 48 pgs
From Switzerland comes a punk comic zine with over 15 contributors. A good portion of the content is politically-themed, though there's a fair share of "arty" content. The illustrations are interesting for the most part, but like a lot of zines of this style, it's hard to figure out if there's something that I'm missing or if it's intentionally weird and arty. In any case it's a pretty decent collection. They neglected to include the price and since it's from Switzerland, you might want to send them an email or at least two dollars. (CR)
Dirty Platitudes c/o Infokiosk Tya Ballis / Maison Des Associations Rive Gauche / Quai De La Thiele 3 / 1400 Yverdon / Switzerland
dirtyplattitudes@no-log.org

DÖMD #3 / ?3.50 / $5.50
5.75 x 8.25 – printed – 36 pgs.
This zine is a total catch: good thru and thru. It's like meeting someone who is a total babe and also smart and engaging at the same time. When you first see them you think "DANG they look quite well-groomed and good-looking… Oh, now they are telling me about the Animal Enterprise Terrorism Act and speaking informatively on the new political leaders in Sweden. Tell me more." Good to listen to and look at all at once. If you decide to have a look, you will also find interviews with the Norwegian band Hevn, record label Nakkeskudd Plater, Swedish bands Dom Där and End of All, and Diskontrol from Brazil. (CH)
Mathias Krogh / Edgrensgatan 27 / 671 50 Aruika / Sweden
www.domdfanzine.net

DORIS #24 / $2
5.5 x 8 – printed – 36 pgs
I get every issue of this, the raddest, greatest zine ever (*Scam* gets honorable mention). One thing that bothers me sometimes is that the writing can be *challenging*—not with big words and esoteric philosophy, but in making my complacency less defensible/desirable. This installment is a series of essays. One called "Politics" doesn't give specifics at all, but rather calls for a reclamation of our humanity out from our role as consumers. The next essay covers the specifics of politics, such as affinity groups, coalitions, direct action, etc. "Punk" is two pages, about being able to scream, and how important that is if it doesn't come easy to you. "Primitivism" is an interview with a proponent. It didn't convert me, but it is far and away the most convincing explication of the ideas I've come across. The zine is typewritten, and the editor, Cindy, draws these neat cartoons—scrawls, really—to liven it up. After I read *Doris*, my thoughts take on the cadence of her writing. I think your life will be better if you send the two bucks. Really, seriously. (JM)
Cindy / PO Box 1734 / Asheville, NC 28802

EQUALIZING DISTORT vol. 7, #2 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 24 pgs
Once again, another installment of this consistently solid punk newsletter. This issue's got shorter interviews with Halifax's Die Brücke and Joey Shithead, plus an in-depth and quite interesting conversation with Toronto photographer/label head/promoter/journalist/scene veteran Jill Heath. Of course there's a half-dozen pages of record reviews, as well as movie, show, zine, and demo reviews. I've said it before: If you want to keep up with current punk happenings, check out *Equalizing Distort*! (CS)
21 Foundry Avenue, Unit 5 / Toronto, ON / M6H 4K7 / Canada
equalizingxdistort@ciut.fm

FORMER FETUS / $2 ppd
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 40 pgs
This zine documents a (mainly) one-month period during which the author goes through the process of having an abortion. It was originally posted on the internet in 2005 as a Livejournal; here it appears unedited in a (nicely laid-out) cut 'n' paste zine with some artwork and photos. *Former Fetus* is a compelling read—the author does a good job of putting the reader in the head of a 19-year-old who suddenly finds herself pregnant and is forced to deal with the consequences. I don't believe this zine is trying to make any arguments for or against abortion, it's just one person's story about something extraordinary that happened in her life. (CS)
Emily (Hank Dewees) / 13649 Brynwood Ln / Ft. Myers, FL 33912
emilysrad@gmail.com

FRANTIC CITY #000 / $?
8.5 x 5.75 – copied – 40 pgs
Third issue of this backward-looking French fanzine. I mean backward-looking in the positive sense—there are interviews with former members of the following late-'70s/early-'80s bands: The Zeros, Rudi, The Nips, The Joneses, The Go, X (from Australia), The Private Dicks, The Commandos, plus one with Joe who runs the reissue label Last Year's Youth Records. The interviews were all conducted over email and are mostly pret-

ty short, and a number of questions are the same for all interviewees; as a result, the quality of each seemed to depend on the willingness of the person answering the questions to go in-depth. I was pleased to see Rudi, one of *thee best* punk/power-pop bands of all time (well, in my humble opinion anyway), made the cover, and I really dug their piece in here. All in all, a quick read, but nicely assembled. (CS)
31 rue A. Barine / 1700 La Rochelle / France
frantic-city@hotmail.fr

FUNERAL MUSIC #1 / $3 (for 1&2)
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs.
This is your standard 8.5 x 5.5 photocopied hardcore zine. *Funeral Music* comes out of Winnipeg, Canada so most of the bands covered are from the Great North. Luckily there's a lot of great bands in the Great North so there's a lot to tickle your fancy, if you fancy having your fancy tickled. This issue has interviews with Search & Destroy and Formaldehyde Junkies. There's a play-by-play of the Fucked Up record release in Toronto that is so detailed that plowing through the whole thing might make you feel like a lurker reading someone else's diary; a step away from detailing what he ate that weekend and what his poop looked like the next day. But wait, there's more; an interview with the dudes behind Fashionable Idiots records, and a few pages of reviews and some shit-talking too. (CH)
2-100 Roslyn / Winnipeg, MB / R3L OG6 / Canada
earlyxgrave@hotmail.com

FUNERAL MUSIC #2 / $3 (for 1&2)
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 16 pgs.
Here's the sophomore release of *Funeral Music*. If you read the review of the first issue above, then you already get the idea. This one is shorter, with a little more shit-talking filler to make up for lack of content. If ya got nothin' to say then don't say it, save it up till you're overflowin' with it and then let it out like a huge shit explosion of words. This issue is not an explosion, but more of a fart, and not the kind that leaves a skidmark. But hey! I still like the content of this zine, and I think it would be even better if some of the empty calories were removed to make way for some more nutritional and killer content, even if that means taking more time to put out new issues.. Oh yeah, this issue is an interview with Nothing Done from Holland, and a Born/Bad and Formaldehyde Junkies tour journal. (CH)
2-100 Roslyn / Winnipeg, MB / R3L OG6 / Canada
earlyxgrave@hotmail.com

LOVE IN THE TIME OF SCABIES #2 / $1
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 40 pgs
Comics, miscellaneous writings, humor, self-ishness quiz, advice on booking shows (pretty cool actually), how to act like a cool kid, being a grown up, and other stuff inspired by the harsh winters of Milwaukee. Kind of all over the place, but not bad. (NM)
(2552 N Booth, Milwaukee, WI 53212)

MAJOR MALFUNCTION #6 / $1 or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 36 pgs
Supa dupa posi sXe zine from the Philippines. Looks like it was laid out on an old Mac computer that shouldn't even work anymore. Cool! Also filled with drawings of tough guys busting outta chains and moshing around wearing Insted and Youth of Today shirts. At the risk of sounding patronizing, I think the drawings are adorable even if they are supposed to invoke feelings of testosterone-fueled angst. This issue is kind of themed on moderation and the idea that anyone choosing the extreme left or right on any issue usually ends up screwing themselves or others in the end by ignoring everything in between. *Major Malfunction* uses this logic to discuss vegan militants and straight edge warriors, in case you haven't heard about those guys before. Also in this issue—detailed Malaysian hardcore scene report, interviews with Woof and The Slumlords, and a tonna reviews reviews reviews. (CH)
Walid "Led" Ma'arouf / #11 St. Martin St. / Rosalia Village 2 / Tandang Sora / Quezon City / 1116 Philippines
verbal_assault01@yahoo.com

NOISE REDUCTION #1 / no price listed
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pgs
This is a new hardcore zine outta Southeastern Mass. It's mostly interviews, which aren't real long or inspiring, kind of typical for a first issue. The bands are Hummingbird of Death, Severe, Cape Cod's own Kids of Carnage; also Not Very Nice tapes and records. There are a few reviews, ads, and a little bit of other writing. The paper is so white, you could hurt your eyes perusing it in the summer sunshine, so watch out. (JM)
Give Praise Records / c/o NR / PO Box 494 / Barnstable, MA 02630-0494
www.givepraiserecords.com

OX #71 / check the website for a postpaid price
7.75 x 11.75 – printed – 148 pgs – German
This thing is so fucking huge, with tiny type, the word count is the same as three *Maximum Rocknrolls*, I bet. If this were in English, I wouldn't be very stoked on it, as I don't give a fuck for the vast majority of bands covered, most of whom hit their peak 15-20 years ago. But there are demo reviews, and extensive tour listings of American bands cashing in on the German scene (and, to be fair, other bands as well.) If this is your thing, you'll get your Euros' worth. It comes with a compilation CD as well. (JM)
Ox-Fanzine / Bahnstr 40 / 42781 Haan / Germany / www.ox-fanzine.de

PLASTIC BOMB #59 / ?3 / $5
11.75 x8.5 – printed – 82 pgs
I couldn't read this zine cause it was in German. It's a legit, glossy punk/hardcore/ska (!!!) zine. It came with an additional mail-order catalog filled with punk music and clothes. It also came with a free CD. I'm guessing this zine already has a larger readership in Germany, but anyone anywhere who knows any German should check it out. From what I could figure out, this issue has interviews with Canal Terror, Piromanos Del Ritmo, Gasmask Terror, Hammerhai, Dallax, Ruts, The Porters, Goldblade, ZSK, and more. There's lots of neat stuff in here that I wish I could understand… (CH)
Postfach 100205 / D-47002 / Duisburg / Germany
www.plastic-bomb.de

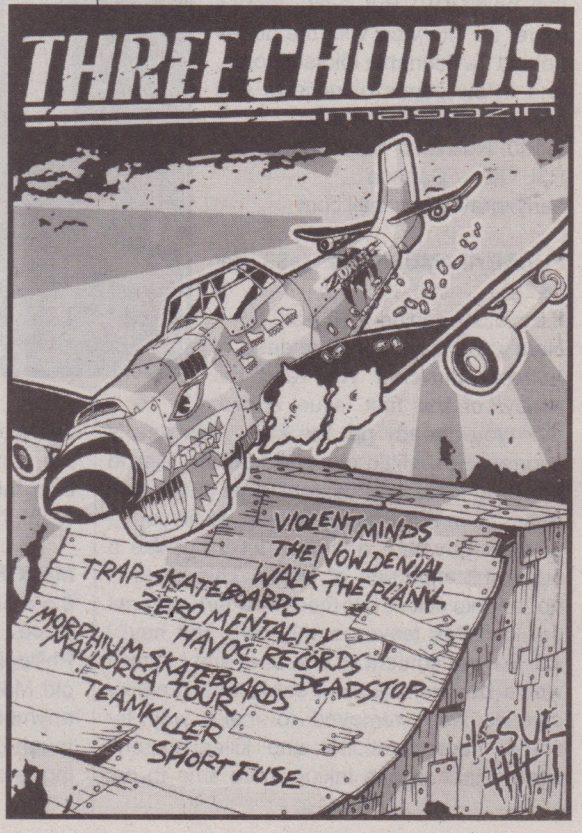
PLOPPY PANTS #6 / 50p
8.5 x 11 – copied – 28 pgs
Ah yes, a zine devoted to thrash and shitting one's pants. A dynamic duo! This zine from the UK includes an entertaining interview with crust band Malignant Tumour from the Czech Republic. The artwork and layout of *Ploppy Pants* is not really stellar, but the author has included some very funny haikus and poems that he has written, mostly about poo in combination with pants. Other features include interviews with the author of *Thrash Attack* zine, Crass, and US hardcore band I Object. The articles and content are informative but grammatical errors are an annoyance. The end of the zine has an excerpt from who knows where about the connection between crapping your pants and sexual pleasure—very graphic, but hilarious, and the author has also included his own poetry about the subject in between paragraphs. I don't think the author of *Ploppy Pants* actually likes shitting his own pants, he just thinks it's really funny when other people do—at least, I think so.
dirty_little_punk@hotmail.com

RATCHARGE #9 / ?3 Europe, $4 world, trades: "fuck yeah!!"
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 80 pgs – French
I can't read French. This zine *looks* like it's pretty rad, with its photocopied photos, interviews with new, fast hardcore bands (and a radio show), and tons of writing mixed with cool graphics and shit. There is a submission in English, but it's not so great, on the pointless/boring side. I would recommend this for Francophone crust/HC kids, based on the "vibe" (as we say in California), not on a thorough examination. (JM)
Alex Simon / 56 rue de Oliviers / 91160 Longjumeau / France / xxgluestickxxbrigadexx@yahoo.fr

RAZORCAKE #38 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 112 pgs
Some good columns and features in this issue. I really enjoyed the piece by Roxy Epoxy on "Women in Punk," because even though I feel like I've read a million pieces with this title, hers seemed fresh and relevant. The interview with Mike Vallejo of Circle One was really fun to read. Vallejo relates how he grew up feeling alienated from his Mexican heritage and how punk was his way to be an individual, and how he met the late singer John Macias. (Hilarious!) Also interviews with X-Mist Records creator Armin, who released records by Atom and his Package, Spermbirds, Fuck U Is My Name, and many others. (MJ)
Razorcake / PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042
www.razorcake.org

SALEM ASHTRAY #2 / free
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 24 pgs
I always love zines that focus on their city or area so Salem Ashtray is right up my alley. In this issue are notes on how to successfully book your band, thoughts on why Salem doesn't suck, a piece on religion, pictures of graffiti, and an interview with MRR's George Tabb on his continuing struggles with his health as a result of contamination in NYC after 9/11. All of it's pretty well written and concise. I have to complain about misspelling the name George (Geroge) on the cover though! (CR)
salemashtray@hotmail.com

SOME HOPE AND SOME DESPAIR #10 / $3 ppd
8.5 x 11 – copied – 40 pgs
Certainly this is the best zine I've read all year, and the title couldn't be any more appropriate. I didn't know Lance Hahn did a zine, I figured with all the work he does making music, putting out records and contributing to *MRR*, that he couldn't possibly have time for anything else. I find that even more impressive now that I know the health problems he suffers from. The despair parts don't outweigh the hope parts, or the funny and endearing parts. If you are a regular reader of *MRR* you will recognize installments of the punk history lessons in Anarcho-Crust for the book he's working on (titled *Let The Tribe Increase*); included here are interviews with Amebix, Toxic Waste, and Faction. He also



interviews Pedestrians from Chicago, and damn, the room lights up. There's something about what he chooses to ask, or perhaps the subjects he picks. Additionally I'm quite taken with the way he reviews things. It's like he knows *everything*, and he has to narrow down his focus to the most important opinions, the kind of reviews that give "intelligence" the Heimlich Maneuver. He even makes me want to check out Larry Clark's movies, something I never thought I would want to do. This is seriously worth getting. (JB)
Honey Bear Records / 1730 E. Oltorf #135 / Austin, TX 78741

THREE CHORDS #6 / $?
8 x 11.5 – printed – 84 pgs
Another pro-lookin' German HC zine, seemingly geared towards fans of bands comprised of young clean-cut males with tattoos. The layout is nice, and there's a good deal of content, including interviews with Team Killer, Walk the Plank, Zero Mentality, Short Fuse, The Now-Denial, Violent Minds, Dead Stop, Havoc Records, and more. There's also zine, demo, and demo reviews, and a hilarious-looking 12-step diagram on how to dance at hardcore shows called "Fit For Pit." (CS)
c/o Markus Thamling / Bahnhofstr. 70 / D-48143 Münster
www.three-chords.de

THRILLHOUSE #6 / free (ppd) or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 12 pgs
Aussie punk underground press, full of fervor. The cover is totally great, it's a cartoon of a freaked out wild-man who looks like he's stabbing himself in the arm. Or maybe his arm has a joystick that controls the world? If you like it short and fast, here ya go. The interviews are with Straightjacket Nation, Make The Most, and Homewrecker, and some reviews and that's it! Lots of emphasis on intensity and youth. What are *your* influences? (JB)
14 Moray St. East Bentliegh / VIC, 3165 / Australia
thrillhouse_zine@hotmail.com

TRUST FANZINE #123 / ?2.50
8.5 x 11.5 – printed – 68 pgs
This looks slick from the outside always, bold. Content veering toward the mainstream perhaps?...but, apparently credible as a source for punk and hardcore reviews. I do not speak or read German, so I am getting off easy here... Hmmm, contains interviews with Aaron Cometbus, Diavolo Rosso, and a shiny, hairless band called Fuckhead. Good lookin' layouts too. (DS)
Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany

TRUST FANZINE #124 / 2.50 EURO
8.5 X 11.5 – printed – 68 pages
Another *Trust*, fine by me—Juliette Lewis and the Licks and Dinosaur Jr. are interviewed, as well as Confused, Wino, and quite a few others. I really must get the general translation of the Juliette Lewis interview figured out. I am so curious as to what the little scientologist super-babe has to say about being a punk rocker. I don't know how rich, marketable types can make any claims to having done-it-themselves, post celebrity; although she is not without talent. I liked some Dino Jr. in my time too, but alas, I am unable to understand German... Still cool to grope through; the aesthetic is agreeable and the text is decipherable. (DS)
Postfach 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany

TURNING THE TIDE vol. 20 # 3 / $16 for 6 issue sub
9 x 11.5 – printed – 8 pgs
This issue contains a call for survivors of Hurricane Katrina to attend the second assembly on mobilizing to rebuild the Gulf Coast. It goes down August 25th. The article is fact-filled and clearly breaks down the organizers' agenda. I quickly re-realized the importance of re-distribution. Though this piece of press delivers a schedule for "summer action camps," its message of intolerance to any and all forms of racism must not blow into deaf ears. *Turning the Tide* is crying out for broader distribution. Reading about new photo evidence in Mumia's defense is indeed frustrating for someone who has learned of the Move and lamented their ongoing struggle, but will be horrifying to someone maybe less aware. If papers like this get to more folks who don't already have such hardcore-lefty reading lists, the workers behind Anti-Racist Action's journal would be even better served, as well as those affected by the atrocities reported. After you finish reading your copy, pass this one along to a friend at work please. (DS)
Michael Novick ARA / PO Box1-55 / Culver City, CA 90232

UNDERWORLD CRAWL #5 / $1 ppd or trade
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 40 pgs
For one thing, I can't imagine a more grueling zine topic. The entire thing is about this person's experience of employment and how terrible it is, and it felt like work to read. It made me depressed. The author even says that a friend called it negative. I want to read about work—something that the punx nearly always declare to be meaningless—with new insight on how to "survive" in a capitalist society. Of course, there is something to be said for the value of work itself, and productivity, but this zine doesn't go there. Vaguely, it discusses the concept that doing what you love for a living just turns what you love into a trap and then you don't love it anymore. I find this argument unsupported and too pessimistic (not in the put-down way, just in the who-wants-to-face-reality-from-that-perspective way). Plus the images are all gross clip-art, and at some point I wondered if the author got the pictures first and then wrote something to work with the pictures instead of the other way around. However, as I began to get lost in the pain of it all, I realized it can be funny at moments, and I hate my job, too, and my life, gawd, everything sucks! We should all quit, but even that isn't the point, here. I'm not sure what the point is. (JB)
R. Lee / PO Box 1421 / Oshkosh, WI 54903
rleemail@hotmail.com

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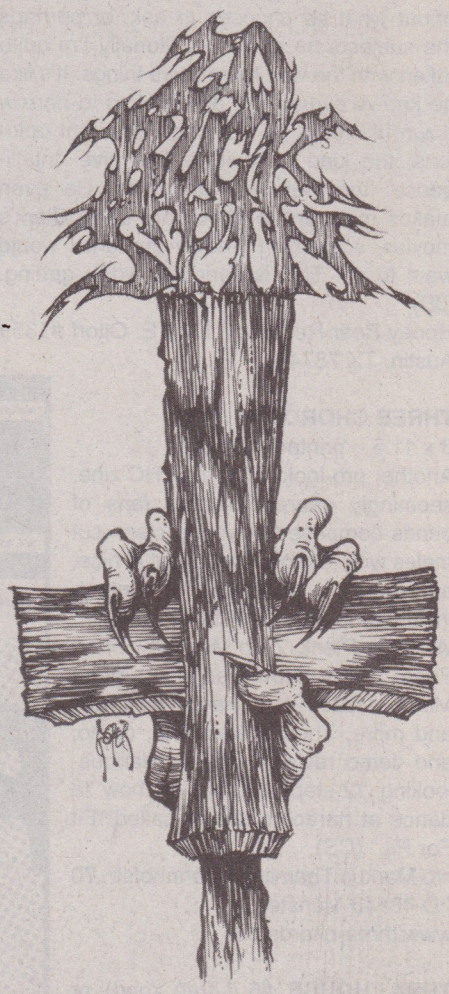
20 BUCK SPIN SUMMER 2007



STORMCROW/SANCTUM Split CD
Massive war crust assault

WHITEHORSE S/T 2XCD
Doomed sickness like Grief, Noothgrush, Corrupted, etc.

COFFINS/THE ARM & SWORD OF A BASTARD GOD Split CD
2 new tracks + Pungent Stench cover from Coffins, 4 track debut from The Arm & Sword...

LATER:

GRAY DATURAS/MONARCH Split CD
THE ENDLESS BLOCKADE
Primitive LP/CD
SAMOTHRACE LP/CD

CD $12 North America $15 World
2CD $13 North America $17 World
POSTAGE PAID

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www.20buckspin.com

HAVOC

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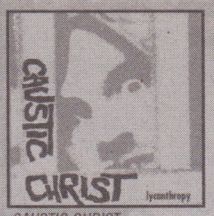
7" RECORDS:

DÖDSDÖMD Seven Deadly Sins
MODERAT LIKVIDATION Nitad
MODERAT LIKVIDATION Marionett I Kedjor
MODERAT LIKVIDATION Köttahuve
THE STATE No Illusions
FUCKED UP Litany
VITAMIN X Rip It Out
RIISTETYT Tuomiopaiva
RIISTETYT Kahleet
CAUSTIC CHRIST Government Job
DESTROY Burn This Racist System Down
CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE In a Few Hours...
DAMAGE DEPOSIT Do Damage
DAMAGE DEPOSIT Straight to the Bottom
AUS ROTTEN Fuck Nazi Sympathy
ANY LAST WORDS S/T ep
AMDI PETERSENS ARME Blod Ser-Mere...
CODE 13 Doomed Society
CODE 13 A Part of America Died Today
CODE 13 They Made a Wasteland...
MASSKONTROLL Warpath
H 100s Texas Death Match
MURDERERS S/T
NOTA/BROTHER INFERIOR Split
KAAOS Nukke
CLUSTER BOMB UNIT Dirty...Weapons
DS 13/CODE 13 13 Song Split
DS 13 Aborted Teen Generation
TEAR IT UP S/T
CAUSTIC CHRIST S/T
TAMPERE SS Kuolutt & Kuopattu
TAMPERE SS SS Sotaa
PROTESTI S/T
RIISTETYT Tervetuola Kuolema
VITAMIN X People That Bleed
ASSEMBLY OF GOD Submission
SPITTING TEETH Don't Believe the Hype
PATH OF DESTRUCTION 1 AM
UNITED SUPER VILLAINS Escapist

KYLESA
Time Will Fuse Its Worth LP

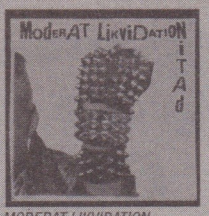
VICTIMS
Divide and Conquer LP/CD

Kids
S/T 1978 LP



CAUSTIC CHRIST
Lycanthropy LP/CD

SEVERED HEAD OF STATE
Power Hazard 12"/CD



MODERAT LIKVIDATION
Nitad 7"

LPS, 12"S, CDS:

KIDS S/T 1978 LP
SEVERED HEAD OF STATE Power Hazard 12"/CD
CAUSTIC CHRIST Lycanthropy LP/CD
MODERAT LIKVIDATION Never Mind the Bootlegs" CD
VICTIMS Divide and Conquer LP/CD
SKITSYSTEM Stigmata LP/CD
REGULATIONS Electric Guitar LP/CD
DEAD STOP Live for Nothing LP
SKITSYSTEM Grå Värld Svarta... LP/CD
SKITSYSTEM Enkel Resa Till... LP/CD
VICTIMS In Blood LP/CD
REGULATIONS S/T LP/CD
MARTYRDÖD In Extremis LP/CD
RIISTETYT 2000-2005 CD
KYLESA To Walk a Middle Course LP
SKITSYSTEM Allt E Skit LP
CAUSTIC CHRIST Can't Relate LP/CD
CODE 13 Discography CD
DS 13 Killed by the Kids LP/CD
HOLDING ON Just Another Day LP/CD
KAAOS RIISTINAULITTU Kaaos LP
MISERY The Early Years CD
NINE SHOCKS TERROR Zen... LP/CD
RESTARTS System Error LP/CD
TEAR IT UP Taking you Down... 12"/CD
WOLFBRIGADE Progression... CD
VITAMIN X Bad Trip LP/CD
VITAMIN X Down the Drain LP/CD
DESTROY Discography CD
FROM ASHES RISE Nightmares LP
FROM ASHES RISE/VICTIMS LP/CD
WOLFBRIGADE D-Beat Odyssey 12"EP

GROUP B LPS/CDS:

KYLESA Time Will Fuse Its Worth LP
RAMBO Bring It! LP/CD w/bonus DVD

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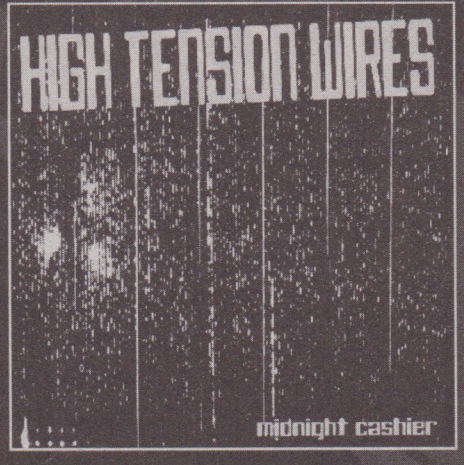
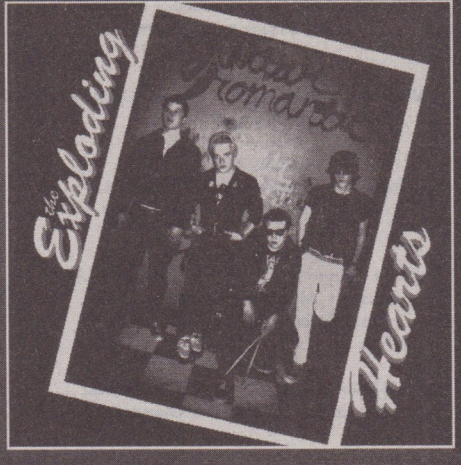
DIRTNAP RECORDS

THE ERGS
UPSTAIRS/DOWNSTAIRS LP/CD



HIGH TENSION WIRES
MIDNIGHT CASHIER LP/CD
Members of Marked Men,
Riverboat Gamblers, Reds



EXPLODING HEARTS
GUITAR ROMANTIC LP
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Spires • Times Of Desperation • Myotonia

Saturday 14 $7
Never Healed • 86 Mentality (DC) • Set To Explode (DC)
Crucial Cause • Skin Like Iron

Friday 20 $7 – DOORS OPEN @ 7:30
Phobia (L.A.) • Intronaut (L.A.) • Book Of
Black Earth (WA) • Agenda of Swine • 1000's Will Die

Saturday 21 $7 – DOORS OPEN @ 7:30
Dekapitator (Record Release) • Hatchet
Devastator • Warbringer (L.A.) • Malicious Assault (L.A.)

Friday 27 – DOORS OPEN @ 7:00
Christ On Parade • Final Conflict (L.A.) • Look Back
And Laugh • Bumbklaat (S.D.) • Acts Of Sedition

Saturday 28 – DOORS OPEN @ 7:00
Christ On Parade • Attitude Adjustment • El Dopa
Reagan SS (L.A.) • La Piovra (Italy)

AUGUST

Friday 03 $7
Deadfall • Born/Dead • Anti New School (TX)
Resist The Right (CAN) • Margaret Thrasher

Saturday 04 $7
Blacklisted (MA) • Ceremony
Shipwreck (MA) • Ex-Nihilio • All Teeth

Friday 10 $6
Stormcrow • Limb From Limb • Sixteens
Swann Danger • Surrender

Saturday 11 $6
Warkrime • Rabies (L.A.) • Second Opinion
K-Bar • Shanghai Surprise

Friday 17 $6
Trainwreck Riders • Pinehill Haints (AL)
Abi Yo Yo's • Shakey Bones • Zomo

Saturday 18 $6
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Eskapo • Massacre • Guillotine Youth
Mark Bruback (WA) (spoken word)

Friday 24 $7
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